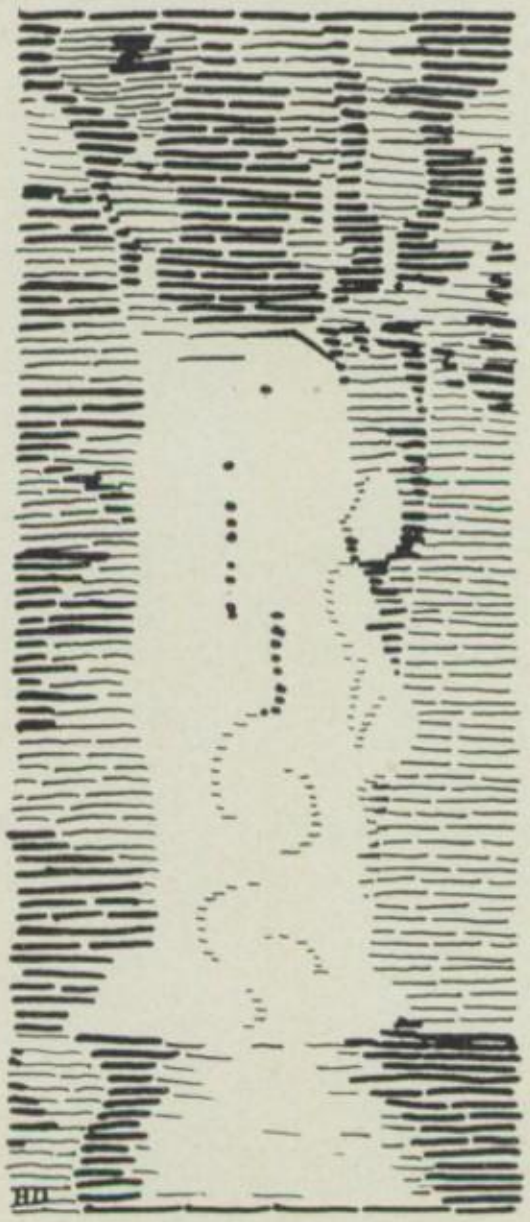
1934

BWANA

THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

Charlotte Schwarze

BWANA



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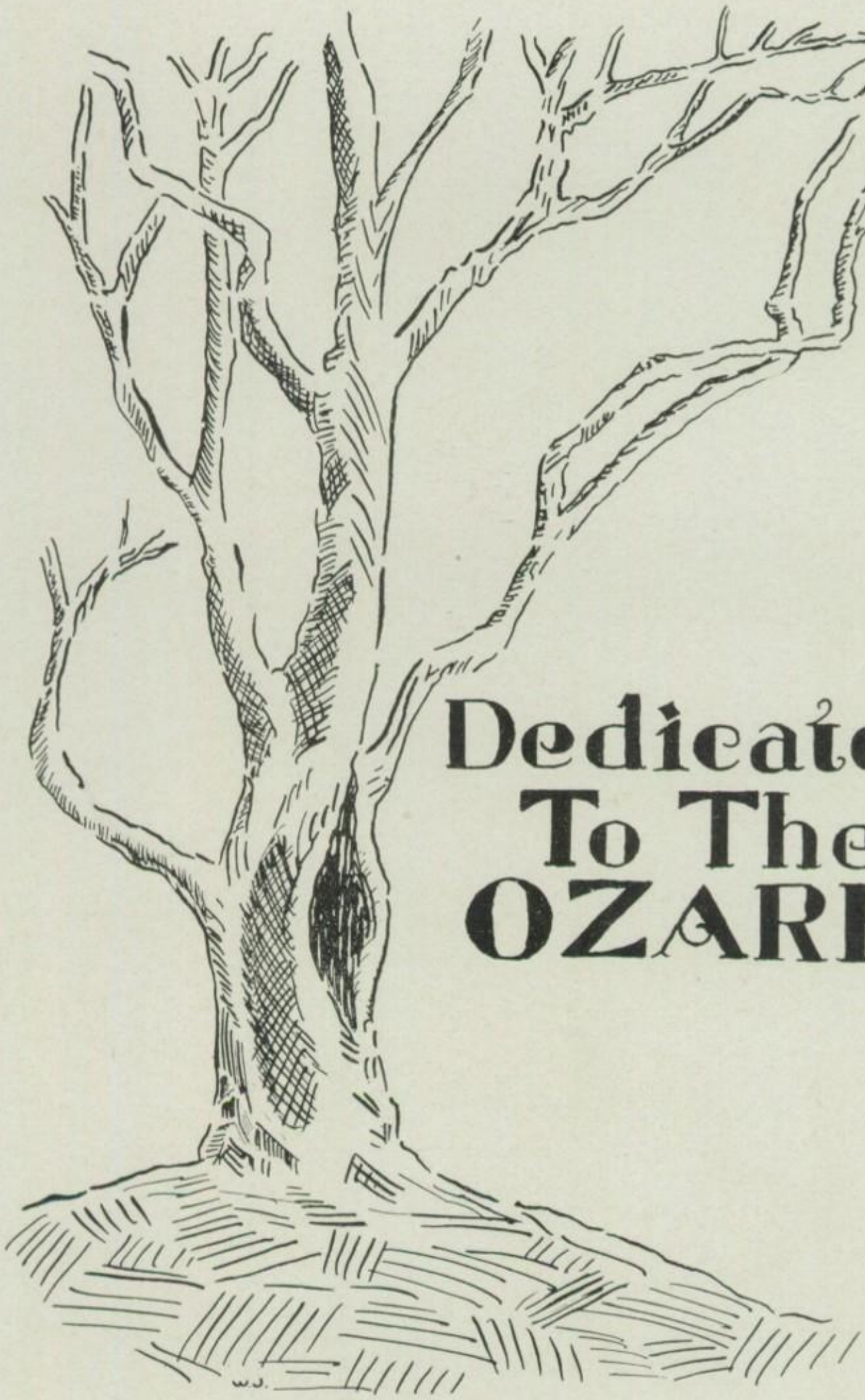
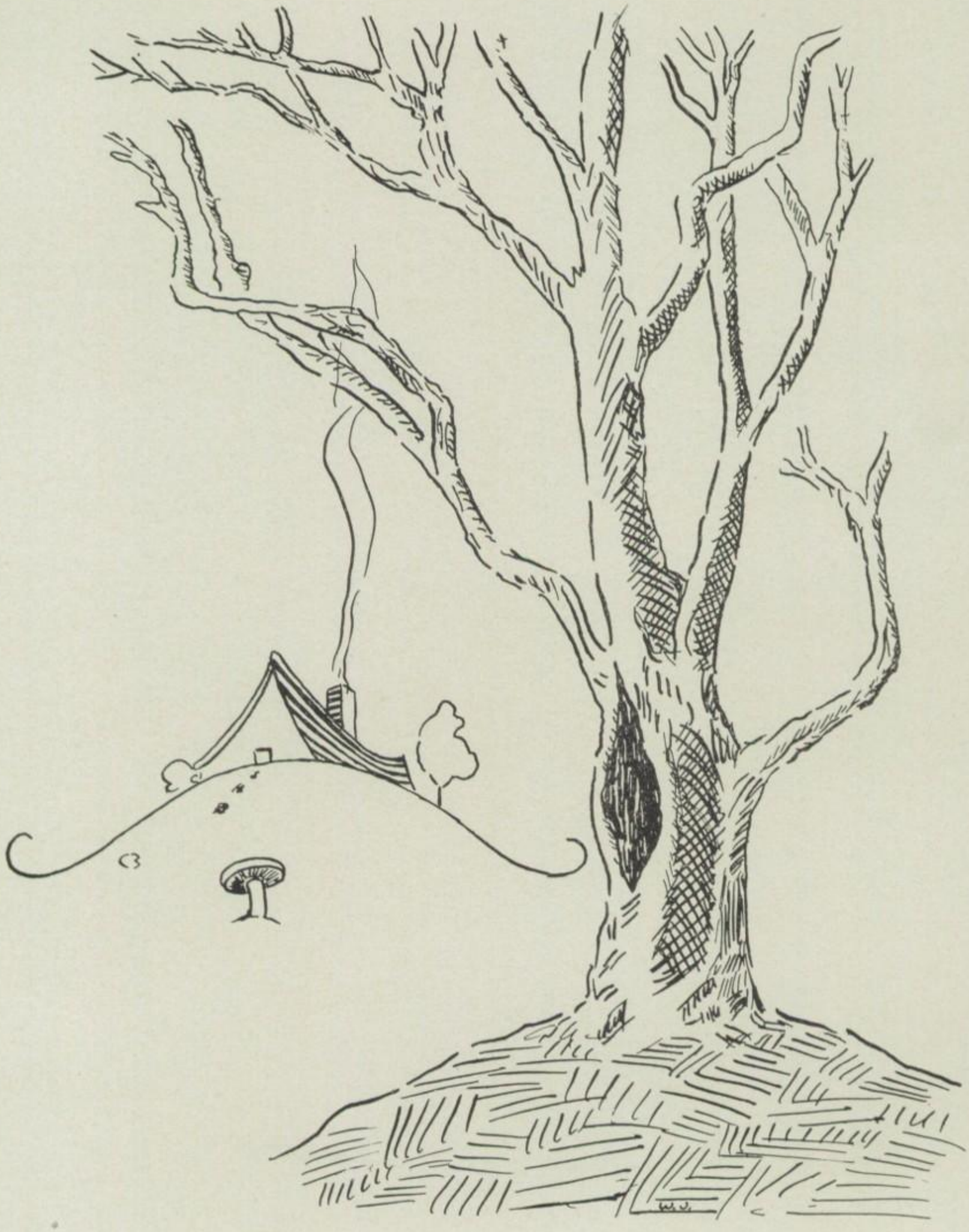


Dedicated To The OZARKS



BWANA

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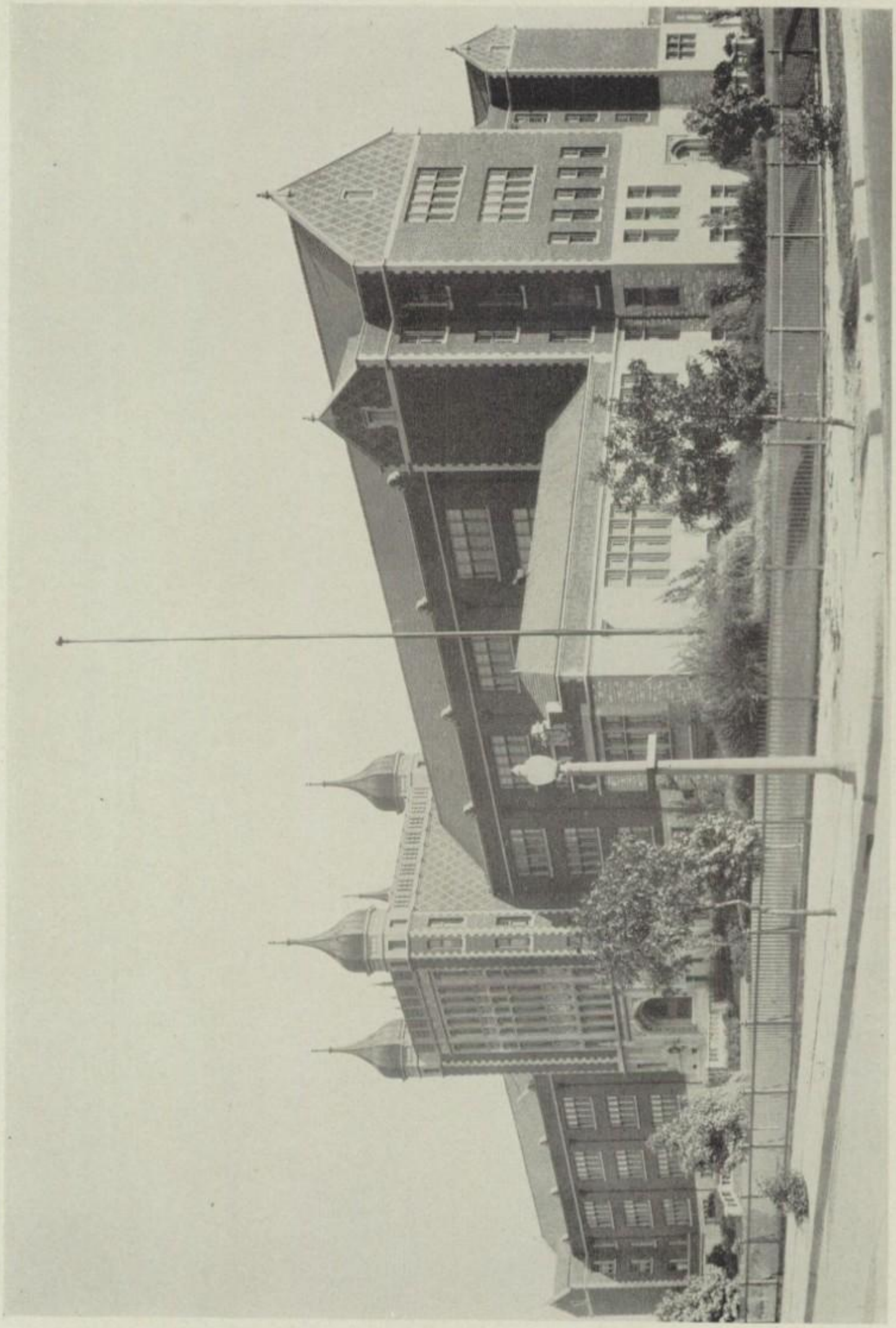


ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL

BWANA

A MESSAGE FROM MR. AMMERMAN

Goethe said:

"The century has given birth to a great epoch; but the great moment finds a petty generation."

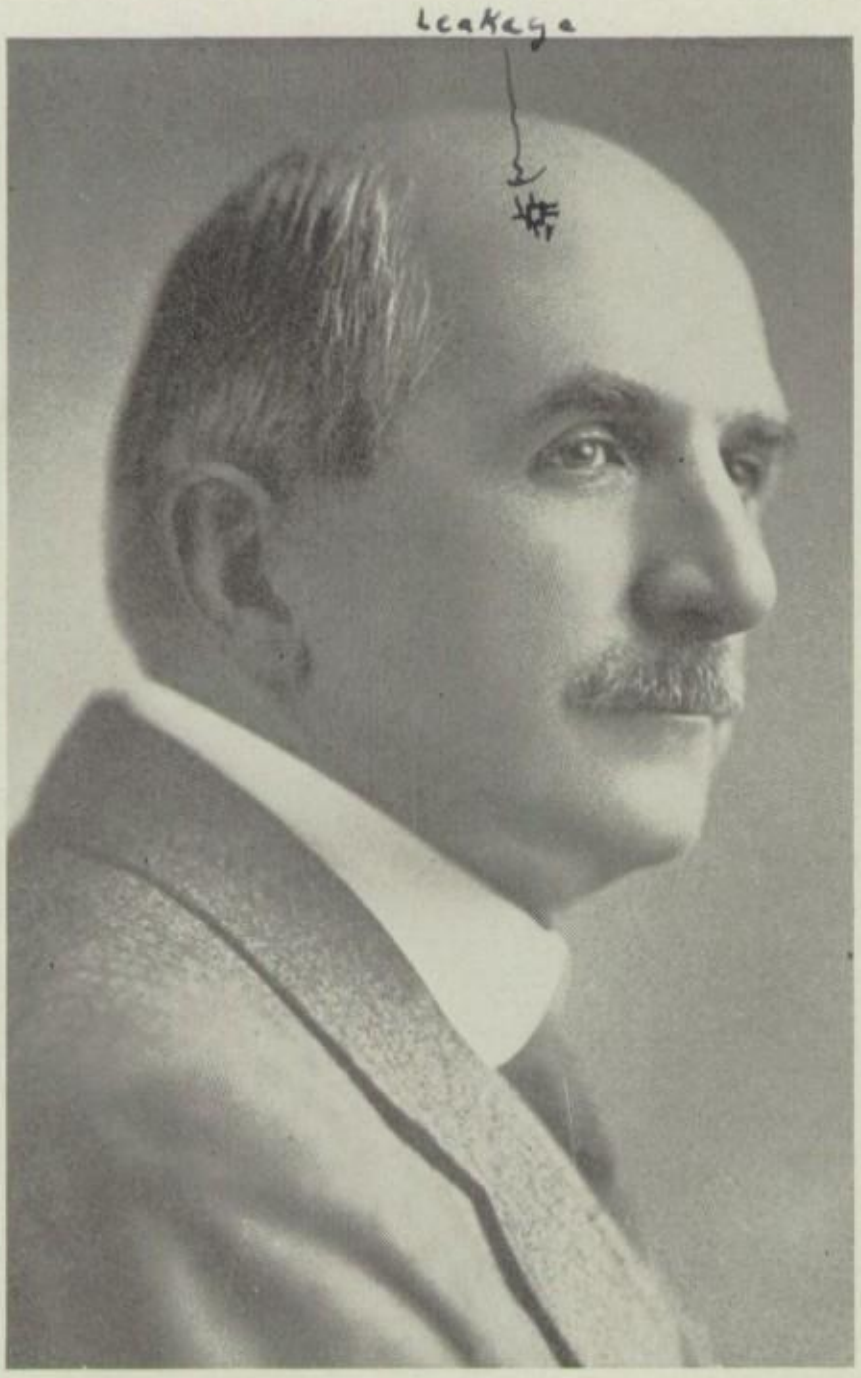
That is an interesting comment on any century and on any generation. We find it especially interesting in connection with ourselves and our own times. Some of the wise men have said that our own times are epochal, that history will show our years are wonderful because of that which they produce. That may be. We must wait for history to tell us.

We must not wait to see if this generation is a petty one. We must see to it that it is not petty. Every one of us must seize the hour and fill it to its greatest capacity. That means each one must make use of all the good that is within him, developing it to the highest degree possible.

After all, what right has he to do otherwise?

CHARLES AMMERMAN

BWANA



MR. CHARLES AMMERMAN
Principal

Charles

A MESSAGE FROM MR. SACKETT

My Friends:

I am convinced that high school is a place where boys and girls are happy. I get no greater thrill than in meandering through the corridors before school or at the passing of classes, or in standing on the ground floor at the foot of one of the stairways at dismissal time; everyone is happy. I am glad that it is so.

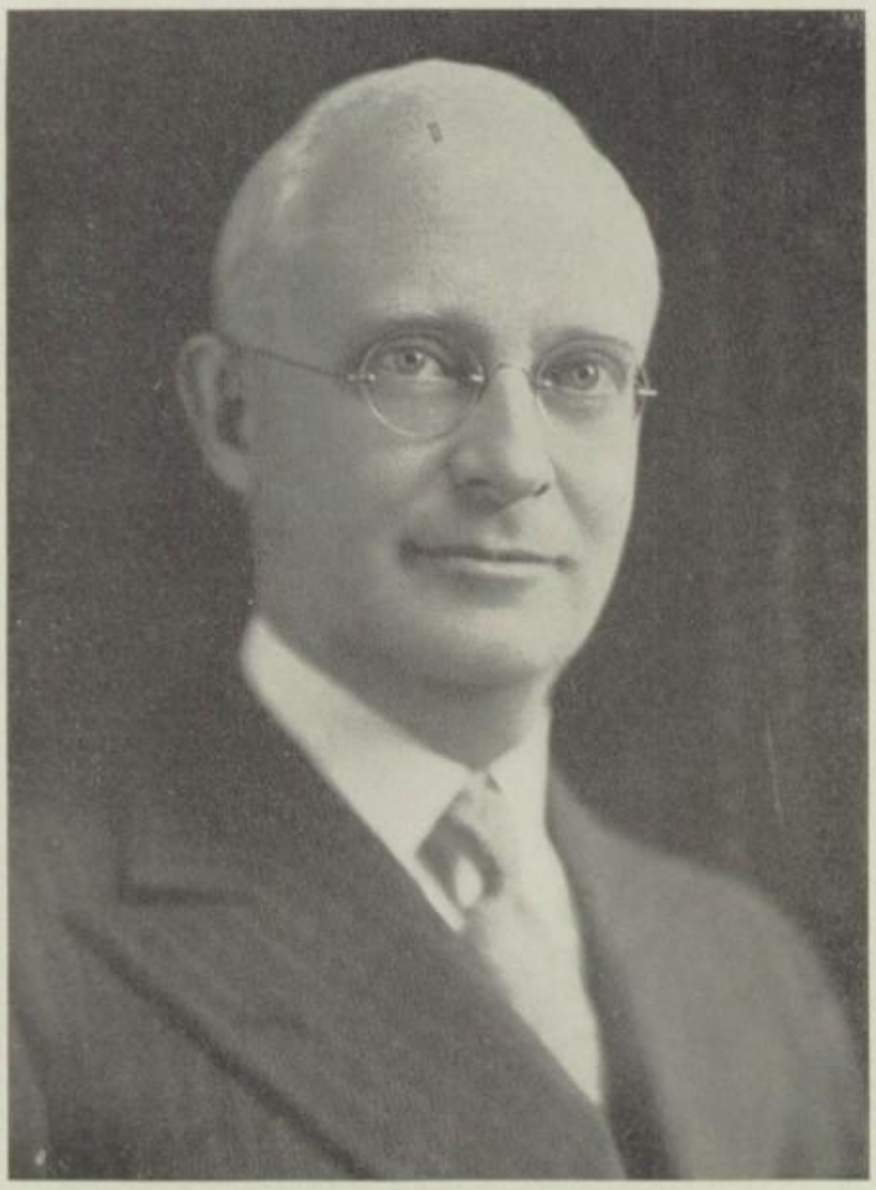
When the first schools were formed—many centuries before this country was even discovered—there were no school buildings. Students met with their teachers to discuss and argue matters of importance. School to them was a place of *leisure*. We do not now think of it in that way, but I wish we could. I do not mean to favor a school where there is nothing to do; some of us are unfortunately now inflicted with rather serious symptoms of a malady that might be called "leisureitis." I mean, rather, a school where we might all learn as much as we do now, but where we should not feel driven to our studies, where we studied because we wanted to, and where we had plenty of time to finish a discussion or demonstration or experiment without any ringing of bells or going after "detained slips." However, I suspect that in those ancient days students were not exposed to so many distractions as we are today,—perhaps they did not have so many outside duties; quite possibly they were no happier than students are today.

A school is not a place in which to make mere filing cabinets of our brains, though filing cabinets are very useful and necessary in any well-ordered business. There must be much of this type of work in school, because we need a great amount of facts carefully catalogued. But the act of getting our education should not stop at this stage. The word education means to develop the facts that are available, and it is the task of us teachers not only to impart information but also to teach students to know how to use this information.

At all events, be *happy* about it. Give your school an opportunity to serve you to the limit of its ability. May the pages that follow in this volume be a happy record to many of you that are soon to complete your high school work, and may it be an inspiration to many others to live richly your remaining terms.

Most sincerely yours,

C. H. SACKETT



MR. C. HAROLD SACKETT
Assistant Principal

BWANA

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Mr. C. Harold Sackett, Assistant Principal

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Miss Blodgett
Mr. Castleman
Miss Dockery
Miss Grace
Miss Lancaster
Miss Lawton
Miss Meehan
Miss Mills
Miss Nerud
Miss Nicholson
Mr. Riley
Miss Runge
Mr. Schmale
Miss H. Smith
Miss O. Solfronk
Miss Stansell
Miss Thiesen
Miss Wade

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Miss Cromer
Miss Duffett
Miss Elmore
Miss Fitzmaurice
Miss Helbig
Mr. Kammerer
Miss Koch
Miss O'Leary
Mr. Roach
Mr. Rush
Miss Schlutius
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Miss E. Smith
Miss Whitelaw
Miss Wolff

Geography

Mr. Callan
Miss Harris
Mr. Stone
Miss Willits

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

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Miss Bristol
Miss Comfort
Miss Debatin
Mr. De la Roche
Mr. Eppels
Miss Flanigan
Mrs. Hospes
Mr. Lindsay
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Mr. Grossman
Mr. Kuntz
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Mr. Marx
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Miss Schlierholz
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Miss Binnington
Mr. Bishop
Mr. Bock
Miss F. Brown
Mr. Brown
Mr. Colmey
Mr. Crippen
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Miss Heddergott
Mr. Katterhenry
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Miss Chapman
Mr. Card
Mr. Davis
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Mr. Gammeter
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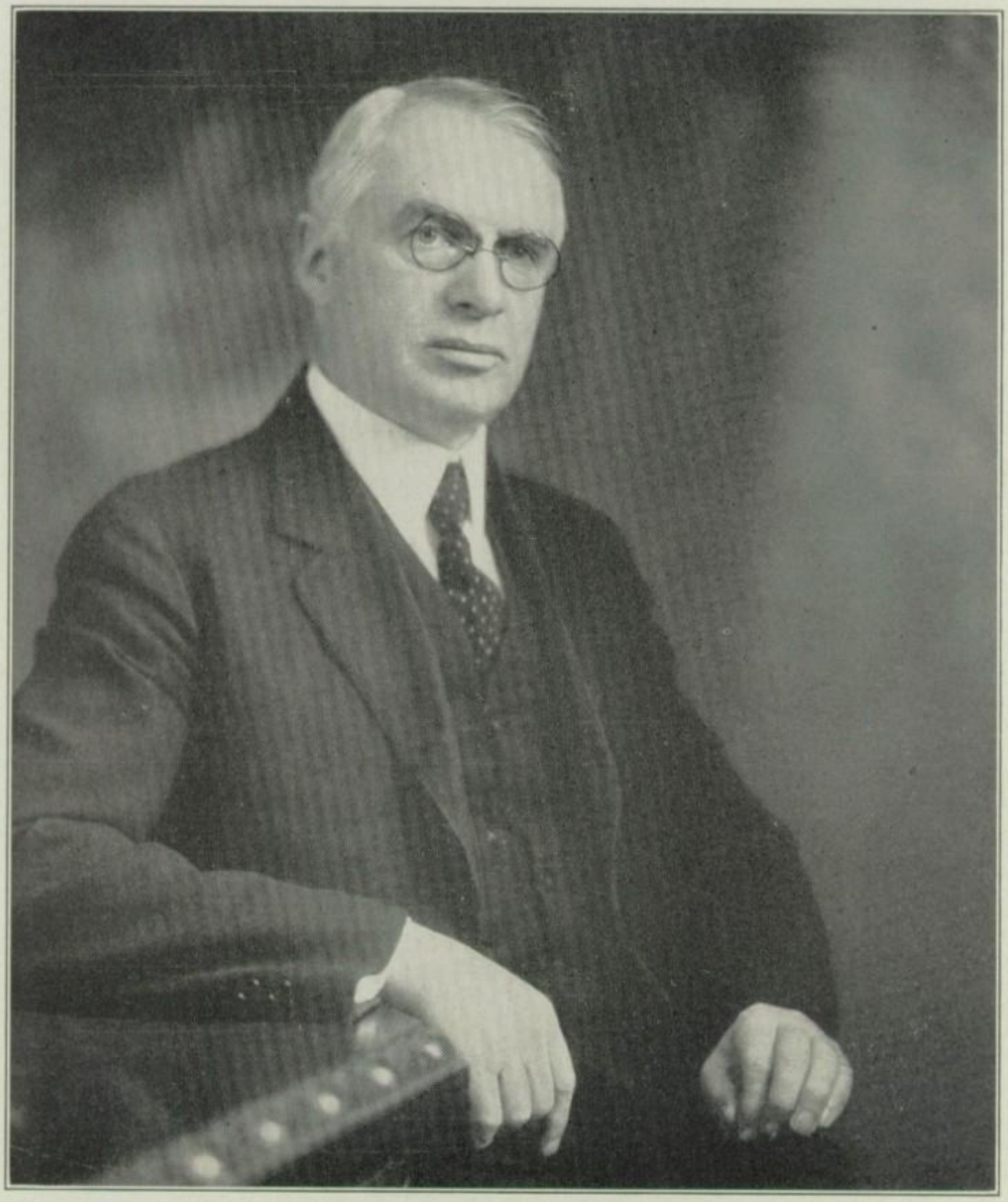
Dr. Weiss
Dr. McLoon

GENE BEARE

DEAN FALES

Mayors of Roosevelt High School



MR. MAYNARD M. HART

Beloved former principal of Roosevelt High School

*Non omnis moriar. Multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam. —Horace

*I shall not wholly die. What's best of me shall 'scape the tomb.

BWANA

In Memoriam

THE EXHORTATION OF THE DAWN

This poem represents the creed of life followed by Maynard M. Hart, former principal of Roosevelt High School, who died March 18, 1933.

Look to this day!
For it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the
Verities and realities of your existence—
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendour of beauty;
For yesterday is but a dream,
And tomorrow is only a vision;
But today well lived
Makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

(From the Sanskrit)

In Memoriam

ERNEST G. REYNOLDS
Died Oct. 6, 1933

WILLIS H. GROCOTT
Died December 28, 1933

EDITORIALS

THE REAL OZARKS

SOMEONE has said that the Ozarks are "God's Country." Doubtless the same claims have been made for other sections of the United States. Railroads and various companies advertise and exploit the Ozarks as an ideal playground, but to me it seems that the sordid touch of commercialized attractions rob those blue hills of something indefinable and yet tangible. Perhaps it is the numerous filling stations on the highways, or perhaps it is the highways themselves. But something is spoiled, something lacking, and I find the real Ozarks off the beaten paths, on comparatively untraveled regions. I may sound idealistic and I probably am, but to encounter a "hot dog" stand when I want to find nature at its best, pure, unspoiled, is to me like a rock thrown through a church window.

I find the unspoiled Ozarks, the real Ozarks, where there are quiet, tree-bordered lanes; where there are fields and stretches of solemn forest; where the black and white oak trees are companions to the walnut, the sturdy hickory, and the cedar; where little pools of water collect in dry washes and creek bottoms; where the solitude is such that the trees seem in hushed conversation; where the lizard scuttles at one's approach and the rustle seems loud; where the rabbit sits and stares in curiosity before bounding away; where one can actually listen to the complete silence; and where there are not the ravaged flower patches, the torn tree branches, the honk of an automobile, the idiotic chatter of vacationists. There, and there only, can I find the real Ozarks.

ROBERT BAUM

THE OZARKS—THE PLAYGROUND OF ST. LOUIS

PENNSYLVANIA has its Alleghanies; Colorado, its Rocky Mountains; and Missouri, its Ozarks. St. Louisians may well be proud of the Ozarks, not only because they constitute the only region between the Rockies and the Alleghanies that can be called mountains, but because they are fascinatingly beautiful. Where is there more picturesque scenery than that which the Ozarks afford us? The Ozarks offer enjoyment during each season of the year. It is only in the summer, however, one may enjoy this vacation land to the full. Riding or hiking along the scenic highways, camping in the state parks, and fishing, swimming, or canoeing in the many beautiful streams of the state—these are some of the many pleasures which may be indulged in during the summer months. Surely this is an enviable playground for the people of St. Louis!

BWANA

It is only in the last few years that we have begun really to appreciate our own Ozarks. We may well be ashamed that for many years we traveled east and west in our search of beautiful recreation grounds, but ignored the lovely one at our very door. In many instances, it required vacationists from other states to point out to us the value of our own Ozarks. Today, however, one may observe a different attitude on the part of the people of this city. With the completion, during the last few years, of many splendid new roads leading to the southern part of the state, more and more of us are becoming acquainted with this region. Already many city workers are spending their vacations there, and many St. Louisans are now the proud owners of cottages in its beautiful, wooded hills or on the shores of its lakes and rivers. We believe that the citizens of St. Louis have only just begun to make use of this playground, and that in the years to come the Ozarks will become increasingly dear to each of us.

OTTO VON DER AU

THE OZARKS FLAMING FALL REVIEW

WHAT could be more beautiful than a hike through the Ozarks on a crisp October morning! On all sides the beautifully blended color, the gay red-orange of the hard maples, the bright yellow of the hickories, the flashing red of the sumac, melt into the more subdued gold, red, and green of the majestic oaks.

Down into the valleys you tramp, and then up you climb through woods, pastures, and cornfields. On a high hill, you pause and look about you. To the left is a cornfield with the russet corn-shocks standing in order and huge, orange pumpkins lying all around them; while beyond, stretches the restful green of a pasture, in which cows are grazing. Close by, to the right, lies a white farm house with the smoke curling lazily from its chimney. Peace and calm reign supreme.

As you resume your hiking, you enter the colorful woods. Here squirrels run chattering through the trees, busy with their fall job of storing away nuts for the winter; occasionally a nervous rabbit jumps out and scampers off through the heaps of fallen leaves. Overhead a flock of flying geese add to the beauty.

When the sun is high in the heavens, you turn to go back. A song bird calls as you linger along the deserted wagon road winding downwards. The river comes into view finally, and before long, you are loafing along its banks. A bass breaks the surface of the rippling water as it jumps in pursuit of insects; a turtle, late in hibernating, pokes up its lazy head and floats along till out of sight. Once again, and all too soon, you find yourself back at the starting place. How tired but happy you feel!

You have witnessed the beautiful, yearly spectacle, The Ozarks' Flaming Fall Review.

ROBERT BLOEMKE

FEATURE ARTICLE

BWANA

A VISIT TO MISSOURI CAVERNS

LET me take you to a new world, to a beautiful, grotesque, weird, fantastic fairyland, to a world designed by nature.

We enter through a rock building, down clean, wide stairs on to broad gravel paths. We are now in Sand Hill Dome. You gasp! It's beyond your wildest dreams. Its vastness bewilders you. On one side is a huge dome, the upper part of which has separated from the lower leaving a gap of from six to twelve inches wide. Throw a rock against this dome, and you find it is hollow. You feel its surface. You say it is sand, but it is really a mixture of limestone and sand. It takes from a hundred to hundred and eighty years to form a cubic inch of this rock. At one time, perhaps a hundred million years ago, a great, roaring river ran through this cave, dissolving the limestone rock and carving huge rooms and formations, a part of which you have seen.

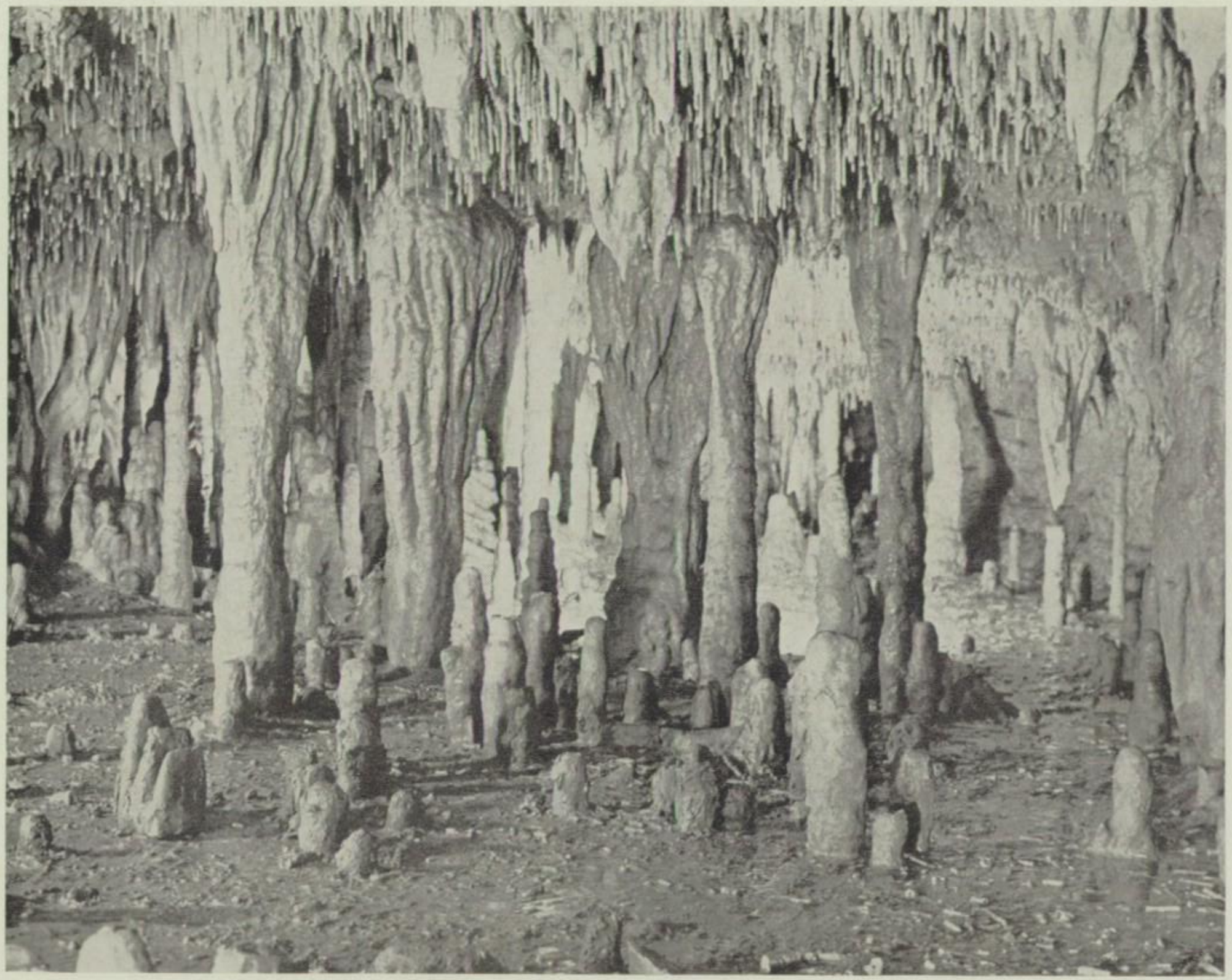
How convenient the gravel paths are! How clever is the lighting which does not spoil nature's beauty but merely lights the way so man can see. It is the finest example of cave illumination in the world; all of it done by reflection. There are eight miles of lead cable with four hundred and seventy-five lamps totaling one hundred fifty-six thousand, nine hundred and seven candle power.

We follow the path; keep your eyes wide open and look all about you. "Oh! look! a regular pair of false teeth." Yes, you are right. The water, the wind, the drippings from the ceiling have fashioned a set. This is not the only freak formation you will find. There are many, many more. I shall have to show you some of them; others you will discover yourself. The cave forks. We shall take the path to the right first.

This is the Dining Room. Look above you at the perfect cathedral dome that has been caused by the swirl of the water which at one time filled the cave. There, to your right, is the service window leading from the kitchen to the dining room. How peculiar to have Rip Van Winkle sitting on a stump in a dining room! But then nature does many peculiar things.

You notice that some of the rock is white with streaks of brown and veins of blue. The white is pure onyx; the brown, streaks of clay; and the blue, copper stains. In this room you observe the first stalactite and stalagmite formations. The stalactites hang from the ceiling. The rain on the ground above seeps through, making opalescent formations, hollow and filled with water. This water, in turn, seeps through the stalactites and where it drops on the floor begins a formation called stalagmites. The stalagmites, however, are solid. The stalactites on the side of the cave are called halagtites. When a stalactite and stalagmite meet they form a cone; there is a good example of one. Thousands of years have elapsed since it was formed.

We continue on our way. Now we are in a sort of passage, perhaps a bit larger than what you consider a passage, but which is small compared to the vastness of the rooms. A plain light has been focused behind a thin piece of



MISSOURI CAVERNS

Permission of Dr. C. G. D'Oench

rock; the result is a perfect side of bacon. Across from the bacon is a bowling pin. We have reached the end, so let us turn back. I have saved some interesting sights for our return trip.

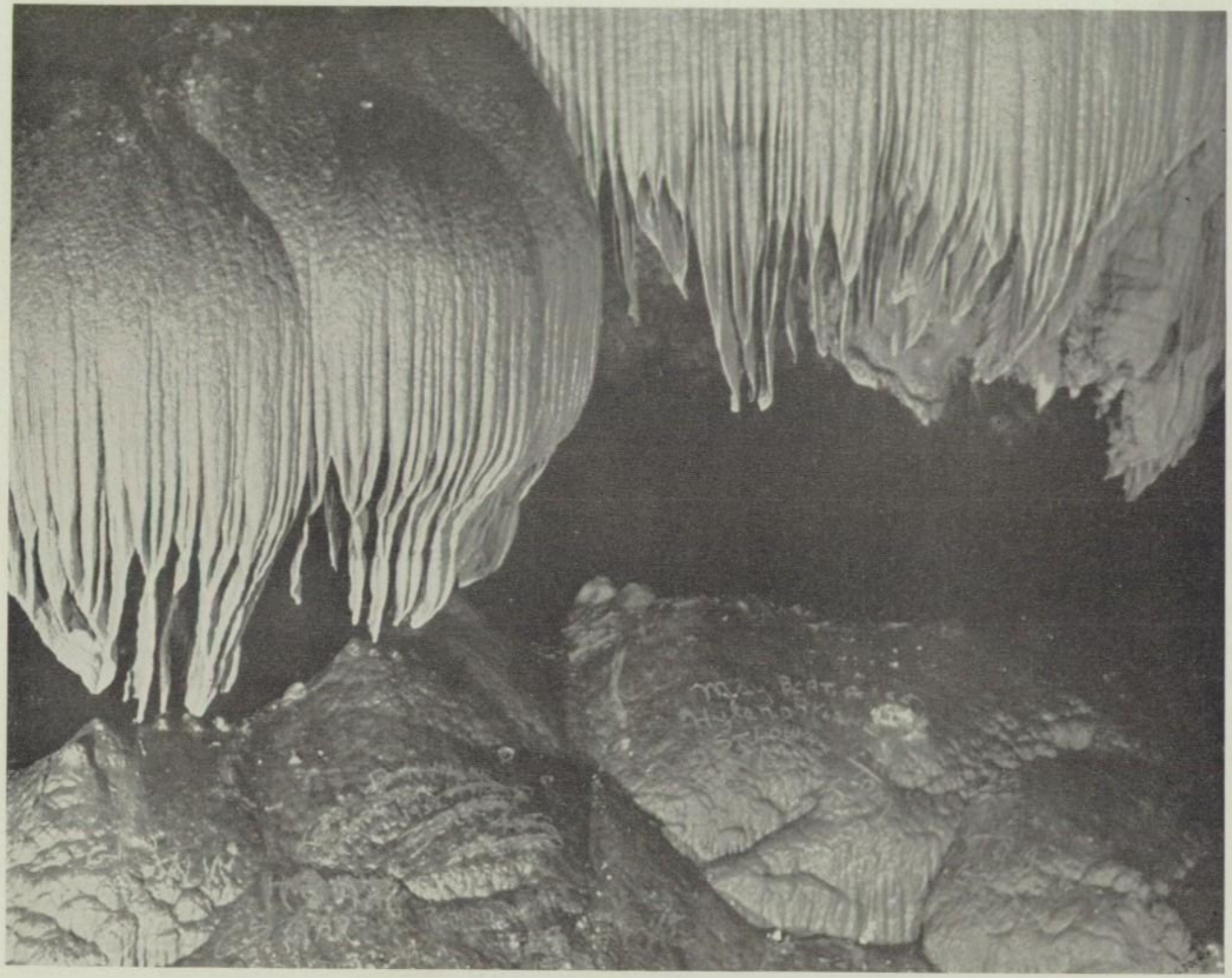
Look, there is a large tiger head with a black eye, its mouth opened wide, showing the teeth; altogether it is quite a vicious-looking beast. On the other side of the wall is an army of soldiers ready for attack. Across from them is a large alligator. A little ahead is a lake of lily pads. You all "oh" and "ah," and "oh" and "ah" a bit louder as you keep discovering formations more spectacular than the others. A little farther on, you will see a bed of ocean waves; these waves have been caused by the wind and the current in the water. We are back again in Sand Hill Dome and begin our inspection of the left fork.

You will notice how very much drier the passages are that you have just seen than the ones deeper in the cave. This is because the wind from the opening of the cave has a better chance of drying the surface. Every once in a while you have seen cracks in the floor; this is due to the water beneath the floor which is dissolving the limestone.

This room is called the Ball Room because it is practically level. There are no stalactite formations but only halagtites. The ground above us is sloping; therefore the rain is seeping through the side of the cave instead of the top of the cave. The refreshment stand is to your left. Just as Rip Van Winkle was sitting in the dining room, Wall Street is situated in a ball room. Just alongside Wall Street is a lady dressed in old-fashioned hoop skirts and with a shawl about her shoulders. Opposite her a peacock is proudly dragging its feathers. Be careful, don't bump your head when going through this passageway. I suppose you have observed by this time that the rooms are all connected by passage-ways.

This room is called the Royal Rotunda Room. Yes, I quite agree with you; it is the most beautiful. Even after you have seen the others, you will not change your opinion. The formations are smaller, more delicate, and more colorful. See that large ice-cream cone and the monkey looking into a small pool of water. There is Queen Marie in bed, the moon rising above her. This is again the result of putting a plain light behind a thin piece of rock. The Missouri State Capitol stands sedately in the background. The Little Red Castle finds its place in this strange collection. Nearby is the Leaning Tower of Pisa. An ear of corn hangs from the ceiling. Here, set off to itself in this magnificent display is a miniature fairyland, Alice in Wonderland's fairyland or any child's fairyland. A little farther on you see Moses talking to the children.

Our next passageway has been nicknamed Fat Man's Misery because of its size. It leads into the Cactus Room. Here you will find the Wishing Well. Make a wish and throw a coin into the water. According to the legend, if your wish has been unselfish, it will come true. The water in this well has been tested and found to be pure. Two little pickaninnies' faces are in the floor. There are more breaks in the floor. That is because we are closer to



MISSOURI CAVERNS

Courtesy of Dr. C. G. D'Oench

the Lost River. We are just in time for the wedding: the bride and groom have just stepped before the priest.

We are now on a sort of a hill. All about us and far below us is the Grand Canyon. There are steep steps leading down into the canyon. But before we descend, there are some things I would like to show you. I shall turn off the lights. You focus your eyes above that hill in front of you. You are going to see the rising sun. "Oh, how wonderful! How is it done?" (A battery of hidden lights throws the light rays over the hill.) I know you are anxious to get to the bottom of the canyon, but there are few figures I would like to point out. See the calf and the racing pack-horse right alongside it. In front of you, up almost to the ceiling in that small crevice, there is a white-breasted owl hanging by its left wing. It is a bit difficult to locate, but it is a perfect formation. Now you may go down the steps. "What is that hanging on the railing?" It is a fungus. That slope to your left is Hillside Cemetery. To your right are the Three White Sisters. A little ahead is a shepherd carrying a small lamb.

We begin to hear the rush and roar of water and soon see it. On one side is a quiet, muddy pool about four feet deep and very cold; on the other is a clear, rippling, shallow, noisy stream whose source has never really been found, but because of the manganese dioxide in it, it is believed to have its source in the Rocky Mountains, since Montana and Arizona are the only places where manganese dioxide is found.

Farther on, we notice a petrified forest. Now comes the wonder of wonders! It is a stalactite more than fifty feet in diameter supported by each wall. You have been walking beneath it but only when you passed to the other side did you notice it. It has been named the Big Swinging Canopy.

You have reached the end of the cave. I have saved some interesting sights for our return trip. Notice the little white Easter rabbit perched on the shelf above you and the deer head. Farther ahead are the ruins of the ancient city. Off to the side, in and out between cones, we shall come upon the Natural Shower Bath. The water is dripping from the ceiling for a distance of about forty or fifty feet. All along you have noticed that many of the cones have broken apart and shifted. The break is so clean it looks as if a knife had cut through the center. Look out! You almost bumped into that scrawny-looking witch. "Why must they put such pleasant things next to such horrible things, a group of campfire girls sitting before a fire while the witch looks on!" What a sturdy asparagus bed!

In these two boxes with the glass covers are skeletons, one of a man; the other of a bear. It is generally believed that about fifty years ago this man and bear met in the cave. Each killed the other. There is a coating of onyx about one-fourth inch over the bones. Since it takes from hundred to hundred and eighty years to form a cubic inch of the rock it must have been about fifty years ago; and, since both skeletons have the same amount of onyx covering, the theory seems plausible.

Many of the cones resemble totem poles; those three are the best examples. By beating these delicate pipe stems, I can play various notes sounding somewhat like those of a xylophone.

There is a room off the Ball Room called the Card Room. Even though it is called a room, it is a long narrow passage whose sides are filled with cards left by the visitors.

We are again in the Sand Hill Dome. Of course you would like to know how far you have gone. The surveyor reported one and five-eighths miles, but you have really walked about two and a half miles, beneath two hundred and fifty acres of ground.

Your trip is ended. I hope you have enjoyed it.

BARBARA SCHAFER
Term 7

BIG SPRING STATE PARK

THE OZARK NATIONAL FOREST AND GAME PRESERVE

THE Ozark National Forest and Game Preserve takes its name from the Ozark Mountains in which it is located. It is in the high plateau rising from the central plains of Arkansas, about a hundred miles west of the Mississippi, on the watersheds of the Arkansas and the White Rivers and extends for an area of 334,937 acres. The forest was set aside in 1908 by the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture and is managed by it as a protection to the watersheds, a timber farm, a home for animals and birds, and a beautiful place of recreation.

Settlement in the Ozark region began in earnest in 1820 and was well under way by 1844. To the early settlers, the forests were a hindrance as well as a necessity. The forest supplied firewood, building materials, and game. There were a few roads through the forest, but these were mere paths. This lack of roads made people cut only the best timber as it was not worth while to take a poor piece through the forest. In the forest were bears and wolves that made frequent raids on the settlers' cattle and endangered the lives of unarmed persons, for this reason, the forest seemed more of a detriment than a benefit, and the settlers resorted to burning to get rid of it. In order to provide a uniform supply and quality of timber and to prevent the depletion of the forest, good roads, communication, and control of fires were needed.

The Ozark National Forest is in charge of the District Forester at Washington, D. C. The Forest Supervisor, who has direct charge of this tract, has his office in Russellville, Arkansas. He has a staff of four assistants. The Ozark National Forest is divided into four ranger districts with headquarters in Mountain View, Hector, Coswell, and Cass, respectively. The Ranger is responsible for the management of his district. He patrols the forest and acts as a policeman by enforcing rules and regulations in regard to grazing and timber sales; he must also look out for fires.

The Forest Service has under its care 334,937 acres with a value of $3,500,000 at present; the salable timber amounts to 443,000,000 board feet. Under the plan of the Forest Service all young trees are left, and only mature or defective trees are cut. It is estimated that 18,000,000 board

feet will be produced under this system annually. As the forest overcomes the damage wrought by the years of mismanagement before the establishment of it as a national forest, the yearly output can be increased. The sale of timber brings in about $90,000 each year, part of which is used by the state for roads and schools and part by the Forest Service to carry out its work.

Grazing is allowed, though controlled to prevent damage to the forest. The 20,000 head of cattle and 40,000 head of hogs that graze in this section during the summer months would, at fifty-six cents and forty-three cents a head respectively produce a revenue of $37,000 for roads and other purposes.

In the Ozark National Forest are two rivers, both of which are tributaries of the Mississippi, the White River and the Arkansas River; these are, in turn, fed by smaller streams. Without the protection of the forests and its fallen leaves, the soil would be eroded and robbed of its fertility. The rainfall is comparatively heavy, sufficient to cause irreparable damage to lands. Uncontrolled, this water carries off the fertile soil and deposits it in rivers and blocks them.

Trees can retard water in various ways. The leaves of all trees give off vapor. This the wind collects and condenses into water which later falls as rain. The leaves on the ground absorb much rain and permit it to soak into the earth instead of running off immediately to the rivers. Without this retardation, the water would run to the rivers and cause floods, which, in turn, cause food shortage and loss of money. In winter, the trees keep the snow from melting. On the rivers and their tributaries about the forest are many hydro-electric plants for which, by this retardation, a steady stream is assured.

The forest is valuable in many other ways. In the forest is located a game preserve in which no hunting is allowed. The forest provides homes for birds and animals and protects them from cold.

In the Ozark region, as well as over the whole world, there are sand or earth dunes. These dunes ruin as much as eighty feet of land a year as it is unsuited for vegetation after the dune has passed. The forest holds back these dunes and helps restore to fertility those lands over which the dunes have passed, for the leaves from the trees fall to the ground and enrich the soil.

The forests have a great effect on temperature. In winter, they cut down wind velociy and prevent terrific snowstorms with the result that the winters in the Ozarks are comparatively warm.

The ranger of the forest recommends places for the building of roads and trails and sections that should be kept open to the public as places of recreation. These parts are chosen for their beauty and their recreational facilities. Lookouts are provided to detect forest fires. The ranger establishes stations in which materials for fighting fires are kept. As a result of his knowledge of fire-fighting methods and with the aid of fire-combating materials, fires are destroying only a relatively small part of the forest. The ranger may also recommend game laws and regulations.

BWANA

The ranger of the Ozark National Forest in making his rounds marks trees for logging. He weeds out trees much in the same manner that a gardener weeds his garden, as some trees are useless. There are weed trees that use up the soil and keep the useful trees from growing properly. There are some that grow so close to others that all are too crowded to grow properly and are, therefore, small. These trees are called wolf trees. The ranger must supervise the setting out of trees as planting too close tends to cause tall trunks of small diameter, and planting of trees too far apart tends to make short trunks covered with branches. The lumber from either of these two types of trees has a low market value.

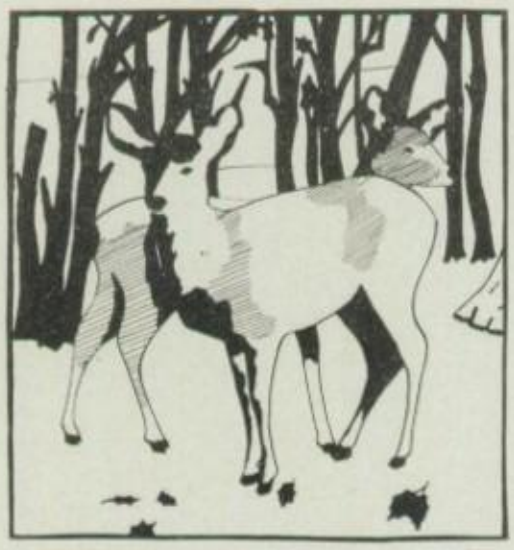
"After the earth, the forest is the most useful natural resource available to man. It sustains and regulates streams, moderates wind velocity, beautifies the country, and safeguards against floods." A deeper study of our woodlands would lead people to appreciate the value of the forest and also realize that the forest-ranger does much for the welfare of the country.

JOHN MILOSEVICH

FOREST PRAYER

By a green-shadowed pool of the creek,
I sit,
Humble,
Come to seek
The peace of soul that quiet waters give.
Hold my soul in cool embrace
Until
Strengthened
I can once more face
The tangled skein of life I live.

—Grace Lee Jones
Term 5



BWANA

AN ADVENTURE WITH AN OZARK BEAR

MY desire to see Big Springs had at last been realized. In a cabin on the shore of the Current River, which claims the overflow from the Big Springs as its source, Bob, Ed, and I were enjoying our supper in the quiet of the Ozarks.

The spirit of adventure had taken such possession of all three of us that we didn't linger long about our cabin supper table. A night hunt was planned. Boots, spotlights, guns, and coats were grabbed. We eagerly manned our large boat as we shoved off. A mile or two we floated down stream, when we spotted an opossum high in a tree.

Immediately we went "into action." Quietly we pulled in toward the bank. Out came our flashlights as we advanced over unknown ground. The opossum became the center of attention. Bob steadied the light on our prize, while I began climbing the tree. My rifle made the climb a real struggle. At a proper height, I released the safety and fired. Down fell the opossum to the ground. I went into reverse and slid down the tree to the ground.

Suddenly screams and shrieks rent the air. To my astonishment Bob and Ed were rushing toward our boat without the opossum. Just as they reached the edge of the woods, I could discern the cause of their strange conduct. A bear was on their trail! Into the boat the boys plunged. Their boat moved out into the water. The bear stopped. Suddenly he remembered that a third boy was left at the tree.

How I climbed that tree the second time I do not know. The bear returned with threatening growls, but, after a few moments, seemed to disappear into the woods. Again I slid down that tree, grabbed the opossum, and started on a run for the river. Suddenly I heard the pat, pat of footsteps behind me. I looked back. Yes, that bear was after me. I hastened my pace, and so did he. I won the race to the river, but no boat was there as a refuge. I yelled to Bob and Ed whom I saw rowing up the river. They couldn't hear me. I fired a shot. Yes, they stopped rowing. I yelled again. To my joy, they began to row back down toward me. Which would arrive first, I wondered; the boys or the bear? With the aid of my flashlight, I made what advance I could up the shore. "We'll save you," they shouted to encourage me. When they began to pull into the shore, I was about exhausted. At last there they were! I fell headlong into the boat. I don't know what became of the bear, for I didn't look to see. Perhaps he is still down in the Ozarks waiting for me.

ROY EMERSON
Term 3

BWANA

AROUND THE CLOCK AND CALENDAR IN THE OZARKS

"Then God smiled, and it was morning—
"Matchless and supreme."

SUNRISE and springtime! The wind has lulled the stars to sleep, and the lacy mists of dawn are rising in the eastern sky. The Ozarks have awakened and seem trembling in the chill, gray air, just as the wings of a moth tremble and expand into the fullness of their beauty. A bluebird warbles its gentle song. Deep in the moist woods, the spring beauties are blooming, and over the rocks, the wild columbine spreads in slender, wiry grace. The pale purple of the hepatica and the deeper hue of the violets set off the pure white of the bloodroots and the bright hues of the wild honeysuckles. In the higher, wooded regions, the flowering dogwoods seem like snow against the dark background. Then, above the shimmering horizon the flaming sun appears, scattering the clouds and the lowland mists and blinding the Ozarks with its glare. The sunbeams carry the messages of dawn and springtime to doubting hearts still wrapped in the fog of winter's gloom. The molten gold of the sunlight rains through shining, newborn leaves. From a thorn bush, a brown thrush, master of melodies, rejoices, challenging its hearers to awake and dare to live! The carol is answered by the clear, flute-like whistle of the meadow-lark perched on a fence-post. The Ozarks are young again. Young blood is hot and hearts are singing—singing their youth away in the glad thrill of spring-time. There is laughter in the Ozarks: laughter in the gay carols of the birds, laughter in the play of breezes through flowering trees, laughter in the sunbeams sliding down shafts of light, and laughter in youthful hearts. It is easy for youth to laugh at the midnight's scowl when the sun is smiling on a world of beauty.

"When the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
"And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips for me and you."

Midday and summer! The beauty of the Ozarks is in full bloom. A canopy of deep, unclouded sapphire stretches through miles of the infinite. The heat is intense, the sun has fired the world with too much joy. The air is laden with a million dreamy, sleepy lullabies. Even the song of the wind, slipping through the willows, is lazy. In the swampy marshes, the wild roses make bright splotches of pink against dark green leaves. The blue of the sky is reflected in the day flowers; the sunlight, in the buttercups. In shady woodlands, the jewel-weed grows in profusion. From the heart of the forest, a pee-wee calls, plaintively, incessantly. The indigo bunting, faithful serenader of summer, sings from a briar patch in an old field. From the pine woods bursts a spontaneous melody, the song of the summer tanager; from the orchards come the sombre, melancholy notes of the yellow-billed cuckoo. The throat of the red-eyed vireo is pulsing with the heat, and a wood thrush adds

SPRING IN THE OZARKS

Courtesy of Lange Pub. Co.

its rich song to the symphony. There are dreams in the Ozarks—the delirious, noonday dreams of summer.

"Till my dream of autumn paling
"In the splendor all-prevailing,
"Like a sallow leaf goes sailing
"Down the silence, solemnly."

Sunset and autumn! The saddest time of the day in the saddest part of the year. Autumn is a time of judgment, when summer and winter meet in a grim battle. And always the decision is pre-ordained. Always winter triumphs. Autumn is Nature's last stand, her last, glorious holiday before a long death-like sleep. Who has not been thrilled by the riotous pageantry of trees in autumn? The dark green of the evergreens forms a shining background for the flaming colors of deciduous trees. In the uplands, the yellow of the butternuts and black walnuts reigns supreme. The maidenhair trails bright, golden tresses. In deep, shady woodlands, the brown of the shagbark hickories, the yellow-green of the ironwoods and beeches, the deep red of the white oaks, and the russet-yellow of the black oaks are woven together into a regal robe for autumn. The flickers and the jays scream from the forests, while in the meadows, goldfinches, like dainty, winged jewels, hover above the thistles. The blue-bird's sad call of "Far-away, far-away!" is quite different from the gay carol it sang in the springtime. Golden hazes trail the meadows. Everywhere is the dread of imminent tragedy. The glorious beauty of autumn is false, for happiness is lacking. Autumn is defiant in the face of impending disaster. Why does the sunset seem sadder tonight? Why is the silence more grimly prophetic? The scarlet-tinged clouds overhang a sorrowing world. Chimney-swifts flutter aimlessly, almost mechanically, through the sky. The bright crimson of the sunset melts away at last, and twilight falls like a blessed benediction, for the sorrow of autumn is only the restless, yearning grief of youth that is growing into maturity. The Ozarks are tired—tired of their mad, delirious summer dreams. The Ozarks have grown older and no longer are content to laugh and dream. They are longing for something deeper, something indefinitely greater than the care-free laughter of childhood. They are yearning for peace, and that peace is realized in the gentle comfort of twilight. The Ozarks have learned the value of obedience to the Almighty. There is sweet sorrow in the Ozarks, the final, poignant, resigned sorrow of autumn.

"And every star-tip stabs my sight
"With splintered glitterings of light."

Midnight and winter! The Ozarks are sleeping beneath a glistening blanket of snow. The trees are stretching their arms toward heaven in surrender. The wind whistles through their barren branches, shrieking, wailing in weird exultation; it is voicing the triumph of winter. The Ozarks hear and shiver in the cold starlight. Somewhere a village clock strikes twelve. The silence of death prevails. Even the moaning of the wind is hushed. Deep in some forest, a timber-wolf bays his anguish to the high heavens. The Ozarks hear and shiver in the cold starlight. There are ghosts in the Ozarks—gaunt, dim spectres in the starry midnight.

AUDREY THYSON
Term 6

MG

MINERALS IN THE OZARKS

THE ores and metals found in the Ozarks are of such value, shown by geological surveys before and after the Civil War, as to warrant an extensive mining exploitation, which should be profitable to investors. In addition, the location of these deposits is in one of the most picturesque ranges of mountains in the world.

The Iron Mountain country is known all over the world for its unusual minerals. When this phenomenon was discovered, at least one distinguished visitor arrived each week to witness the new find. Mineral deposits in Iron Mountain are manganese, silver, lead, zinc, and cobalt nickel.

Zinc mines in Jefferson County, which had not been worked for four years because of lack of capital, proved their value before the war. In Frumet County, Arkansas, and Franklin County, Missouri, there are lead, iron pyrites and fire clays. The lead and iron mines in St. Francois County have either been neglected lately, or suspended operations.

St. Genevieve County has lime, cement, and granite quarries, while in Madison County there are forty square miles of limestone. Zinc produce in other parts of the United States annually did not equal the production of zinc of the combined counties of Madison, Shannon, St. Genevieve, and Franklin in one week. Other minerals found in the Ozarks, but not in such large quantities, are tungsten, venadium, and uranium. The region about Joplin, Missouri, is the principal zinc-producing district in the United States. Many of the mines are not in operation now, but in 1917 this one section produced about thirty-four per cent of the total production of the country.

The extensiveness of these deposits forces one to wonder at the vast stores which lie in our "back yard." Here may be found employment for thousands of years to come if only capital can be had. All of these counties are near railroads or are accessible to good roads, and all that they need to make them productive are methods of modern mining, cheap transportation, cheap coke, and modern blast furnaces.

These geological conditions are practically fixed. They have been known for many years. Their development would provide many opportunities on a sound basis and might disclose hidden qualities as yet unknown. The entire Ozark territory would benefit.

In 1875, $10,000,000 was the total value of ores produced in the Ozark country. With the use of the latest mining methods for reclaiming its ores for commercial purposes, and the electrical power obtained from its many rivers, the Ozarks should become known as one of the chief mining areas in this country.

GEORGE J. SCHULTE

BWANA

LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS

IN a few secluded districts of the United States people still live the rugged life of the pioneer. One of these last frontiers lies in the secluded hills of the Ozarks, a group of hills, chiefly in southern Missouri and northwestern Arkansas, although extending for a short distance into Kansas, Oklahoma and Illinois. They are the remnant of a great plateau in which the streams have cut great valleys. A number of great limestone caves and many mineral springs internationally known for their currative waters; great hardwood forests; much coal, iron, lead, and zinc are a part of the natural resources. Many growing towns and a few large cities lie in the Ozark district, but there remains a vast backwoods where the people live "the simple life."

Let us describe the typical mountain home. There are two principal buildings, the "big house" and the kitchen. The big house is constructed of scalped logs, chinked and daubed to close the cracks. The floor is made of split logs with the flat side up and the surface hewn smooth. It is roofed with boards of choice oak and has overhead joints made of unbarked poles five or six inches in diameter. There is no loft or ceiling, but some long boards are placed across the joints on which are kept baskets of apples, bags of peanuts, and sacks of cotton. There is a door at either end of the house, and since there are no windows, the only ventilation comes from the open doors and the unsealed cracks in the walls. At the end of the room is a huge fireplace made of stones cemented with clay. The chimney is made of sticks heavily daubed and lined with clay. The beds are home-made, having tightly stretched ropes for springs. Of course, there is a spinning wheel standing by the big fireplace. The mantel is a board shelf on which stands a large clock and the family medicine chest—bottles of castor oil, turpentine, and camphor, and a cake of mutton suet. Over each door is a gun rack, one containing a rifle, the other a shot gun; a shot bag hangs from each rack. The doorsteps are three large blocks which stand on end, one above the other. The kitchen is a smaller building of one room behind the big house. Beside the kitchen fireplace are skillets and lids, a tea

kettle, a copper pot, fire shovel, tongs, and pothooks which lean against the wall or hang on nails. The dining table, surrounded by stationary benches, occupies one end of the room. A loom stands in the back of the room; the coffee mill is fastened to the wall; and a churn occupies the hearth. Strings of red pepper, small bags of garden sage, and hands of tobacco are suspended from the ceiling. On a shelf near the door rest a can of home-made lye soap, a jar of salt, a jar of lard, and a cedar water-bucket with a gourd dipper hanging on a nail above it. Under the shelf, with a sack spread over it to keep out the dust, is a small barrel containing meal. Just outside the kitchen door is the bath consisting of a small bench on which is a cedar bucket, a tin wash-pan, a sardine box filled with lye soap, and, hanging over the basin, a towel made from a worn-out meal sack. The refrigerator is a wooden box through which a cold spring flows. Near the spring lies the laundry: a large wash kettle and two tubs made of a barrel sawed in half. The lighting system is of the pine knot, pine torch, and candle variety. The library consists of the Bible, a hymn book, a dream book, and a letter writer. Then, too, there are the almanacs from several years back. The other buildings are the crib and stable, which is a modified barn, the cow-pen, and the smoke-house. The kitchen garden is elaborately barricaded against chickens and rabbits. The rest of the farm consists of a thirty or forty-acre field and a ten-acre orchard. This is all enclosed by a rail fence which doubtless affords many young "Abe Lincolns" the proper training. In such surroundings lived, and in many cases still live, the Ozark mountaineers.

All the family must work. The father and the boys tend the fields, care for the stock, get in the fire wood, tan hides, hunt, trap, and fish. But the old saying that "Man's work lasts from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done" holds true, for the women must cook, milk, churn, attend to the house, mend, and make all the clothing from the raw material to the finished product.

Very few industries have developed since each family is virtually economically independent, and there is little need for money. A little surplus cattle is raised, and hunting and trapping are sometimes made profitable. As a last resort, the mountaineer will go down to the lowlands and work as a cotton picker. Before prohibition there were many unlawful stills in this region. By avoiding the government tax, the mountaineers could undersell the licensed manufacturers, and thus make a market for their surplus corn. No line of business is very highly developed. Advertising is practiced only by the "furriners" who try to sell books or real estate.

The backwoods store is a small board building. On one side are the drygoods consisting of a few bolts of calico, yellow domestic, and cotton checks, and a bolt each of grey jeans and hickory shirting. A small showcase filled with notions rests on the counter, and on the floor is a wooden box containing men's brogans. On the shelves are cardboard boxes containing women's shoes or black Sunday hose. Higher up on the shelves are round boxes containing men's wool and felt hats and women's headwear. The only ready-made clothes are a few pairs of men's duck trousers. At the far end of

the drygoods side are the drugs and stationery, which include a few bottles of castor oil, turpentine, and liniment; some logwood and copperas for dying cloth, and some camphor gum; a ream of foolscap paper, a few bottles of ink, and a few school books and slates. On the grocery side is a supply of canned oysters, sardines, and salmon, a half dozen caddies of various kinds of tobacco, an abundance of snuff in bottles and five and ten-cent boxes, a cake of cheese, and a box of soda crackers. In the rear of the store stand a barrel of salt and a barrel of coarse brown sugar. There is no meat, meal, flour, molasses, or soap in the store for the people provide these for themselves. Against the wall are hanging curry combs, back bands, horse collars, plow lines, and track chains. On one shelf are displayed different kinds of plow points and iron bolts and nuts, on another are field hoes, chopping axes, and grubbing hoes. None of these implements have handles because the customers fashion their own. On still another shelf are jars containing different sizes of shot, a few boxes of gun caps, and several bars of lead from which the people make bullets. There is a fifty-gallon can containing coal oil and some small round boxes filled with axle grease. On the top shelf are some yellow earthenware dishes, some lamps and lamp chimneys, tinware, and cedar buckets.

Education made slow progress and for many years was almost forgotten in the unfrequented recesses of the hills. There were many reasons for this: the people were opposed to progress: the children were needed to help with the work; it was almost impossible to vote taxes, or to collect them if they were voted; the territory was so sparcely settled that not enough people lived within walking distance; if a school was organized, it would only last two or three months before the money ran out. The school room was generally the church and meeting hall. The teacher had to have a county license, but any high school student could easily pass the necessary tests. "Whuppins" were considered one of the first duties of the teacher, and many times his popularity in the community depended on the number he dispensed. At best, the students received a very meager education; however, it was quite adequate for the life before them. Even now it is very poor in some sections.

The people take a lively interest in elections. The Democratic Party usually carries the district so the primaries are the most important. Local candidates are always supported, so the illiterate farmer has a better chance than the educated lawyer. Many hard "tillers of the soil" take great pride in their oratory though we would find it difficult to understand their speeches.

Almost all the mountaineers are extremely religious. Camp meetings are second in importance only to a Fourth of July barbecue. Dancing, horse racing, and card playing are sins, and any church member suspected of having participated in these low pleasures is immediately expelled from the church and given up for lost.

Christmas and Fourth of July are the only holidays celebrated. "Socials" are permitted for the amusement of the young people, but they are so strictly supervised and censored that no one has a very good time. Weddings, funerals, hunting parties, and fights are the only amusements.

BWANA

The family feuds, which have been made famous by the mountaineers of Kentucky, exist in a lesser degree in the Ozarks.

The backwoods dialect is of Elizabethan origin. Indeed, a few old books have been found in log cabin libraries which were printed in England and are written as the mountain people speak.

Folklore and superstition are prevalent as among all illiterate people. "Hants" and "sperrits" furnish the background for many hair-raising tales which are believed, not only the audience, but by those who relate them as actual experiences. There are countless superstitions which are strictly observed by all.

Of course this quaint mountain life cannot endure forever. It is rapidly passing into the annals of the past. A few more years and it will be but a romantic memory and a historic fact. The woodman's axe is lifting the blanket of forest, the sturdy log cabins have given way to shacks of undressed lumber, and the railroads and paved highways have wound like serpents through the picturesque hills, crushing out the old and rushing in the new.

We have become accustomed to luxuries and a form of living so different from the backwoods life that we are inclined to regard it as miserable and unbearable, and the people as poverty-stricken; but this is untrue. They enjoy as great a degree of happiness and welfare as the occupant of the loftiest penthouse or the most spacious estate. Then, too, our supposed duty to society of advancing what we call civilization would not permit us to live such a stagnant life, but who among us can boast the independence and peace of the simple life in the backwoods?

WILLIAM LEUE
Term 7

THE OLD MILL

Courtesy of Lange Pub. Co.

BWANA

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT AND HIS OZARK NOVELS

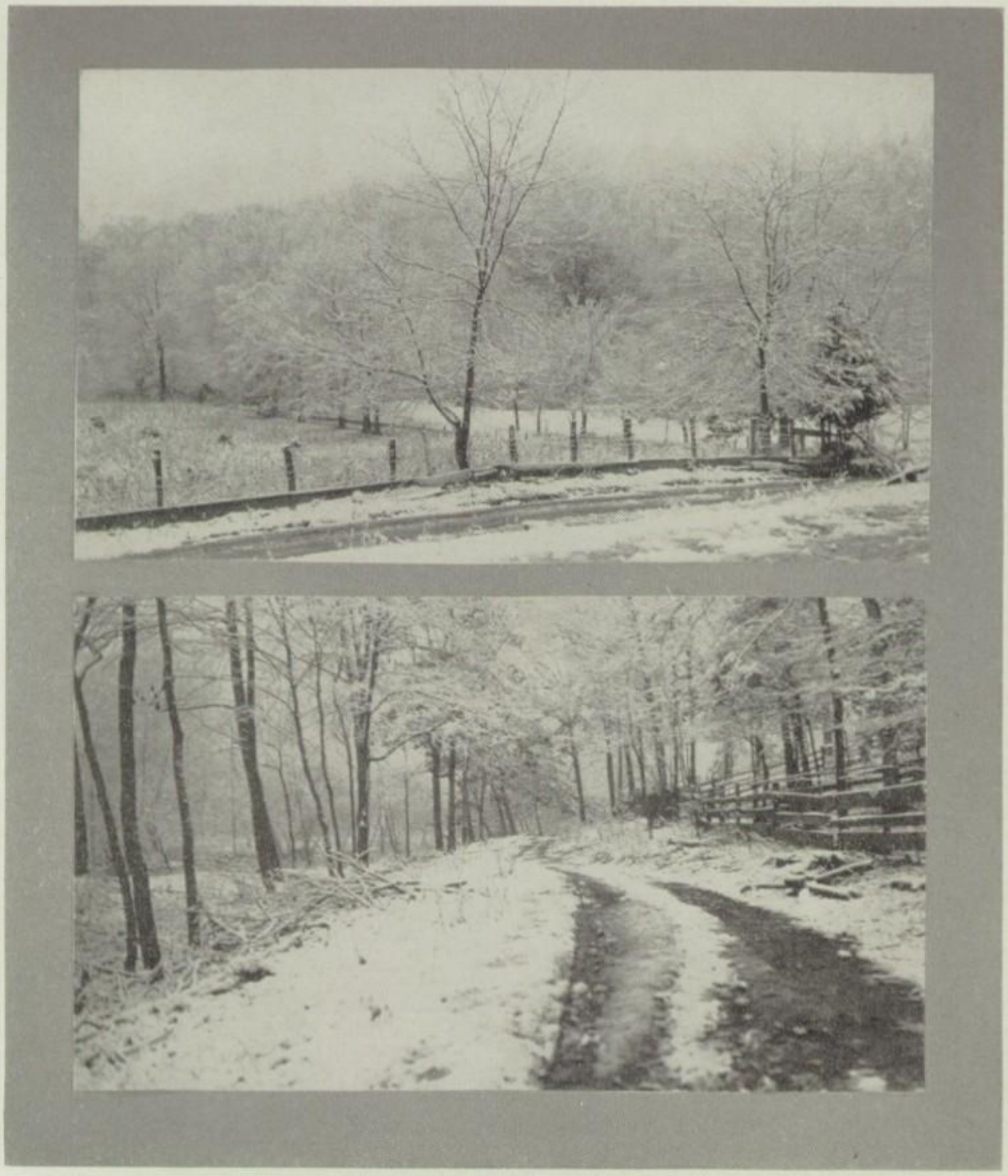
THE Shepherd of the Hills Country is a region in Missouri where the glories of nature abound in a wonderful combination of scenic grandeur and romantic association. In the heart of this region, in a setting of primeval forest and age-old mountains, placid Lake Taneycomo forms the nucleus of a nationally known resort center. From innumerable vantage points one looks into valleys and across ridges to far away ranges that fade into faint purples against the sky. It is not my purpose to describe this country any further, but to give an insight into the work, the aims, and the purposes of the man who, through his book *The Shepherd of the Hills,* made this region better known.

Harold Bell Wright was born in Rome, New York, May 4, 1872. At ten, he was left an orphan. His mother left him nothing but a sound body, a courageous spirit, and a love of beauty. She had spent many hours with the boy in the country, for she loved flowers and birds and all the loveliness of nature, and she had delighted in making him share the joy. After his mother's death, he had to struggle with the world, snatching learning here and there, hating sham, loving truth, fighting poverty and starvation, wrestling for mere existence, doing whatever odd jobs came along. Af fifteen he became a house-painter and decorator, and stuck to this work for the next five years. Desiring academic culture, he entered the preparatory department of Hiram College in Ohio, making his way by house-decorating and sketching. After two years, he contracted a severe case of pneumonia from overwork and out-door exposure. Advised by a physician not to continue college, he set out in a canoe, and, after a journey of more than five hundred miles, came to the Ozarks in southwest Missouri.

After a time, he entered the ministry, and soon thereafter accepted a regular pastorate at Pierce City, Missouri. He chose the ministry true to a resolve that he would enter that field of labor through which he could help the most people, and resolving that he would give up this ministry should another field offer more extensive means for reaching mankind.

After a time, Mr. Wright resigned his charge at Pierce City to go to Pittsburg, Kansas. Then he returned to the Ozarks, accepting the pastorate of the Christian Church at Lebanon, Missouri. It was here that he produced his first sermon in fiction, *That Printer of Udell's.*

The story itself consists of a young man's part in a conflict between conservatism and a more liberal spirit, constituting a tremendously dramatic plea for practical Christianity, besides telling an appealing human romance. The first chapters of the story are colored largely by Mr. Wright's early life, but they are not autobiographical. After completing the novel, because the author could not sell his manuscript to any of the publishers in the East, he became bitterly disappointed and physically ill, and was ready to give up the search for a publisher in despair. He had practically ruined his health while writing *That Printer of Udell's.* It had been written almost entirely in the late hours



WINTER IN THE OZARKS

of the night and the very early hours of the morning. In addition, great demands were being made on the author's time in the way of requests for officiating and speaking at public and civic functions, and this work, added to the heavy and ever-increasing duties of his congregation, was too much. A prominent physician in his congregation took great interest in the young minister and offered to pay the expenses of a trip to Chicago in search of publisher.

The doctor knew of a large company in that city through having bought books listed in their catalog. But when they found their way to the "big book company", even their rural idea of simplicity received a shock to discover that the company did not occupy fine quarters on one of the principal business streets of the city. Instead, its "store" was a great loft in a rather dingy looking building in the jobbing district, and the private office of the owner was only a little room not so large as Wright's study in Lebanon. After great persuasion, the company finally decided to publish the story. They employed unusual methods in marketing their venture: they printed one entire chapter with full-page illustrations, and bound these pages into their next catalog. Such great demands were received that by 1920, several million copies had been sold. Mr. Wright was given a contract, paying him the highest royalty that was being paid for any author's first book.

The newly-famous minister was then called by a congregation in Kansas City, but after serving his church for about a year, he found that he was not physically able to carry out the great city work as he had planned it. His growing royalties offered him an opportunity to take a rest, so once more he returned to his beloved Ozarks, where he built a little cabin down on the White River in Taney County. Soon Mr. Wright began to regain his health, and constantly urged by his Chicago publisher, he started to write his second novel, *The Shepherd of the Hills,* a story of Ozark mountaineers. This novel also contained a religious element. It is centered about the very region where the writer was fighting his battle for strength and tells what a man from the world of cities experienced in the beautiful Ozark region, his influence on his friends there, and the gripping situations and thrilling incidents in which he became involved. The Chicago publisher employed the same method of advertising for the new work, and everybody who knows about his books is acquainted with the story of the success of *The Shepherd of the Hills.* This book has a peculiar significance for the author. He feels toward it as he can not feel for any of his other books, for it was written as a test. The strength of the message he was able to put into the story and the response it should find were to decide for him his ministry henceforth, whether he would teach the Word of God by voice or by pen. It was a testing time that bore fruit not only in this novel, but resulted as well in the novels that have followed; these however, have not dealt with the Ozark region.

Upon visiting the Shepherd of the Hills Country, one may explore Mutton Hollow, follow the "Trail that is nobody knows how old", past Sammy Lane's

Lookout and Old Watt's cabin to Uncle Ike's post office at The Forks and to the graveyard where the aged seer slumbers beneath the huge pines. In 1930, Uncle Ike, despite his ninety years, still served Uncle Sam in the post office at The Forks. He had been postmaster there for thirty-three years. In that region one can also see the exquisite Lost Cave of beautiful and fantastic formations, the old engine which Young Matt lifted to prove his strength, the Signal Tree on Dewey Bald where the Bald Knobbers gathered to plan raids, the Lane Cabin, and the Ridge.

When Mr. Wright delivered the manuscript to his publishers the first of the year, 1907, for publication the next fall, he had accepted the pastorate of the Christian Church in Redlands, California, hoping this land of sunshine would give him a larger measure of health. Some months later, resigning his Redlands pastorate, he went to the Imperial Valley and there, the following year, wrote *The Calling of Dan Matthews*, a story which tells how a young man learned that a man's true ministry is the work in which he can be of most service, and how his life was shaped by experience and by love to answer that call. The church and its problems were weighing on the author and effecting his life no less than when he was in the ministry, and it was only natural that he should give to the world "a picture that is true to the four corners of the earth." Every incident in the story has its counterpart in real life, and, with few exceptions, came under the author's personal observation. He did not get the pleasure out of writing *The Calling of Dan Matthews* that he did in writing *The Shepherd of the Hills;* but he could not, try as he would, escape the task.

Those who meet Harold Bell Wright today see a man who has regained his physical vigor and who is happy in his work and in his play. He and his wife are living in a beautiful home in Arizona. His enchanting dwelling is built on a small hill in the wild, colorful desert, and it holds to the idea of an Indian pueblo. On the north side of the house is a brick terrace which faces the Catalina Mountain Range, a panorama of mighty slopes, fine peaks, and deep canyons. In this secluded location, the Wrights lead a simple life, though his home contains all the luxuries and conveniences of a mansion. One would never suspect Wright to be a wealthy man, for he is seldom seen in any other attire than that of a cowboy. He is extremely fond of most forms of out-door life. He enjoys hunting, horse-back riding, or lone tramps afoot, but when there is work to be done, it is the one thing that looms largest, and all else must wait. He is a real man, a hard worker, a man of intense convictions and with a compelling love for humanity. Though he is a writer, he does not wish to be considered a literary man. He reflects upon life, especially life as it is lived by the vast public of workaday America, and he puts what to him is the truth about that life into his books in such a way that it must appeal to this public. Maria Thompson Davies, herself a writer of novels, once said, "Harold Bell Wright is a big, genuine man, who knows well average human life and to that possession has added a simple, direct, forceful talent for creating in a novel

BWANA

a small world, modeled on the cosmic plan of this great world belonging to all of us, and leading our imaginations in to witness his sun, moon, stars, and heroes and heroines. And, after all, is not the greatest voice the one to which the greatest number of hearts listen with pleasure?"

ROBERT E. GRAUL
Term 7

AN OZARK CABIN

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RIVERS IN THE OZARKS

HYDRO-ELECTRIC DEVELOPMENTS IN THE OZARKS

DURING the past several years, progress has been making great strides in the Ozarks. Hydro-electric plants have been erected, and, as a result, the value of the surrounding country has been greatly increased. Many more projects have been planned and work has begun on most of these.

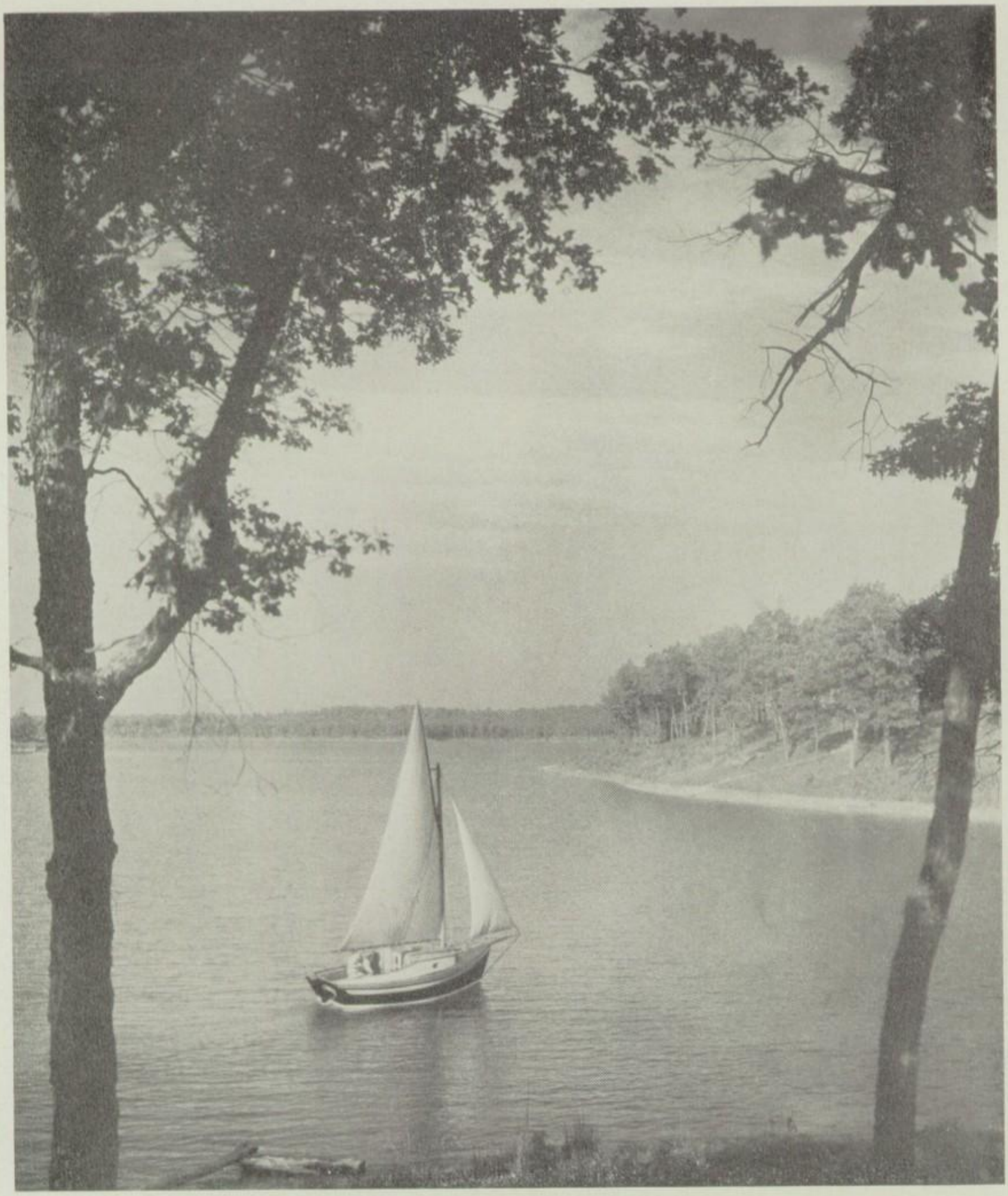
Across the Osage River at Bagnell, Missouri, is the famous Bagnell Dam. The dam itself is 140 feet high and a half a mile long. Together with its power plant, it is one of the largest hydro-electric developments in America, producing about 200,000 horse-power. The project cost $33,000,000. The Lake of the Ozarks, the great body of water formed by this dam, covers 60,000 acres and has a shore line of 1300 miles. It is 127 miles long and has a minimum width of half a mile, and a maximum width of nearly six miles. It well deserves the name "Playground of the Ozarks" for every year thousands of people visit it to enjoy themselves; its edges are lined with resorts and lodges. Fishermen call it the ideal fishing spot. Motorboats and launches, as well as rowboats, are quite common on the lake. This lake is one of the newest, yet also one of the most popular, of America's vacation-resorts.

The Table Rock project is proceeding quite rapidly. The dam will be 197 feet high and 2000 feet long and will cost about $16,500,000. Within a few miles of the Table Rock Lake is the famous Marvel Cave, which is the third largest in America. This cave is 900 feet deep and is large enough to carry away a good portion of the lake should a break ever occur between the two. According to geologists, however, this break is very unlikely because the ground between the lake and the cave is quite solid. The Table Rock Lake will be about 125 miles long when the dam is built. Hotels and resorts going up along the shores indicate that when the project is finished it will probably compete with the Lake of the Ozarks as a place to spend vacations. The project, which will cost about $50,000,000, will furnish about 225,000 horse-power and will be the largest of its kind in America. Through the efforts of the people, in the Stone County Court, the company building the dam has contracted for a $35,000 bridge across the middle of the lake.

In Arkansas on the White and Buffalo Rivers, a company plans to erect a series of eleven dams. These will dam the rivers for two hundred miles, and with the aid of their power plants, will be able to generate a tremendous amount of electrical power. This project will cost about $50,000,000 altogether.

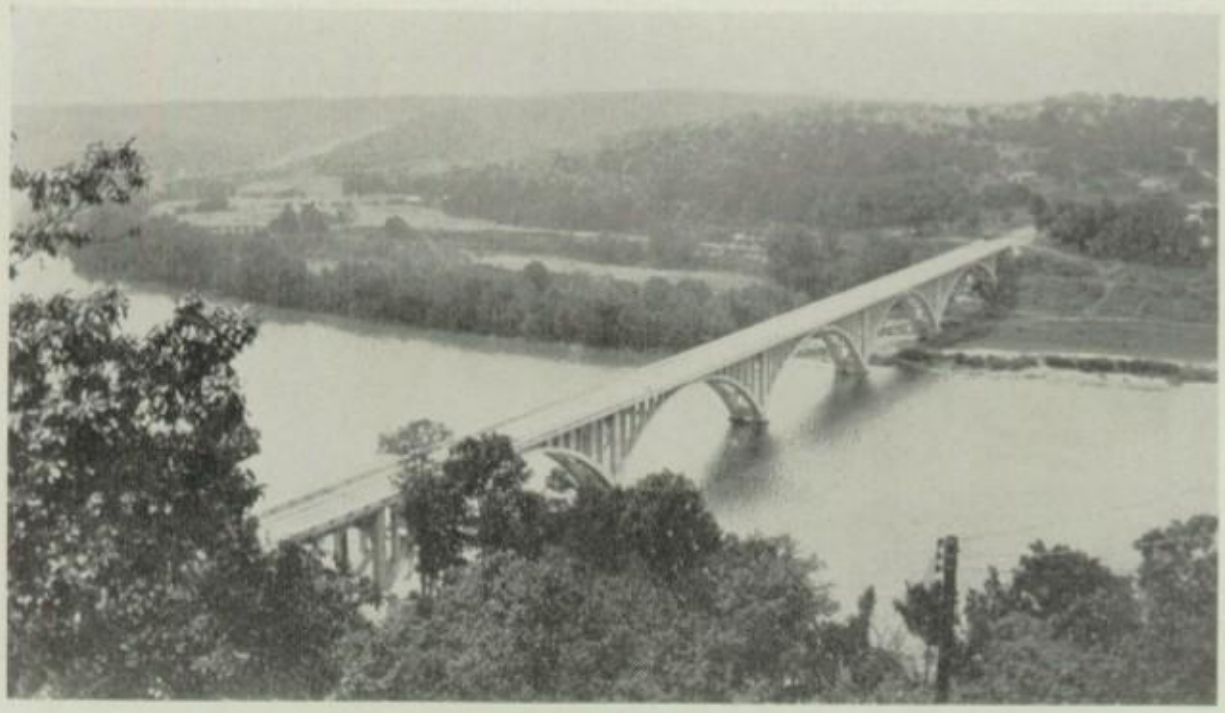
Several other smaller projects have been planned; work on them has already begun. These projects, when finished, will probably draw as great a number of visitors as the Bagnell development is now doing.

On the Current River in Missouri four projects have been planned. The surroundings have been surveyed and have proved to be good enough to



THE LAKE OF THE OZARKS

Courtesy of Union Electric Co.



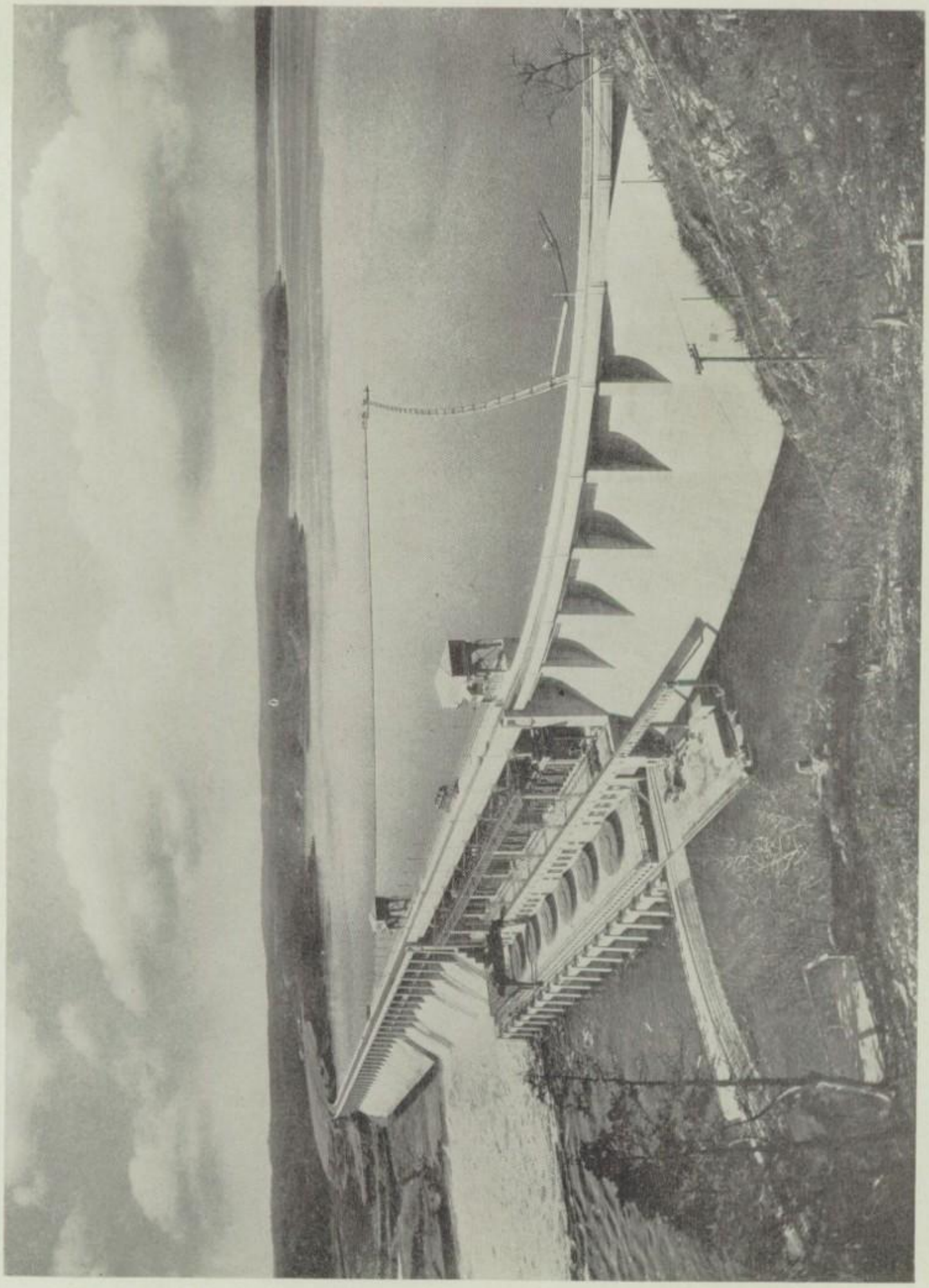
BAGNELL DAM

warrant the building of dams. The government has granted permits, and costs totaling about eight million dollars have been agreed upon.

In Phelps County, Missouri, a large Chicago concern plans to spend about seven million dollars to dam the Gasconade River; and in Wayne County, another Chicago company is spending about five million dollars to build a dam on the Black River, the chief tributary of White River.

In the Big Springs section of the Ozarks is the second largest spring in America: 453,000,000 gallons of water flow out of it every day. Engineers have long been working on the problem of harnessing the flowing water, and it would not be at all surprising if someone would soon produce definite plans for a Big Springs project, since for many years the water from this spring has furnished the power for small water mills, and it is thought that Big Springs could produce an enormous amount of electricity were it harnessed.

These water-power developments have proved, and still are proving, to be a valuable asset in every sense of the word. The value of land near these projects has gone soaring as a result of these improvements. Farmers find it easier to raise crops if they employ the irrigation methods made possible by the dams. New towns have sprung up, and many small towns have developed into cities. Many new highways have been built, and the old roads have been improved. Railroads and bus lines have been extended. The popularity of these improved sections as vacation places has been the source of income for many people who have been wise enough to invest their money in hotels and resorts. The electrical power generated by the hydro-electric plants has brought a great deal of money to investors. Textile mills, such as silk and cotton mills, and clothing factories have been built and are utilizing the electricity successfully. These mills and factories would be unprofitable were it not for the ease in getting the power direct. Throughout the Ozarks there has



BAGNELL DAM

Courtesy of Union Electric Co.

BAGNELL DAM

LAKE TANEYCOMO

been a great stir of employment; many people from the cities have taken places in the Ozarks because they find the cost of living lower and jobs easier to get. Some of the mountain folk are making money by selling articles of their own making, such as chip-baskets, bird houses, and weather vanes, to visitors; others have gone to work in the factories and mills. Family feuds have been forgotten, and representatives of families that have been at war for generations can be found working peacefully together in the factories. Millions of dollars have been added to the wealth of the Ozarks through these hydro-electric developments, and millions more will be added when the projects now under consideration are finished.

WENZEL SMITH

LAKE TANEYCOMO

BWANA

SPRINGS IN THE OZARKS

"A GOOD land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley and vines; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness; thou shalt not lack anything."—The Book.

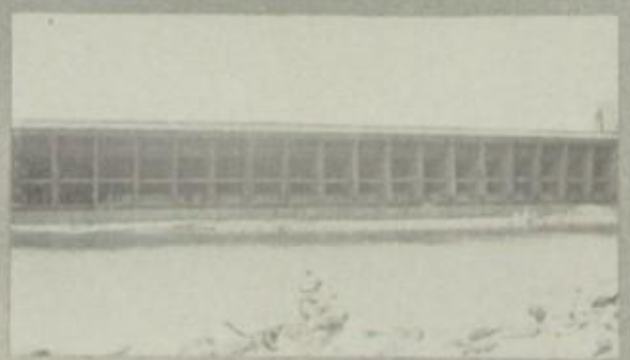
What could more aptly describe that rolling region of land in Missouri, Arkansas and Oklahoma, called the Ozarks? Very few countries of the world and few states of the Union possess so abundant a supply of potable water as the Ozarks of Missouri alone. This is especially true of the southern half of the state which may be called a region of springs.

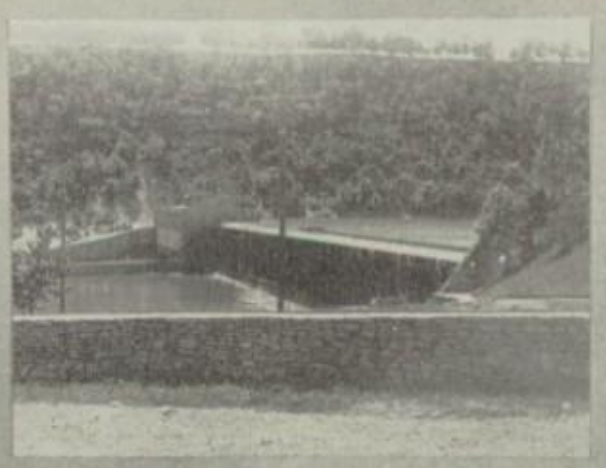
In this mountainous elevation the pure, cold, sparkling water from springs of vast numbers comes welling up through crevices in the rocks and from unknown and inestimable depths to refresh and beautify. Some of them are among the largest in the United States and the streams are scarcely equalled in size, beauty, purity, and variety anywhere in the world.

Two of the largest rivers in the world, the Mississippi and the Missouri, traverse the length and breadth of the state, and into the drainage basins of these two streams flow large tributaries, nearly all the latter being fed by springs of remarkable size and purity.

Out of the bottoms there is scarcely a section of land but has not its spring of good water, which can easily be obtained by sinking a well from 100 to 300 feet into the earth. Artesian water is found almost everywhere in Missouri; one-half of the state is supplied by it. Many of these springs are large even beyond the conception of those who have not seen the rivers which flow from them and drive the mills and machinery placed upon their waters; Bryce's Spring on Niangua River is a good example of this. The flow of water from the spring drives a large flouring mill and flows away as a rapid river forty-two yards wide. Springfield, a city of 60,000 inhabitants, gets almost its entire water supply from Fulbright Spring, situated four miles from the town and yielding 8,000,000 gallons per day.

The Ozarks abounds in mineral springs representing nearly all the varieties of mineral water. Near many of them are excellent hotels, bath houses, and pleasure grounds, rendering them attractive health resorts; some of them have acquired more than a local reputation. The largest and most popular resort in the state is Excelsior Springs, near the town of the same name in Clay County, which has grown since the discovery of the springs in 1880. The similarity of these waters to those of St. Moritz in Switzerland and Mont d'Or in France has been shown by tests of the waters of each. Salt springs are common in Saline, Howard, Randolph, Jefferson, Benton, St. Clair, Pike, and Ralls counties. There are alkaline waters which contain sodium carbonate or magnesium carbonate or both in solution; waters containing sulphates in solution; epsom salts waters; vitriol waters containing iron carbonate in solution





DAMS IN THE OZARKS

and often rich in carbonic acid. The preparing, shipping, and selling of mineral waters has attained large commercial proportions in the Missouri Ozarks.

Most of the springs of the Ozarks are located in beautiful wooded valleys at the bases of rocky cliffs. The surrounding landscapes are rugged and picturesque, and make attractive playgrounds with fine quality of water for drinking and bathing, and with excellent fishing places. Some of these springs are inaccessible and therefore little known. Upon completion of the state highway system and local county roads, they will be a lure for many more visitors than they are at present. It is next to impossible to describe the beauty of many of these watery upheavals and their surroundings in a manner so that the reader feels he can see them in his imagination.

No more entrancing valleys are found on this planet than those near Niangua Spring in Niangua State Park. The deep-cut glens in the shadows of the towering cliffs, filled with glorious trees and carpeted with exquisite flowers, echoing with the songs of warblers, thrushes, and other little mites of birds, are Edens of surpassing loveliness and enchantment. Onyx, sandstone, and marble outcrop here and there. Among the gigantic sycamores, walnuts, maples, and oaks, the fox and grey squirrels race and play, while high over all, the red-tails wheel and soar among the drifting white clouds. Bobwhites whistle across the green afternoons and bass and crappie flash their silvery sides in the sunlight as they leap for an unwary insect resting on the clear water.

Big Spring, largest in the Ozarks and second largest in the United States (it is exceeded only by Silver Spring in Florida), is located near Van Buren in Carter County and has a flow of 173,000,000 to 543,000,000 gallons per day. It issues from the base of a high, shadowy cliff and flows into the Current River eight hundred feet away. On one side of the spring branch is a high, wooded hill, and on the other is a pleasing valley. The enormous volume of water rushing with tremendous force from an impenetrable cavern at the base of the cliff and the surroundings make this a place of rare beauty. It is said that at one time an attempt was made to determine the depth of Big Spring. A small weight was tied to a string and lowered into the water, but so great was the force of the water as it welled out of the ground that the weight was buoyed up. An anvil was next taken, but to the despair of the experimenters, this also remained suspended only a few feet down. No further attempt was made.

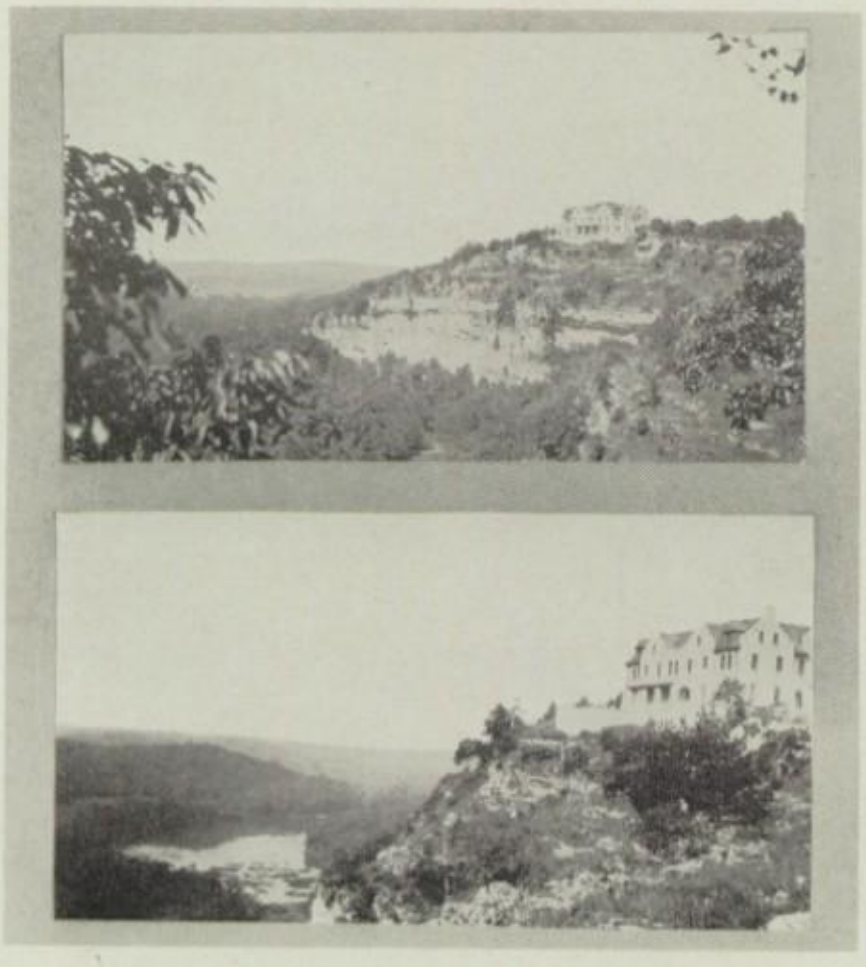
Hahatonka Spring is located near Hahatonka in Camden County. Its 28,000,000 to 68,000,000 gallons per day emerge from the base of a rocky cliff, flow through a narrow, precipitous canyon about 1,000 feet long, and through a lake of forty acres formed by a low dam, and empties into the Niangua River a half mile below the spring outlet. The clearness, transparency, and sparkle of the water in the spring branch; the surrounding rocky and rugged country; the purity of the air; the deep, wooded valley, and the

high, rocky bluffs on which sparrow-hawks build their nests, in all these respects, no spot in the United States surpasses this which the Indian named Hahatonka, or Laughing Water. Nothing could be more pleasing or restful to the eye.

Meramec Spring in Phelps County has a flow of 45,000,000 to 271,000,000 gallons per day. It issues from a circular basin at the base of a perpendicular cliff, spreads and tumbles over the remains of an old dam, and flows down the branch of the spring for one mile to the Meramec. Although the spring is privately owned, visitors are welcome to enjoy its benefits.

Blue or Round Spring in Shannon County discharges from 54,000,000 to 138,000,000 gallons of pure water per day. The water, which has a deep blue tint, flows with scarcely a ripple from a deep basin at the foot of a cliff, then goes swiftly down the spring branch to the nearby Current River. The encircling, timbered knolls make it a place of beauty and quiet shut off from the rest of this bustling world.

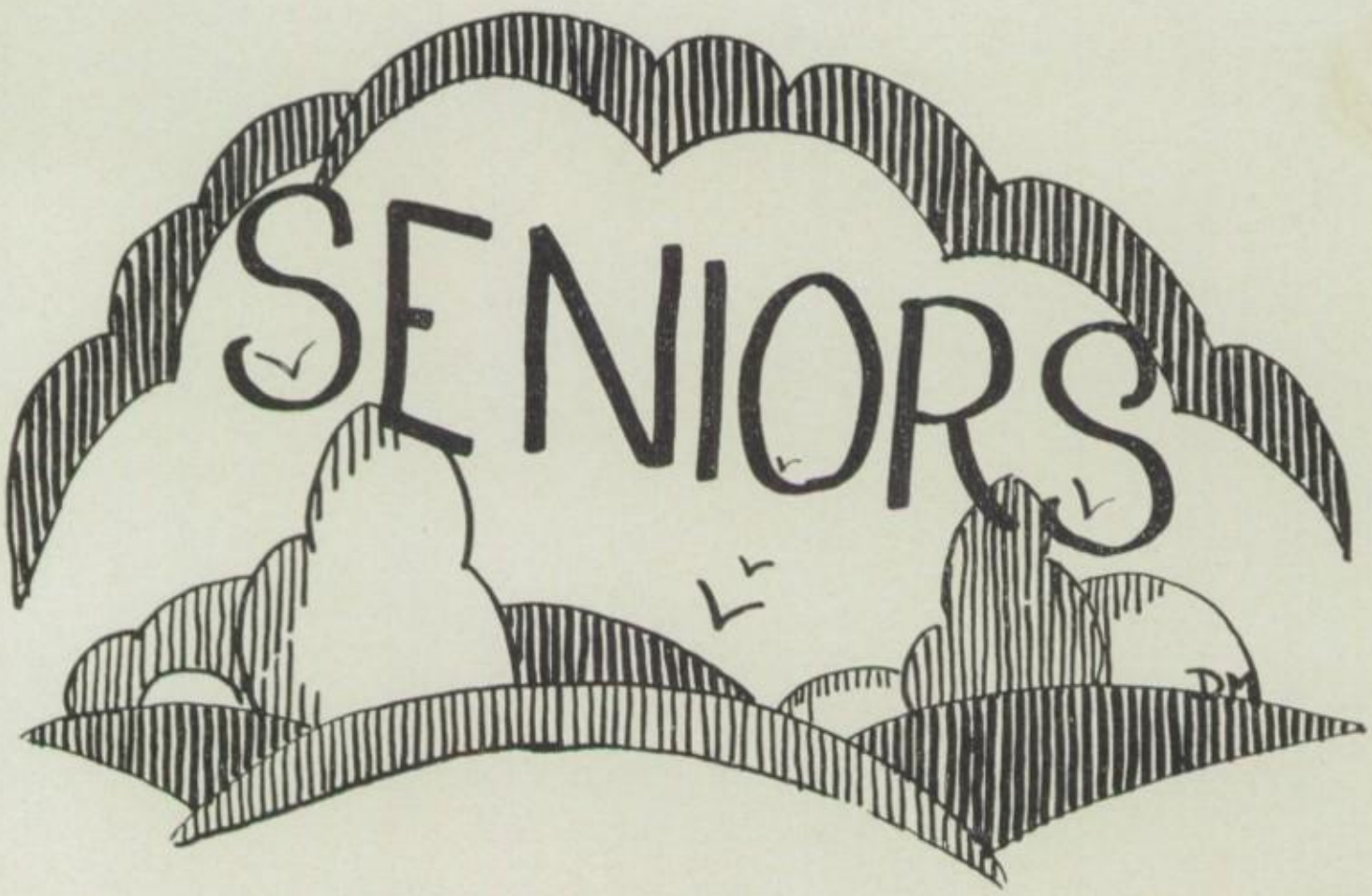
There are many other beautiful springs in the Ozarks, too numerous to be described here, but the fair beauty of the surroundings at Bennett Spring in Bennett Springs State Park must be mentioned. One of its great attractions lies in a dam which stretches its length across the spring branch to furnish power to a large flour mill, now discarded. During the long period that the dam has been standing, water-cress in great profusion has grown and now covers the dam almost entirely, so that as the water rushes over the dam, the cress, too, appears to be cascading over the dam in an endless stream of green.



CASTLE AT HAHATONKA

Surely the rainbow's end lies in the beautiful Ozark springs. If the old saying that, "Everyone finds his heart's desire at the rainbow's end," be true, then truly there is a mecca of happiness in the Ozarks. The beautiful regions which abound at the springs of the Ozarks offer a pleasant avenue of escape from a world of feverish haste into a restful realm of quiet, peace, and age-old, soothing beauty.

WALTER GRAUL



SENIORS

Class of January, 1934

Purpose: An assembly organized by the boys and girls in their seventh term, called the sevens, continued from last term when they were sixes.

Moderator:	Miss Whitelaw
Class Motto:	Knowledge is power

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Philip Weicker
Vice-President:	Eugene Babbitt
Secretary:	Dorothy Gerock
Treasurer:	J. B. Sheets
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Adele Helmkampf

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Eugene Babbitt
Vice-President:	Philip Weicker
Secretary:	Winifred Wilkinson
Treasurer:	J. B. Sheets

CLASS OF

EUGENE BABBITT

The president of our class is Gene.
Don't you think he's "keen"?

Treasurer of Band, Student Council, Triple Quartette, Vice-President of Sixes, President of Seniors.

PHILIP WEICKER
"PHIL"

President, vice-president, treasurer he has been in our class
None his popularity shall surpass.

Torch, President of Sixes, Treasurer of Sevens, Vice-President of Seniors, Student Council.

WINIFRED M. WILKINSON
"WINNIE"

Never knew a girl could be so sweet,
Never knew a girl could be so friendly,
Never knew a girl so hard to beat,
Until I met our charming Winnie.

Secretary of Sevens and Seniors, Student Council Secretary, Pep R, Vice-President Icicles, Torch.

J. B. KENNEDY SHEETS

It's nice to be natural,
If you're naturally nice.

Treasurer of Sixes and Seniors, Student Council, Service R, Finance Committee, Torch.

FRED MURPHY

It is greater to be small and shine than to be great and cast a shadow.

Athenaeum, Senior Play Committee, Sergeant-at-Arms Seniors.

DOROTHY ACKER

Her big eyes are of deepest blue,
Her fluffy hair of golden hue,
Her wit as keen as a rapier's blade—
This sweet and friendly little maid.

Torch, Athenaeum, Editor Mercury, Icicles, Service R's, German Club.

JOSEPHINE ADAMS

When she goes,
Though quiet and reserved is she,
The school will lose true quality.

Basketball, O'ita, Bwana Staff, Torch.

ROBERT BEAHAN

Success comes to thinking people.

Engineering, Chess, Radio, Quill, Literary.

JAN., 1934

IRVIN BECKER

A great career for him we see,
Seated in courts of law,
Dispensing justice with firm hand,
And wisdom without a flaw.

Torch, Debating Team 1933, Student Electrician, and Judge Honor Court, Bwana Staff.

MARGARET VIRGINIA BAIRD

A shy, retiring, little maid
But always ready to lend her aid.

Student Council, Spanish Club.

ADELE LUCILLE BAUER

So pretty, dainty, and so sweet,
To know Adele is quite a treat.

Nature Club.

EVERETT BREMER BEST

When you're in need of a loyal friend,
Here's one that we can recommend.

President of Band, Treasurer and Vice-President of Quill Club, Chief Student Electrician, President of Engineering Club, Chairman of Button Committee of Sixes and Eights.

ARTHUR BETZ

A regular fellow, it is true,
Full of pep, and mischief too.

Glee Club, Triple Quartette, Chemistry Club.

ESTHER BAUER

An artist here you can plainly see,
A painter of portraits she will be.

DOROTHY LORRAINE BELLEW

A friend for all your difficulties.

Lunch Room Squad, Service R.

ARNOLD EDWIN BEYER

A blond youth who is well liked by all.

Engineering Club, Athenaeum, Football, Golf.

CLASS OF

ROBERT BLOEMKE

Ever alert and busy through the day,
He's content to pursue his own life's way.

Service.

DORIS E. BESHORE

If Doris is your friend
Then you will always know
That whatever may happen
She'll always be just so.

GOLDIE BIRK

So pleasing
So teasing
Capricious
Delicious.

Golf Club Secretary and Treasurer, French Club.

JAMES BOWIE

Life's worth while and it's not a bore,
If we sing a little and jest a little more.

ARTHUR BRANDT

When you know him well
You have found a friend.

Student Council, Service.

JANET MARGARET BLOCK

A gentle and well-governed maid.

VIRGINIA E. BONNOT

She has in her finger tips
The power to sway,
To change our mood
From serious to gay.

Carol Club.

PAUL BRIELMAIER

Modest but brilliant.

Bank Cashier.

JAN., 1934

FRANK BUCHMEIER, JR.

'Tis the mind that makes the man.

Sportsman's Club, Secretary Engineering Club, Service and Scholarship R's, Student Council, Torch.

NANCY BROWN

None but herself can be her parallel.

Pep R, College Club, Icicles Vice-President and Treasurer, Volley Ball.

MARJORIE CAMPBELL

Coal black hair and eyes of jet
Her pleasant ways will win you yet.

GEORGE BUELL

This youth was cast in a manly mold
For hardy work or contest bold.

Student Council, Service.

ERWIN BUCHHOLZER

Content to follow his own life's call.
We hope when duty summons he will not fall.

Stamp Club, Band, Golf, Chess Club.

DOROTHY L. CLARK

Personality, grace, and modesty
Here are evident in great quantity.

Torch, Latin Club Vice-President, Athenaeum, Icicles, Service.

RUTH COCHRAN

Bright of hair
Brilliant of smile
A friend for all ways
And a friend worth-while.

Latin, Chess, Spanish, Athenæum.

HOWARD LEE CALL

A quiet, brilliant boy at school
Who always endeavors to keep each rule.

Sportsman's Club, Engineering Club.

CLASS OF

EUGENE HERBERT CANTRELL
"GENE"

Ever loyal, ever true,
To the tasks he has to do.

Triple Quartette, Glee Club, Craft Club, Student Council, Boys' Skating Club.

HARRIET DAUERNHEIM

Joyful, kind, and oblig'ng too,
Harriet is a sincere friend to you.

McKinley: Basketball Club.
Roosevelt: Student Council, Secretary of Welfare Committee, Pep R.

ADELEN DOELLEFELD

A loyal companion, an excellent friend,
An earnest worker, and true to the end.

Business Manager of Buwana, Student Council, Secretary of Pep R, Torch, Secretary of German Club.

HAROLD GILBERT COBB

Ready for work
Ready for fun
Willing to help
Till the work is done.

Philatelic Society.

RAY WILLIAM COFFMAN

Speech dismayeth not this man
For he speaks whene'er he can.

BERNICE EVES

Attractive, kind, and clever,
As a pal there is no better.

Icicles, Basketball, Treasurer Shakespearian Club, Vocations Club, Student Council.

FRANCES ANN FISCHANG

A laughing face to greet you, a pair of dancing eyes,
A joke at all times ready, to take you by surprise.

Vocations Club, Spanish Club, Shakespearian Club, Icicles, Service R, Torch.

BOB COOPER

(Member of June class, 1934)
Business Manager,—who can say
He's the "forgotten man" of the Senior Play!

JAN., 1934

BETH FRYE

Lovely, kind, and gracious is she,
That, we're sure, anyone can see.

Bwana Staff, Rough Rider Staff, Pep R, College Club, Vice-President Quill Club.

EDWARD R. CORVEY

Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind.

Athenaeum, Mask and Buskin, Service.

DOMINICK DI FRANCO

Describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man.

NORMA LILLIAN GAMACHE

One could not wish for a better friend.

Scholarship R, Bank Cashier, Secretary to Advisor, German Chorus, Torch.

ERNA GARLING

With laugh and song,
With mirth and play,
She joyfully passes each happy day.

Athenaeum, Editor of Mercury, Vice-President Nature Club, Torch, Service R's, Chairman of Service Bureau.

LAWRENCE L. DOELLING

Whatever there be of sorrow
I put it off until tomorrow.

McKinley: Service.

FRANK DOSSEY

Worry kills people.
Why die?

Athenaeum, Social Committee of Sevens and Seniors.

DOROTHY GEROCK

Pretty to walk with,
Pretty to talk with,
Pleasant to look upon.

Student Council, Citizenship Committee, Senior Button Committee, Scholarship and Service R's, Torch.

CLASS OF

GERTRUDE GIBSON

Blue-eyed and dimpled, daintily fair,
Ready to help you with every care.

WILLIAM WALTER ERB

He was born a real leader of men
In whatever he does, he's bound to win.

Art Fellowship, President Student Council, Auditorium Committee, Chairman of Button Committee, Sevens, Rough Rider Staff.

EDWIN FISCHER

Success comes to those who wait
To whose who work and never come late.

Orchestra.

JUNE GORDS

Couldn't find a substitute
The word that fits her, simply—"cute".

Athenaeum, College Club, Treasurer, Library Assistant, Emergency Room.

DOROTHY GOTTHELF

Jolly and kind,
Friendly inclined.

Pep R, Secretary Carol Club.

SAYEL GILHAM

School work, tennis, and all the rest,
Whatever it is, he does his best.

Chemistry Club, Boys' Skating Club, Engineering Club, Athenaeum, Service.

JAMES GINN

Here's to the boy who's willing to do,
Whatever he can to help me and you.

Student Council, Secretary of Band, Secretary of Orchestra, Novelty Orchestra, Baseball.

RUTH HAUSNER

Charming, lovely, full of wit,
She's a girl that makes a hit.

Art, Bank Cashier, Service, Academic R's, Torch.

JAN., 1934

ADELE HELMKAMPF

With her winning smile and her stately grace
She's a valuable addition to this place.

Bwana Staff, Pep R, College Club, Academic and Service R's, Torch.

LLOYD GEORGE

Since he wants to be a politician,
We wish him luck in his ambition.

Engineering Club, Football, Golf Club.

BRUCE E. GOOLSBY

Turn here your wandering eyes,
To find the boy we all call wise.

Sportsman's Club.

DOROTHY HILL

Tall and blond is this fair belle,
She does her work, and she does it well.

Athenaeum, Mercury Typist.

FLORENCE HOEFENER

A friend who is faithful,
A friend who is true,
Bright hopes for the future,
Are showered on you.

Vocations, Shakespearean, German Club.

RICHARD GRUENINGER

For versatility he is always noted
Although to his work he is quite devoted.

Student Council.

LAWRENCE HALL

In all sports of every kind,
A better man you will never find.

Football, Basketball, Track, "R" Club, Student Council.

MERITA HELEN HOUSER

With a cheery "Hello", she greets each one,
She studies, but she also has her fun.

CLASS OF

VIVIAN HUFF

All the friends who know her well,
The sweetness of her heart can tell.

Treasurer Latin Club, Secretary Studio Club. Service, Torch.

ELMER HARRISON

Those soft brown eyes,
That winning smile,
Will carry him on
For quite a while.

WALTER HARPE

The kind of fellow we all admire,
A good student, yet a real live wire.

Engineering Club, Athenaeum, Cartoon Club, Service.

MARGARET IRENE HUNING

Her eye is clear, her face is fair,
She's ready and willing to do her share.

Treasurer German Club, Orchestra, Vocation Club.

DOROTHY JAMES

Quiet and silent is our Dot,
But we all like her a lot.

Spanish Club, Priscilla Club, Adviser's Secretary, Student Council, Chess Club.

GEORGE HEINEMAN

He speaketh not and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes.

VERNON HENTSCHEL

Here's a boy we're proud and happy to know,
Can anyone blame us for saying so?

Chemistry Club, Service.

OLIVIA JUERGENS

Olivia is a pleasant lass,
And surely an asset to our class.

O'ita, Priscilla, Volley Ball, Lunch Room Squad, Art Club.

JAN., 1934

LORRAINE ELIZABETH KAHLE

Jolly, merry, and gay,
She has a smile for you each day.

Spanish Club, Shakespearian, Vocations, Priscilla, Athenaeum.

ROBERT HICKEY

I'll be a poet yet.

Bwana Staff.

EUGENE HAEFNER

What's the use of worrying when there are so many other things to do?

Orchestra.

IDA KAISER

This little miss so quiet and demure,
Her charming smile all does allure.

Volley Ball.

VIRGINIA KELLS

Faithful to friends,
She has no foe,
Out of her way
For you she will go.

Pep R, College Club, Bank Cashier.

FREDERICK HOF

Fred's very chatty—likes to "chin",
If you don't watch out he'll take you in.

Engineering Club.

WILBUR HOFFMAN

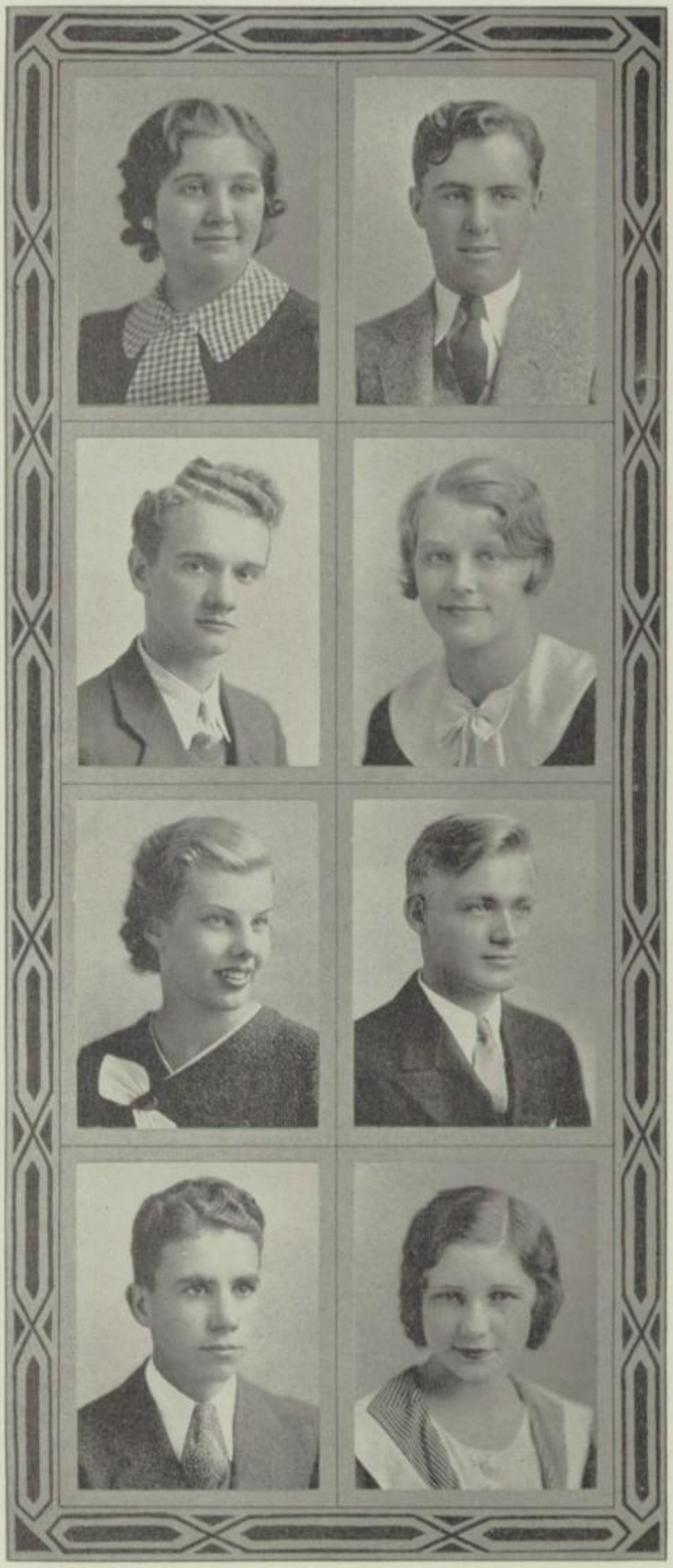
Wilbur is such a true good scout,
He'll be missed without a doubt.

Boys' Swimming Club, Boys' Skating Club, Track, Sergeant-at-Arms Sevens, Sevens Social Committee.

THEDA W. KIDD

Theda may be just a Kidd,
But made herself popular by things she did.

German Club, Bwana Staff, O'ita, Service Bureau, Torch.



CLASS OF

HELEN KLOUZEK

When you need a friend that is true,
'Tis Helen we'll direct you to.

Priscilla Club, Nature Club, Secretary of Chess Club, Student Council, Service R.

ALONZO HORN

Work I didn't mind;
Now I'm graduating you'll find.

Football, Philatelic Society, Aviation.

GEORGE JENKERSON

We're always sure that he will set the pace
In almost every kind and sort of race.

RUTH L. LENZ

A little blonde as quick as she,
Will keep you going, yes, sir-ee!

Art Club, Adviser's Secretary, Lunch Room Squad, Fashion Show 1932, Torch.

RUTH MARIAN LIPPERT

Such a splendid, jolly girl is Ruth,
That we can't describe her—that's the truth.

Bank Cashier, Volley Ball, Vocations, Shakespearian Club.

HUGH KARR

There isn't a fellow at Roosevelt High,
Who'll beat his success by and by.

Service, Scholarship Pin, Forum, Student Council, Torch.

JOHN J. KENNEDY

Here's to Jack whose merits are such
We never need fear of praising too much.

Baseball, Football, Rough Rider Staff, "R" Club.

AUDREY MAY MAHONEY

Audrey's hair is always just so,
And she always has some place to go.

Torch, Bwana, Student Council, Seniors' Button Committee, Service and Scholarship R's.

JAN., 1934

PAULINE ANNE MANESS

She's a jolly good actress, so happy and wise
With a song on her lips and a smile in her eyes.

Mask and Buskin President, Carol Club Treasurer.

KARL D. KLEIN

Now Karl has bushels of "pep"
And a wealth of curly hair,
And tho' studies have oft been hard,
He has never seemed to care.

Glee Club, Athenaeum, Sportsman's Club, Swimming Club, Vice-President Sevens.

BEN KNOX

Ben is one who never knocks.

Student Council, Bank Cashier, Orchestra, Baseball, Band.

DOROTHY MANOVILL

A charming girl, both sweet and fair.
With a winsome smile and glossy hair.

Pep R.

VIRGINIA MANOVILL

Your eyes of blue and wondrous hair,
Have won attention everywhere.

Pep R, Library Assistant, Bank Cashier, Elegibility Bureau.

IRVIN KOTNER

This boy is so fond of chemistry,
And of mixing HCl,
That if you want him to hear you,
You've simply got to yell.

Bwana Staff, Chemistry Club, Tennis, Group Chairman, Torch.

WESLEY CHARLES KREH
"WES"

Carefree and happy is Wes,
A fellow you can put to any test.

Student Council, Auditorium Committee, Literary Society, Senior Ring and Pin Committee, Kodak Club.

JEANETTE I. MATHAE

A girl whose description cannot be begun,
She's all the good things rolled up in one.

Torch, Mask and Buskin, Bwana Staff, Scholarship R's and Pin, Student Council.

CLASS OF

RAYMONDE ELIZABETH MCGARY

Here's to Elizabeth, so good and true,
Who makes enough "E's" to do for two.

Buwana Staff, Rough Rider Staff, Athenaeum, Scholarship and Service R's, Torch.

JOSEPH L. LEDERER
"JOE"

In athletics, a "wiz"
That's what our Joe is.

"R" Club, Track, Service, Lunch Room, Torch.

BERNHARDT O. LEMMEL

A jolly, joking, cheerful lad,
We know his life will ne'er be sad.

Chemistry, Student Council.

MARIE MOORE

A jolly girl is our Marie,
Just as sweet as she can be.

Torch, Student Council, Service R's and Academic Pin, Secretary Athenaeum, Ring and Pin Committee of Seniors.

LENORE MORLEY

Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
Makes her generous thought a fact.

Torch, Latin Club President, Scholarship R's and Pin, Mask and Baskin.
Huntington Park, California, High: Philanthropic Committee.

PHILIP LOUIS

A tracksman was he
Speedy as could be.

Forum, Athenaeum, Track, "R" Club.

HOMER LINZEE

Happy-go-lucky, jolly, and free,
Nothing there is that bothers me.

AUDREY S. MOSS

Very quiet and shy is she,
But full of pep and energy.

Student Council, Service R, Icicles, O'ita Society, Priscilla.

JAN., 1934

EARL W. LORTZ

A tennis racquet in his hand,
And he is king of all the land.

Tennis.

JANET MARIE MURRY

A voice of gladness and a smile
Make time with her worth while.

ARLINE NEIZERT

By her works and by her fun,
High esteem Arline has won.

College Club, Latin Club, Icicles, Service R, Bicycle Club.

VICTOR W. LUND
"VIC"

Victor by name, also by deed,
Lund will always be in the lead.

Forum, "R" Club, Vice-President of Student Council, Swimming Club, Torch.

JOSEPH MARKS
"JOE"

Slow and easy, never a care,
Hours and minutes always to spare.

JUNE NICHOLS

Everyone loves our adorable June,
Why not? She's as lively as a popular tune.

Athenaeum, Priscilla Club, Nature Club, O'ita, Service R's.

KATHRYN NIENHAUSER

If she's cute and pretty, witty and gay,
I'll bet a dollar that girl is Kay.

German, Icicles, Athenaeum, O'ita, Priscilla.

TOM S. MARKS

'Tho you've been with us just awhile,
You've won our friendship with your smile.

Roosevelt: Literary Society, Bwana Staff, Student Council Representative, Citizenship Committee.
Chicago: Temulac Staff.

CLASS OF

RUTH NOWOTNY

She always knows her lesson,
She has never failed to pass,
Always quiet and modest is this retiring lass.

President, Vice-President, and Secretary Latin Club, College, Torch, Academic R's, Student Council.

WILLIAM EDWARD MARTIN
"BILL"

From him the jokes one surely hears,
Proves he is an enemy of tears.

Aviation, Craft, Swimming Club, Sergeant-at-Arms Athenaeum.

FREDERICK W. MAUSEHUND

Fred would be a swimmer yet
If H_2O were not so wet.

Craft Club.

VERNA ALENE NULL

A lovely girl and very sweet,
Surely Verna is pleasant to meet.

Vocations, Bwana Typist.

MARJORIE OWINGS

Just as perfume doth linger
In the place where it hath lain,
So remembrance of you
In our hearts will long remain.

Nature Club, Vocations, Service R, Athenaeum.

WILLIAM H. MCKANNA
"BILL"

A mighty part he's sure to play,
"I went to school with him" you'll boast some day.

Athenæum, Scholarship R, Service R, Football, Track.

CHARLES RICHARD MEISSNER

If you misunderstand a word—use the dictionary.
If your problem puzzle you—see Charles.

Chemistry, Service.

EDNA PAULSMEYER

So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, so soft, so strong,
Yet so refined.

Athenaeum, German Club, Icicles, Basketball, O'ita.

JAN., 1934

JACK MILLION

He is for sure, without a doubt,
A dandy good fellow and a fine old scout.

Rough Rider Cartoonist.

IMOGENE HARRIET PEARSON

At first she seems so quiet and wise,
But what's that twinkle in her eyes?

Uke Club, Book Room, Emergency Room.

HENRIETTA MARIE PERETTI

Her gaze is clear and frank,
Her eyes are like a veil of gold.

Treasurer of Priscilla Club, Assistant Bank Cashier.

ROBERT MILLAN

An engineer he will be,
Full of tact and chivalry.

Engineering Club, Radio Club.

HOWARD H. MUELLER

He's the boy who conquers all,
Let's hope for the rise, not for the fall.

Student Council, Aviation Club, Mask and Buskin, Chess Club, Service R.

RUTH ISABELLE PINKLEY
"PINK"

Eyes as dark as night,
With a merry twinkle bright,
That mischief betrays,
In many fun-loving ways.

President and Vice-President Spanish Club, Basketball, Athenaeum, Service R's, Shakespearian.

ESTHER SCHOENIG

Ever loyal, ever true,
To the tasks she has to do.

O'ita, All-star Basketball Team, Student Council, Carol Club, Latin Club.

FRED MUNDER

Those about him from him shall read the perfect way of honor.

Golf Club.

CLASS OF

AMBERTA SCHOENTHALER
"BERT"

Always sweet and smiling,
Always gay and beguiling.

Carol Club, Scholarship R, Basketball, Athenaeum, Torch.

EDWARD NIESEN

Alert and peppy, vigorous and fast,
Edward is a boy who is never with the last.

Track, "R" Club, Student Council.

LEE PATTON

His limbs were cast in manly mold,
For hardy sports or contests bold.

Basketball.

ELEANOR M. SCHOPPE

She is jolly and gay,
Knows both how to work and to play.

Torch, Nature Club, Athenæum, Priscilla Club, Service Bureau and Service R's.

MARIE SCHROEDER

Tho' cool, unruffled, sweet and mild,
Upon our pranks she always smiled.

Basketball, Vocations, Carol Club.

RICHARD PELIKAN

At studies I "take a crack,"
But I'd much rather run around the track.

Track, "R" Club, Sportsman's Club, Athenaeum, Bank Cashier.

ERNEST PLESCH

Far may we search before we find,
A heart so manly and so kind.

Student Council, Finance Committee, Orchestra, German Club, Torch.

LEAH F. SIMON

A gentle, kindly heart hath she,
Always as friendly as can be.

Scholarship R, Service R.

JAN., 1934

ROBERT CHARLES REINA

In every rank, both great and small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

Forum.

GEORGIA SORENSEN

With happy joy and sweet content,
Georgia has her school days spent.

Spanish Club, Chess, and Athenaeum.

LOIS H. SPAHN

Silence is golden so they say,
Perhaps Lois will be a millionaire some day.

NORMAN RICHARDSON

When it comes to tennis,
Norman is all right,
And when it comes to studies,
Norman's just bright.

Tennis Team '32, '33, "R" Club.

ROBERT V. RODMAN

I feel relieved at last,
For my work days are past.

Athenaeum Club, Engineering Club.

VERDIE HELEN STANDFUSS

She knows her sports,
She knows her games,
But she's a student with it,
Just the same.

Torch, Spanish Club Secretary and Vice-President, Scholarship and Service R's, Chess Club Sergeant-at-Arms, Athenæum.

CORINNE R. STEINER

"CONNIE"

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair
Like twilight too, her dusky hair.

College Club, Latin Club, Vocations Club.

RUSSELL ROTHWEILER

His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland.

Cartoon Club Vice-President, Rough Rider Staff, Sportsman's Club.

CLASS OF

IRENE STONE

The individual charms of the modern maid,
By this girl today are well portrayed.

Mask and Buskin, Service R, Spanish Club, Rough Rider Staff, Bank Cashier.

FRANK SABO

Spicy—but not too much pepper.

Cartoon Club.

JOHN RENE SCHILDZ

It takes a fellow like John,
To make the world go 'round.

Rough Rider Staff, Group Chairman. Cleveland: French Club.

SYBIL SWARTOUT

Her writings are witty,
Her judgment is sound,
A hard, sincere worker,
A dandy "all around".

Torch, Scholarship and Service R's, College Club, Student Council.

DOROTHY SYDOW

With work piled up ten stories high,
One never heard from her a sigh.

Vocations Club, Treasurer and Secretary Spanish Club, Scholarship R's, Service R. Torch.

WILLIAM HENRY SCHAWACHER

A tongue to persuade,
And a hand to execute.

Student Council.

JOHN SCHWOB, JR.

Happy-go-lucky cheerful boy,
Always just chock full of joy.

Cartoon Club, Secretary.

KATHERINE TAETZ

Do not flurry, do not hurry,
No good is earned by lots of worry.

Vice-President Icicles, Student Council, Athenaeum, Latin Club, Service R.

JAN., 1934

DAVID SIMS

Dave has realized a four yaers' ambition,
A high school diploma with full recognition.

Glee Club, Student Council, Service R, Welfare Committee.

BERNICE TEUTEBERG
"TOOTIE"

If popularity were gold,
"Tootie" would harbor wealth untold.

Torch, Rough Rider Staff, Bwana Staff, President and Secretary Icicles, College Club.

ADELE THICKETT

So quiet and sweet is Adele.

EARL SRENCO

A scholar and a gentleman.

EDWARD F. STIBOR

Pleasant, funny, and nice
Of whom you'll think more than twice.

HELEN TURINA

A queen is predestined by subtle fate;
Helen could ably fill that state.

VIRGINIA TURK

The girl who has a smile for every joy,
A tear for every sorrow;
A consolation for every grief,
An excuse for every fault.

French Club, Secretary, Sergeant-at-Arms, Shakespearian.

EUGENE STEINER

A man that stands four square
To all the winds that blow.

CLASS OF

BLOSSOM UTHOFF

A gentle nature, a friend most treasured:
Her virtues really can't be measured.

OLIVER STEINER

"OLLIE"

Though you look the world around
A better pitcher cannot be found.

Baseball, "R" Club, Shakespearian Club, Student Council, Rough Rider Staff.

WARREN STOUT

"Study" is his middle name.

Track '33, Student Council, Welfare Committee, Scholarship R, "R" Club.

EDITH WALSH

Among us who knows not this girl,
Whose charms have made our heads just a whirl?

Icicles, Shakespearian.

MARGARET WIER

Rays of wisdom shine around
Every corner where you are found.

Spanish Club, Priscilla, Vocations, Shakespearian, Orchestra.

FRED STRUCKMEYER

To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune.

EDWIN VELTEN

He has his humorous and his serious side,
We admire them both.

Band, Chess Club, Service.

MARTHA WILLERT

Her eyes are bright, her voice is gay,
Her very smile drives gloom away.

Torch, President of Pep R, Student Council, Auditorium Committee, Bwana Staff, College Club.

JAN., 1934

JOHN VOGEL

They think that John is bashful
But John is only wise.

JUANITA WILLINGHAM

Meeting her is liking her:
Knowing her is loving her.

BETTY WINCHESTER

As sparkling as a drop of dew
Upon a rose, Betty, that's you!

Volley Ball.

OTTO VON DER AU

He talks often, night and day,
But always has a lot to say.

Editor of Bwana, Debating Team, President and Vice-President German Club, Secretary and Vice-President Literary Society, Torch.

MORITZ WAND

Life is a picture;
You'll paint it well.

MARGUERITE WINGREN

A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles by human kindness bred.

Carol Club, Shakespearian, Quill, French.

NELLIE MARIE ZETSCHE

A pal to me—a pal to you,
A girl so lovely through and through.

Basketball—All-Star Team, Vocations.

ARNOLD WASSERMAN

Of quiet and of modest mien,
Yet in him great things are seen.

CLASS OF

LEAH ZUCKERMAN

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Beautiful dreams that dwell below.

Spanish Club, Carol Club, Vocations Club.

EDWARD G. WEDIL

"Music hath charms", the poets say
If you don't believe it, just hear Ed play.

Orchestra, Glee Club, Vice-President, Triple Quartette.

VICTOR WILDFONG

We all hold in high esteem
This member of our football team.

Football, Track, Student Council.

JUSTIN DAMEN

A jolly grin, a well balanced mind,
There are not many of his kind.

KENNETH ACKERMAN

A happy-tempered one who brings the best out of the worst.

ROBERT STUART LAUM

Every great actor was first an amateur.

Buvana Staff, Rough Rider Staff, President of Quill Club, Vice-President of Mask and Buskin, Torch.

MILDRED BARSOTTI
"MILLY"

Tall and stately, dignified of mien,
One can see she's like a queen.

WAYNE R. BEHNEY

A young lad with a mind that's keen,
Who's seldom heard, but often seen.

DOROTHY BEYE

She came; we saw; she conquered.

Carol Club Librarian, O'ita, Basketball, Volley Ball, Indoor.

JOHN BOLAND

Full of fun is he
And youthful jollity.

GERTRUDE BOROSKI

Her pleasant voice, her cheery smile,
Her loyalty make a friend worth while.

IRBY M. BUNDING

Books, oh, books! how I admire you,
How I peruse your pages when I'm blue.

Sportsman's Club President.

VERNON A. BAGENT

A pal if you understand him.

McKinley: Athletic Club.

VIRGINIA BURLEW

A lovely girl and very sweet
Surely Virginia is pleasant to meet.

ALMA CANN

A wild breeze comes rushing thru',
Why, Alma, if it isn't you!

Latin, Chess Vice-President, Service R, Athenaeum, Chemistry.

JOHN CHURA

Here's one who knows more than he says.

Bank Cashier, Student Athletic Committee.

HAZEL EVELYN COLLINS

Meeting her is liking her,
Knowing her is loving her.
She is quiet and unassuming
For praise she striveth not.

RALPH CLARK

Nothing is achieved without honest toil.

ZELA L. CRADDOCK

A miss whose smart and kindly manner
Is often hidden by a mask of shyness.

GLENN CRADEN

Beware of the man without a book,
But like the man with a pleasant look.

MARGUERITE DAILY

A pleasant companion, a willing friend,
To owe liking for her, there is no end.

St. Elizabeth Academy: Dramatic Club, Home Economics.
Roosevelt: Icicles.

VIRGINIA DARE

May she dare to be true,
For there are great things to do.

CARL DIETERICK

Always smiling, his lessons ready,
He is ever present, ever steady.

Bank Cashier.

LENA LEE DURBIN
"LEE"

Cute, clever, and full of fun,
Known and liked by everyone.

Student Council, Chairman of Auditorium Committee, Vice-President New Seniors—1932, Pep R, All-Star Basketball.

RICHARD ECHTENKAMP

He's earnest yet gay
In a capable way.

Student Council.

MILDRED MARIE GROSSMAN

If a friend you'd like to find,
Here's one both true and kind.

Uke Club, Carol Club.

CASPER FABICK

Great is the power of silent men.

JAN., 1934

ALICE FISHWICK

Always pleasant, always cheerful,
Of her future we're not fearful.

Basketball Club, Volley Ball, Bank Cashier, Icicles.

ROSALIE FLEMING

A quiet girl, yet cheerful, too—
Maids like her are very few.

ROBERT HALL

What is all this mystery?
Why can't I get my history?

Football, Swimming Club.

CELESTE HARTER

A friend who knows and loves to say
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way.

Orchestra, Carol Club.

DOLORES HAYES

Studious, pretty, and smiling,
For us many weary hours beguiling.

JACOB HENDIN

"Determination personified."

RUTH HENSIECK

Quiet, reserved, and dignified is she,
Helpful and nice as she ought to be.

Shakespearian Club, Rough Rider Staff, Student Council, Library Assistant.

RUSSELL HOFMEISTER

Less work and more play,
Always said I'd graduate some day.

Aviation President and Vice-President, Boys' Skating Club, Basketball.

ELEANORA ELLEN HOWARTH

For her dimples and giggles she is renowned,
There isn't a sweeter girl to be found.

Service, Basketball.

ANTON HUELSMANN

Ready for work, ready for fun,
Willing to help till the work is done.

JENNIE MAE HUGHES

Three years of contact have proved for sure,
That she is quiet, wise, and demure.

LOUISE JACOBSEN

Happy-go-lucky, fair, and free,
Nothing there is that bothers me.

OLGA JEZUSKO

So kind and friendly we may say,
That many friends have come her way.

MARLOW JOVAAG

To Jovaag in football and basketball
A cheer is given by each and all.

Football, Basketball.

ANNA KATTICH

She was just the quiet kind,
Whose nature never varies.

Assistant Bank Cashier.

AUDREY KOHLHAUFF

Kind words and pleasure she does sow,
In others' hearts where'er she goes.

Vocation, Icicles.

HELEN KREN

If she knows you once, she knows you forever,
Because friendships to her are not to sever.

RUSSELL A. LA BOUBE

Seldom seen, seldom heard,
But you can always trust his word.

Supply Room Staff, Novelty Orchestra, Band, Craft Club.

DOROTHY MARIE LA FONT

We love you so we call you "Dot"
Your other name is "Forget-me-not."

RUDOLPH LANGE

A lawyer he will be,
Full of tact and chivalry.

HERMAN LAUB

He wrestles, runs, dances, he swims,
That's why he satisfies everyone's whims.

Track Teams '31 and '32, Chairman of Advisory, Librarian of Glee Club, Vice-President of Orchestra.

EDWARD A. LINHART

Many the time we'll hear him play,
Sweet songs that could sweep all care away.

McKinley: Latin, Service.

BERTHA MAE MCANALLY

Always a twinkle in her eye,
Always a smile with her "Hi"
It will be Bertha who makes them sigh
When she has to say "Good-bye".

Library Assistant.

JOHN MATHEW MANN

He's not so tall,
He's not so thin,
But oh, the things
He stores within.

PETER R. MESSINA

Tho' he's small in stature,
Great is he in nature.

German Club, Glee Club.

FORREST A. MOSCHNER

If he has any faults—he leaves us in doubt,
At least in four years we can't find them out.

EMIL MUELLER

As a player of football,
Emil is sure to top them all.

Football, "R" Club, Bwana Staff.

THELMA MUEHLENBECK

Always happy, always gay,
Ever driving gloom away.

LOUIS NAUMAN

There are friends who forego us for greed,
But Louis is a friend who is a friend indeed.

Band Sergeant-at-Arms, Novelty Orchestra Vice-President and Treasurer, Orchestra, Service R.

EILEEN NORMAN

Here's to Eileen, with hair so brown,
Upon whose face is never a frown.

Carol Club, Basketball, Service.

EUNICE GRACE NORRIS

'Tis said Queen Bess did love her Titian hair,
To such as hers, our Eunice we compare.

French Club.

GISH O'CONNOR

Forty-five feet, what a heave!
Our star shot putter takes his leave.

Student Council Sergeant-at-Arms, Chairman Welfare Committee, Swimming Club.

LAWRENCE O'DONNELL

Always in mischief, always wearing a grin,
Never so happy as when making a din.

ROBERT OWENS

Waving hair, flashing smile,
He is joyful all the while.

Glee Club, "R" Club, Rough Rider Staff, Football, Swimming Club.

DEVEREUX PARLE

I love to dance,
I love to sing,
I love to do
Most anything.

LEONARD PETERSON

Silence and wisdom—
An excellent combination.

STEPHENS RADOVICH

We like to hear him talk
Because he has something to talk about.

RUSSELL RASSFELD

Long is my name,
Short is my life,
So I'll just enjoy myself
Without any strife.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Vice-President Craft Club, Glee Club.

MARTHA REDD

No hurry, nor scurry
Just life as it comes.

MORRIS S. RICH

An athletic boy is he,
And baseball is his specialty.

Baseball, "R" Club, Student Council, Athletic and Property Committee, Athenaeum, Torch.

CATHERINE ROBERTS

Pensive, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure.

Shakespearian Club, French Club.

PRESCOTT ROGERS

A smile is always on his face,
That's why he never is out of place.

Glee Club, Triple Quartette, Engineering Club, Service "R", Cheer Leader.

FRANK KOLLA

Perhaps success, perhaps defeat—
Nevertheless he will be hard to beat.

GERALDINE K. ROTH

Her modest and graceful air
Show her wise and good, as she is fair.

Cleveland: Pipes of Pan, Volley Ball, Basketball.

DOLORES RUPP

She was divinely tall and more divinely fair.

FREDERICK SCHAAB

His greatest asset—common sense.

DONALD W. SCHABERG

Slow moving, but sure.

Chess Club.

OLIVER ARTHUR SCHEELE

Not a bit afraid of work
Merely not in sympathy with it.

Sportsman's Club Secretary and Treasurer, Service.

CLASS OF JAN., 1934

MARTIN A. SCHERSTUHL
A great mind means a great future.
Student Council.

JACK SCHULTZ
A man in deed
A friend in need.

OPHUS SCOTT
He's little in a big way.

EVELYN D. SIMON
Bright and cute and clever,
Sweet and friendly ever.

MAE SMITH
Let us have more like her,
Just friendly and sincere.
Pep R Club, Bank Cashier.

WILLARD SPURGEON
Loyal and true,
A real friend to you.

EDNA STEGE
The sunshine that sparkles from the skies
Is reflected in her laughing eyes.

WALTER STEINER
A quiet chap of sterling worth.

LEWIS THOMAS
Look and ask where e'er you can
There is no better, manlier man.
Athenaeum, Treasurer of Glee Club, Triple Quartette.

MILDRED WALKER
Neat always and always sweet,
Mildred's charm is quite complete.

RUSSELL THURSTON FRANCESCO
Greeting everything with a smile,
He'll attain success after a while.

MILDRED LEE WALKER
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately with a queenly grace.

JAMES WALLACE
A treasure is not always a true friend,
But a true friend is always a treasure.

FERDI WALTHER
Here he comes, and here he goes,
Making friends, but never foes.

JOHN WEINGART
Haste makes waste—don't rush me.
Student Council, Athletic Committee, Rough Rider Staff, "R" Club.

PETER WILHELM
Pete is a fellow that's somewhat shy,
But with him, it's "do-or-die".

PAUL WILLEY
He could say plenty if he would.

AUDREY ELLA WILLIAMS
Dark, gentle, graceful, tall,
She's the girl for whom we fall.

WALLACE WOOD
"WALLY"
When one has personality and good looks too,
What are others going to do?
Football, "R" Club, Track.

MAURICE YEAGER
Happy am I: from care I'm free
Why aren't they all contented like me?

EDITH E. LITTLETON
A girl whose quiet ways
Make friends for her all days.

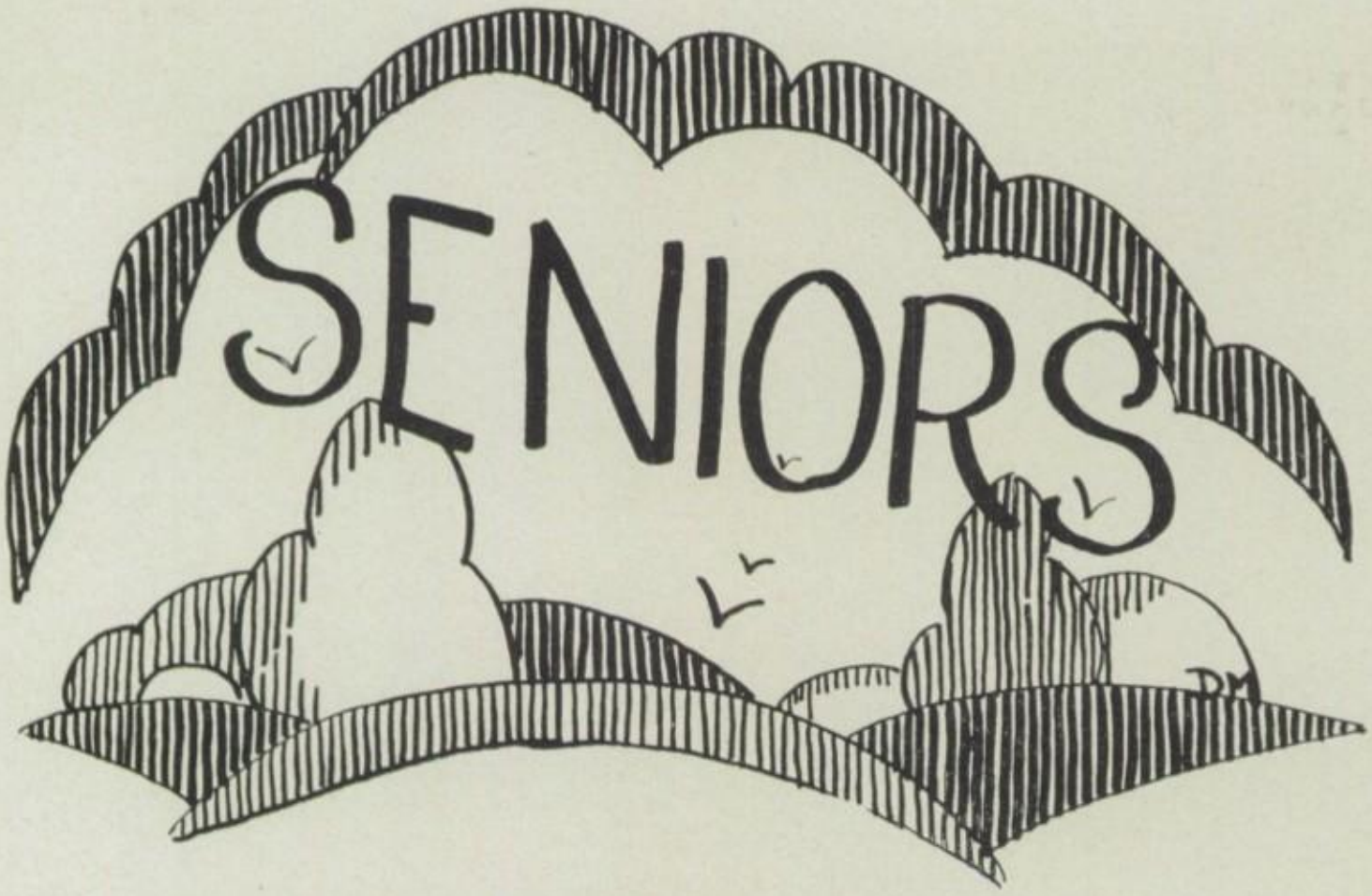
WHEN WE GRADUATE

It's time to part and to say goodbye
To friends and teachers of Roosevelt High
To jolly times we've always had.
Now, it's time to repay "Mom" and "Dad"
For their worrying and saving to send us to school
To help us learn and remember the "Golden Rule."

The things we've learned and things we've done,
The fears we've conquered and dreams we've won
They will help us to reach our goal
Out in the world which has no soul:
Where there's cheating and heartaches and tears of regret
Our dear old school days we'll never forget.

So, we seniors promise always to uphold
The teachings and standards of which we were told:
To be honest and helpful to fellow man,
To aid them and cheer them whenever we can.
With this promise in mind we say goodbye
To our dear Alma Mater, Roosevelt High.

—Verdie Standfuss
Term 7



NEW SENIORS

Class of June, 1934

Moderator:	Miss Long
Colors:	Red and White
Motto:	Ride Hard

OFFICERS OF SIXES

President:	Dean Fales
Vice-President:	Jack Pearcy
Secretary:	Sylvia Ratz
Treasurer:	Robert Graul
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Carl Grable

OFFICERS OF SEVENS

President:	Jack Pearcy
Vice-President:	Paul Lehner
Secretary:	Barbara Schafer
Treasurer:	Jack Ritchey
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Carl Grable

CLASS OF

JACK PEARCY

Not to every man is given
The right to lead and not be driven.

President of New Seniors, Vice-President of Sixes, Track Team, Swimming Team, Athletic Committee of Student Council.

PAUL LEHNER

His twinkling eye shows him a comrade blithe and full of glee.

Vice-President Sevens, Chairman Picture Committee Sevens, Basketball.

BARBARA SCHAFER

A fine combination of goodness and good looks.

College Club President and Treasurer, Pep R Treasurer, Student Council, Scholarship Pin, Torch.

JACK L. RITCHEY

"I want what I want
And I'll get it,"——
Spells determination.

Treasurer of Sevens, President of Band, Secretary of Aquatic Club, "R" Club, and Swimming Team.

CARL GRABLE

I stand on the brink of a great career;
Will someone please push me off?

Engineering Club, Vice-President of Photography Club, Sergeant-at-Arms of Sixes, Track Team, Football Team.

RUTH ALVEY

A sweet disposition is more desirable than gold.

Webster Groves High School: Magic Club, Girls' Glee Club.

VIRGINIA F. BAERLOCHER

Better than riches or worldly pelf
Is a heart that is always jolly.

PAULINE BAIR

The arch, rosy lips and the eager, blue eyes
Account for that look of quite saucy surprise.

Spanish and Shakespeare Clubs.

JUNE, 1934

BETTY BRADLEY

Her lovely looks a sprightly mind disclose.

Vice-President of Studio Club, Service R. Library, Bank Cashier, Athenaeum.

CLIFFORD ADAMS

'Tis said he is a good friend and a pleasant companion.

CHARLOTTE BERKEL

A sparkling rose i' the bud.

Student Council, Icicles, Scholarship R, Spanish Club, Mask and Buskin.

MARIE BERTZ

She believed in these famed words,
"Young people should be seen, not heard."

Cleveland: Pipes O' Pan, Volley Ball, Baseball. Roosevelt: Art Fellowship.

EDWIN W. ALT

He hears many tales, but smiles not.

RUTH BODE

Modesty—an excellent virtue in woman.

Quill Club, Vice-President and Secretary of Priscilla Club.

JANE BRAMSCH

A hearty breeze comes rushing through;
Welcome, Jane! We know it's you.

Volley Ball, Priscilla Club.

RICHARD ANTRIM

Surely the world knows nothing of its greater men.

Track, Secretary "R" Club, Student Council, Finance Committee, Verse Committee Sevens.

CLASS OF

RAYBURN ARMBRUSTER

Great minds have purposes;
Others have only wishes.

Glee Club, Triple Quartet, Engineering Club, Librarian of Chess Club.

LOUISE BRINKMAN

No matter where you meet her
She greets you with a smile;
And don't you think it's just such folks
That make life seem worth while?

Rough Rider Staff, Scholarship R, Vice-President of College Club, Mask and Buskin, Icicles.

BOSILKA BEBE BUDROVICH

In success or defeat,
She's a true athlete.

Roosevelt: O'ita, Priscilla, Shakespeare, All-Star Basketball, Volley Ball.

JAMES B. ATKINS

A personification of individualism.

NEDRA BURKE

The dimples play and the laughter lies,
Like sunbeams hid in dancing eyes.

Basketball, Icicles.

DOROTHEA CARL

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Scholarship Pin, Service R, Student Council, Bwana Staff, Torch.

HARRY E. BELTZIG

See how well my garments sit on me!

ANGELINE CATANZARO

A merry heart goes all the day.

Icicles, Spanish Club, Athenaeum, Mask and Buskin.

JUNE, 1934

RUTH B. CHRISHOLM

A bonny eye, shining chestnut hair, and a pleasing tongue make her a charming friend.

Basketball.

JOHN BENDER

One to give his word in a good cause, and to keep it.

Football '31, '32, '33.

HELEN CINNATER

She's blond, and she's fair, and very sweet.
With a ready smile her friends to greet.

Student Council, College Club, Service, Orchestra, Athenaeum.

DOROTHY I. CLARK

Her face betokened all things dear and good.

Icicles, Athenaeum, Vocations Club.

RALPH BRADSHAW

Personality plus wit
Explains why Bradshaw makes a hit.

Harvard Book Prize, Track, Chairman Athletic Committee, Rough Rider Staff, Torch.

ALTHEA H. CONE

Whate'er she does is done with ease;
In her alone it's natural to please.

VERA DAEUMER

Eager for work, and eager for play,
She scatters sunshine along the way.

College Club, German Club.

MICHAEL BRISCHETTO

One with no enemies; only friends.

Service.

CLASS OF

HUGH E. DANGEL

I do say thou art quick in answers.

VIRGINIA DAILEY

There is grace in small things.

Icicles.

CAROLYN DAUGHERTY

If only the teachers would let me be,
I would never study; no, not me.

WILLIAM J. BRITTAIN

He works his way on his own merit.

Quill Club, Literary Society, Student Council, Rough-Rider Staff, Citizenship Committee.

MARY E. DAVIS

A maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet.

RUTH V. DAVIS

Whenever there is work to do
We know we can depend on you.

College Club, Athenaeum, Library. McKinley: Trubunette Reporter, Fun Bundle Club.

WILLIAM H. BROOKES

He's always there to help
Whenever help is needed.

CHARLOTTE DE LACY

Nothing ever bothers me;
So I can live at ease, you see.

German Club, Basketball, Swimming Team.

JUNE, 1934

MARY E. DE LAYE

A jolly miss and a good true friend.

VIRGIL BUSCH

He will conquer by patience and good will.

MARJORY DIERBERGER

Roosevelt's Helen Wills.

Rough Rider Staff, Pep R, Secretary College Club, Mask and Baskin Librarian, Chairman of Tennis Tournament.

LORETTA DOERR

Many friends and pals so true
Come from being loyal, too.

Vocations Club, Basketball Club, Studio Club, Shakespearian Club.

EDWARD W. CHRISMAN

Long live the merry heart.

Engineering Club, Publicity Club, Manager Baseball Club, Football, "R" Club.

MARGUERITE "BOBBIE" DOLVIN

May her life be as bright as her hair.

Student Council, College Club, Pep R, Icicles, Quill Club.

KATHRYN E. DRAKE

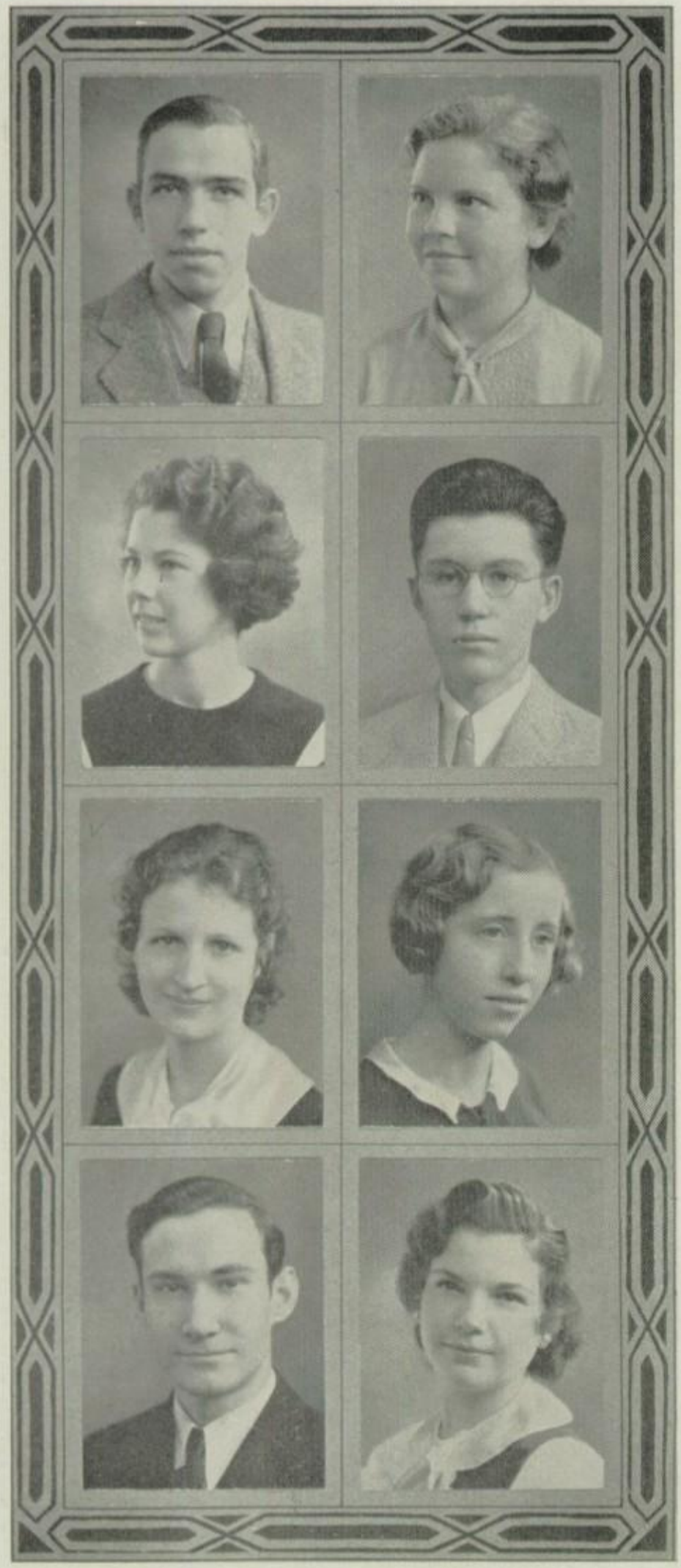
Great ability she has,
But she is a modest lass.

Buana Staff, Service R, Carol Club, Secretary of Advisory, Athenaeum.

NELSON B. COCHRAN

Oh, this learning!
What a thing it is!

CLASS OF



NEAL COMPTON

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

MARGARET "PEGGY" DUTTON

"Margaret" holds dignified office,
But "Peggy" is queen of our hearts.

Pep R, President and Corresponding Secretary of College Club.

BERYL EDWARDS

She was not born to blush unseen.
And waste her sweetness on the desert air.

Rough Rider Staff, President of Quill Club, Pep R, College Club, Torch.

ROBERT CONNERS

Hang sorrow!
What care I for tomorrow?

EDMONIA EHRHART

Friendliness, steadiness, grace and beauty,
Plus wisdom, the Muse, and a full sense of duty.

Service R, Recording Secretary German Club, President and Secretary Quill Club, Athenaeum.

AUDREY ELDER

She skated, studied, laughed, and played;—
This quiet and accomplished maid.

Icicles, O'ita.

EDWARD CORN

The Edward in the schoolroom and the Edward outside are two different people.

Forum, Cartoon Club, Glee Club.

DOREEN EPSTEIN

Just as pleasant as can be.

O'ita, Vocations Club, Shakespearian Club, Service R.
McKinley: Type Club.

JUNE, 1934

DOROTHY FLENTGEN

The reason firm, the temperate will.

ANDREW DWYER

I do but sing because I must.

Glee Club, Triple Quartette.

ELAINE FULTS

A gentle tongue is the tree of life.

Vocations Club—President and Secretary, Art Fellowship, Shakespearian, Nature, Girls' Golf.

VIRGINIA GARRETT

Full of fun and full of mischief;
So she never fails to please.

Academic R's, Rough Rider Staff, Shakespearian Club, Basketball Club, Torch.

WALTER EMES

A politician he will be,
Full of tact and chivalry.

President of Literary Society, Member of Student Council, Debating Team '32, '33, Scholarship R's, Torch.

MAUDE GILDEHAUS

A fair exterior is a silent but excellent recommendation.

New Senior Activity Committee, College Club, Pep R.
McKinley: Art Club, Kodak Club.

BETTY ANNE GILMAN

Is she not passing fair?

Vice-President Pep R, Traffic, College Club.

DEAN FALES

I cannot check my boyish blush;
My color comes and goes.

Mayor '33, Student Council, President of Glee Club, Literary Society, Torch.

CLASS OF

EDWARD GAEBLER

As an athlete a success.
Quite a lad, we must confess.

McKinley: Basketball, Orchestra.
Roosevelt: Basketball '32, Orchestra, Scholarship R.

ANNA MAY GOETHE

We like her for herself and for her music.

Bank Cashier, Basketball, German Club.

ESTHER GOLDSTEIN

Very sweet, very small.
Ever gentle, kind to all.

Pep R, College Club, Mask and Buskin, Student Council, Torch.

HARRY J. MAHER, JR.

Jolly and kind.
To friendship inclined.

President and Secretary of Engineering Club, Band Cashier, and Advisory Chairman.

WANDA GOTTL

Lightly and gracefully her fingers play on the keys.

Student Council Representative, Service R, President Latin Club, Orchestra, Icicles.

EDITH GREIDERER

Everyone appreciates her straightforward way of doing things.

JOHN R. GAST

Nothing is more simple than greatness;
Indeed, to be simple is to be great.

WILMA GRUND

To me she seems all grace and youth.

Pep R, College Club, Icicles, Latin Club.

JUNE, 1934

AMY HAMBLEY

Two eyes,
Which star-like sparkle in their skies.

ROBERT E. GRAUL

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

Student Council, Captain Basketball '33, Missouri State Orchestra, Rough Rider Staff, Torch.

SOPHIE E. HAMMANN

Kindness makes friendships.

Vocations Club, Spanish Club, Icicles, Athenaeum.

HELEN HAMMEL

Sae flaxen were her ringlets.

Basketball, All-Star Team, Volley Ball.

WALTER GRAUL

He most lives who thinks most,
Feels the noblest, acts the best.

Basketball, Rough Rider Staff, Verse Committee, Sevens, Track, German Club.

NADINE ANN MESSERLI

I am what I seem to be.

DOROTHY HARTMANN

She's attractive,
Gay and active.

Volley Ball, Basketball, Art Club.

JOSEPH A. GUTJAHR

His manly face promises successful fortune.

CLASS OF

CHARLES E. HEATH
Work kills men; why die?

JANE ANN HATHAWAY
Demure and sweet—not many of her kind are left.

PAULINE HAVERSTICK
A merry heart doeth good like medicine.

ROY HIER
History to him is blank verse.

HAZEL BARBARA HAYS
She never held others in disdain.
But kept her mind on one high aim.
Group Secretary. Assistant Bank Cashier. Office.

VIRGINIA HEGGI
A cheerful look, a pleasing eye.
Spanish Club.

RAYMOND G. HOEHLE
Modesty is the best evidence of good sense.

RUTH HEMMINGHAUS
Like music on the waters is thy sweet voice.
Carol Club President.
McKinley: Cooking Club.
Cleveland: Pipes O' Pan.

JUNE, 1934

MARY LOU HENDERSON

A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command.

CHARLES F. HOFER

He taketh much delight in music.

DOROTHEA HIRNING

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired.

Rough Rider Typist, Bank, Group Secretary, Basketball.

DOLORES HIRSCHLER

A gentle, joyous maiden, of nature frank and free.

Basketball, Spanish Club, Athenaeum.

MILTON HOFFMAN

Nimble he, and light of limb:
Few on track out-distance him.

Captain Junior Track Team '32, '33; Secretary Glee Club and Triple Quartet, Service R, Student Council.

MILDRED HODGES

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Frown, you wrinkle your face.

Priscilla Club President, Carol Club.

AUDREY EGGERS

It's nice to be natural,
If you're naturally nice.

WILLIAM JENNY

His inches are many; they help him a lot;
For he's able to see what the others cannot.

Baseball, Publicity Club, Lunch Room Service.

CLASS OF

WILLIAM JUD

A cheerfully indolent, good-looking chap,
Whose chief avocation is taking a nap.

ALTHEA HOENER

Ease and sweetness without pride.

O'ita, Athenaeum, German Club, Service R.

DOROTHY HOLLS

Grace, ease, and sweetness, void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if she had faults to hide.

Carol Club.

CHARLES LANGE

Judge by what I am,
Not by what I do.

BETTY HOSEY

She has popularity
Which requires
Pep and personality.

Bank Cashier, French Club, Art Fellowship Club.

ELLABETH HOUGHTON

I know a maiden fair to see.

Nature Club.
McKinley: Dramatic, Astronomy Clubs.

JOE LEE

Why do today what can be postponed till the morrow?

JANET HUNT

A student with her heart in her work

College Club, Athenaeum, Service R, Scholarship R's, Chairman and Secretary of Advisory.

JUNE, 1934

MARION JACOBS

The glass of fashion and the mould of form.

Bank Cashier, Athenaeum, Quill Club.

ANDREW J. LEWIS

Handsome and strong; manly and tall.

Chess Club, Aviation Club, Chemistry Club.

ALICE KARCH

There is joy divine
In that song of thine.

Icicles, O'ita.
Cleveland: Tennis Club.
McKinley: Dramatic Club.

MILDRED KETTMANN

This maid, demure and fair,
Is never vexed by heavy care.

French Club, Shakespearian Club, Girls' Tennis Tournament, Scholarship R, Typist Sevens.

JOHN L. LISTER

He did his lessons (more or less)
Without extravagant distress.

HELEN KIPP

Alway smiling, never crying,
Always trying, never sighing.

Student Council, President Studio Club, Library.

HELEN KOENIG

Unusually clever, dowered with wit;
Few can excel her, we're sure of it.

Bwana Staff, Verse Committee, Mask and Buskin, College Club.
Cleveland: Tennis.

ELMER R. LEIBNER

The title "Cheerful Chauffeur" to him may be applied,
For many are the students he has taken for a ride.

Swimming Team, Novelty Orchestra, Librarian, Band.

CLASS OF

EARLE LE ROY LONG

No one but himself could be his equal.

BETTY KOLMER

Is she not a modest young lady?

Bank Cashier, Volley Ball, Icicles, Quill Club.

GLADYS E. KRAG

A gentle lady; when tongues speak sweetly,
They name her name.

DON LORENZ

A capable fellow, indeed. The world should get much good work from him.

Athletic R, Scholarship R's, Bwana Staff, Vice-President Literary Society, Torch.

ESTELLE KREITZ

Light of step and heart is she.

Spanish Club, Bashetball, Icicles.

MARY JANE KRUEGER

Blithe of cheer and gentle of mood.

St. Elizabeth Academy: Home Economics Club. Roosevelt: Athenaeum, Library Work.

WILSON MAILE

An industrious fellow, this, for whom success is assured.

Rough Rider Staff, Quill Club, Literary Society, Engineering Club, Mask and Baskin.

CORINNE KUENKER

As charming as the music she loves.

Student Council, Scholarship R, Service R, Basketball, Torch.

JUNE, 1934

EVELYN LAMB

Her looks and language are full of a gentle kindness.

Art Fellowship Club, Shakespearian Club.
Vandalia High: Girls' Glee Club, Basketball Club.
Bowling Green High: Girls' Glee Club.

ROBERT W. MAUSSHARDT

Trouble never troubles me.
I grin at him; he let's me be.

MILDRED LANCASTER

With her curly locks and quiet way.
We like her better every day.

ELLEN LANG

Her goodness and her worth to spy.
You need but gaze in Ellen's eye.

WILLIAM MCMILLAN

Ability and courtesy are here well met.

JULIA LANGE

Blithe of cheer and gentle of mood.

Icicles, Shakespearian Club.

IDA LANGENECKERT

For she is wise, if I can judge of her.

Service Pin, Rough Rider Staff, Pep R, Citizenship Committee, Torch.

ROBERT WORTMANN

Bob is a likely lad,
Not too good and not too bad.

Athletic and Citizenship Committees, Student Council, Literary Society.

CLASS OF

MARJORIE LAUENSTEIN

The seed of future success is sown in present earnestness.

RUTH LAUGHLIN

To know her is to love her.

College Club, Service R, Carol Club Vice-President, Icicles, Athenaeum.

FERDINAND MEYER

Self-reliance—the capital of the strong.

President Philatelic Society, Scholarship R, Student Council Representative, Bank Cashier, Swimming Club.

MARJORIE LEWITZ

Kindness makes friendships.

Treasurer of O'ita, German Club, Student Council, Bank Cashier, Service.

MARY JOSEPHINE LIEBE

And her dark eyes—how eloquent!

Bwana Staff, Rough Rider Staff, Service R, College Club, Icicles.

BOBBIE LINDER

A very active maid is she,
Alert and gay as a maid can be.

Rough Rider Staff, Service R's, Basketball Captain, Mask and Baskin, Volley Ball.

IDA LISS

Of stature short, of genius bright,
If aught is wrong, she'll make it right.

Pep R, College Club, Athenaeum, Academic Pin, Torch.

WALTER W. MIEHER

He could
Resolve by sines and tangents straight
If bread and butter wanted weight.

Student Council Representative, Philatelic Society

JUNE, 1934

FREDERICK J. MUELLER

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks.

Editor Rough Rider, Secretary Literary Club, Interscholastic Debate Team '33, Bwana Staff, Torch.

DOROTHY E. MAESER

Sober, steadfast, and demure.

MATHUS, FRANCES

Not by years but by disposition is wisdom acquired.

FRANCES MCCULLOUGH

If I am not as large as you
Then you are not so small as I.

College Club, Icicles, Service, Athenaeum, Spanish Club.

LORRAINE MCGRATH

A quiet girl, speaking not until necessity demands.

Volley Ball, Icicles.

EDGAR PAGAN

He says it can be done; and he'll do it.

JUANITA MEES

I saw sweet beauty in her face.

DOROTHY MILLER

She has a kind word for everyone.

CLASS OF

MARY VIRGINIA MILLER

Is it auburn? Is it red?
What matter? 'Tis a lovely head.

President and Treasurer of Icicles, Pep R, College Club, Carol Club, Athenaeum.

WILLIAM PASCOE

Full of great aims and bent on bold emprise.

Track, Secretary Aviation Club, Service R's, Literary Society, Torch.

LYDIA J. MITCHELL

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone.

NORMA MOECKEL

Faithful, patient, earning praise,
With profit spends these fleeting days.

Quill Club, Studio Club, Library Assistant.

CHARLES G. PHILPOTT

The doctor says he's overworked.

DOROTHY MAY MOORE

Perfect as a drop of dew,
Rare among the many.

Student Council, O'ita, Advisory Secretary, Torch.
McKinley: Typewriting Club.

MARCELLA MOSER

Loyalty, work, and truth.

Basketball, Icicles, Latin Club, Student Council.

DOROTHY MARIE MUELLER

A cheerful look, a pleasing eye!

Volley Ball, Basketball, Art Club, Art Fellowship Club, Vocations Club.

JUNE, 1934

IRENE MYERS

When pleasure with stern duty clashes,
Pray, what's a maid to do?

Mask and Buskin, Rough Rider Staff.

DORAS NEAL

Bright and cute and clever,
Sweet and friendly ever.

Secretary to Advisor.

MARGARET NEUMAYER

The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

Vice-President and Treasurer of College Club, Pep R. Icicles, Latin Club, Assistant Treasurer of New Seniors.

JACK J. REYNOLDS

He will find a way, or make one.

VIRGINIA NICHOLS

As a violet modest, as a rosebud sweet,
Just the sort of little girl that people like to meet.

Studio Club, Service.
McKinley: Sketch Club.

MARCIA NIEHAUS

She is merry and gay;
She can work; she can play.

Latin Club, College Club, Student Council, Athletic Committee.

CHARLES M. ROTHERY

Much he speaks, and learnedly.

ROSE E. NOLTE

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

Tennis Tournament, Volley Ball Club, Captain of All Star Volley Ball Team 1933.

CLASS OF

CHARLES F. SCHAEFER

A quietly amiable, freckled-faced boy,
Whose smile is good humor without base alloy.

VIRGINIA O'KEEFE

Ever in cheerful mood, though quiet, art thou.

RUTH OLSEN

She is of good esteem.

College Club, Art Fellowship Club, Bank Cashier.

LILLIAN PETERSON

O chemistry, where are the charms
That others have seen in thy face?

WILMA I. PICKENS

Your looks foreshow you have a gentle heart.

Carol Club, Athenaeum, Priscilla Club, College Club.

KENNETH C. SCHEIBAL

Buried in thought he seems.

BLANCHE A. POUR

In her words is the law of kindness.

Student Council, Auditorium Committee, Carol Club, Basketball, Torch.

SYLVIA RATZ

Long live the merry heart
That sings in rain or shine!

Associate Editor Rough Rider, Chairman Finance Committee, President Mask and Bushin, President Carol Club, Torch.

JUNE, 1934

FLORA REICHE

A sweet, enticing maid.

German Club, Traffic.

BERNICE A. REISS

Her air has a meaning, her movement a grace.
You turn from all others to look at her face.

MARION ZIEGLER

Dark eyes
Where modesty and truth are set.

Vocations, Basketball.

DOROTHY REMMLER

Going, but not to be forgotten.

Basketball, Volley Ball, O'ita, Nature Club.

MARGARET RIORDAN

Give me laughter, give me gladness.

Spanish Club, Quill Club, O'ita, Associate Editor of "Goldbug," Scholarship R.

RUTH ROBLEE

For books, for learning, I've no care;
My daily worry, "How's my hair?"

KATHERINE RUDOKAS

A damsel jolly and a friend sincere.

Quill Club Treasurer, Priscilla Club President and Secretary, Group Secretary, Verse Committee.

WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

Judge by what I will do,
Not by what I've done.

Assistant Bank Cashier, Philatelic Society.

CLASS OF

RUTH RUECKERT

Like spun gold her hair.

VICTOR SCHUCHAT

I have hoped, planned, and striven;
My best has been given.

Student Representative, Art Fellowship President, Engineer Club Treasurer, Service. McKinley: Track.

MARY LOU RUICK

A little girl just full of fun.

O'ita.

JEANETTE SATTERFIELD

Her eyes, where modesty and truth are set.

College Club, Latin Club. McKinley: Dramatic.

RICHARD M. SCHULHERR

On either side he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.

LUCILLE A. SCHLATHER

Her temper mild and even.

RUTH SCHLUETER

She talks in French till all is blue,
And knows a little Latin too.

College Club, Art Fellowship Club, French Club.

LOUISE SCHMANDT

A smile is the same in all languages.

College Club, Athenaeum, Basketball, Nature Club, Scholarship R.

JUNE, 1934

HELEN BARBARA SCHMIDT

While arguing is not her specialty,
She does not object to a good debate.

Student Council, Athenaeum, Service R's, Scholarship R's, Orchestra.

RUTH SCHMIDT

She has invested heavily
In bonds of friendship.

Mask and Buskin, Quill Club, Latin Club, Library.

LILIAN SCHOEN

Faithfulness to every friend she has
Helps her to gain more.

Service, Pep R, Spanish Club, Athenaeum, Basketball.

GEORGE SCHULTE

Broad and brawny, strong and bold,
In swimming records his fame's told.

"R" Club, Swimming Teams '32, '33, Bwana Staff, Quill Club, Library.

FLORENCE SCHOLL

Quietly she went her way
And learned her lessons day by day.

Roosevelt: Icicles.
Cleveland: Pipes O'Pan, Tennis, Baseball, Academic C.

CORINNE SCHUERMANN

A wonder with the dots and dashes
Called stenography.

Bank Cashier, Service, German Club, O'ita.
McKinley: Cooking Club.

OLIVER SCHWARTZ

There's mischief in this man.

WILLINE SHANKS

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

CLASS OF

RACHEL SHEAHAN

Serene and sweet,
It's a pleasure to meet
This small lass.

MELVIN SHANER

Clear of eye, clean of mind,
The best in life he's sure to find.

Engineering Club, Radio Club, Athenaeum, Service.

MAXINE FARYL SHONTZ

She speaks her mind so sweetly.

O'ita, Orchestra, Spanish Club, French Club, Service.

MARY HELEN SIMMS

In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Vocations Club, Treasurer of Shakespearian Club.

HARRY SHAPIRO

A humorous lad, with plenty to say:
He likes to talk, and he does all day.

MARGARET SNOW

Her bearing was modest and fair.

Rough Rider, Student Council Representative, Icicles, Quill Club, Athenaeum.

ESTELLE SPAEDY

A gentle, genial courtesy marks all she does and says.

College Club, Latin Club, Service, Scholarship R.

MARY ANN SPRENKE

In everything that's sweet, she is.

JUNE, 1934

MELVIN F. SHEDRON

All study here I solemnly defy.

ADELE STANFIELD

Her ready speech flowed fair and free.

Girls' Basketball Club, Girls' Tennis Tournament, Girls' Swimming Club, Girls' Bicycle Club, McKinley: Tap Club.

ELAINE STAUDINGER

I'd like to know what I'm to do
In that near day when I'll be through.

Athenaeum, Chess Club, Quill Club, Vocations Club, Bank Cashier.

DOROTHY JANE STEIDEMANN

Like harmony her motion.

Vocations, Priscilla, Icicles, Art Club.

MARY JANE STEIDEMANN

Her smile was like a morn in June.

College Club, Secretary of Icicles, Scholarship and Service R's, Latin Club.

WOODROW SKAGGS

I grow in worth and wit and sense.

ALBERTINE STELLER

A lovely gypsy maid with bright and elfish face:
She bubbles o'er with laughter in spite of time or place.

Bwana Staff, Student Council, President, Library, Basketball, Art Fellowship.

ANITA STEPHENS

Of course she is popular: has she not all the qualities that merit popularity?

Vice-President and Treasurer of Carol Club, Treasurer of Latin Club, Scholarship Pin, Pep R, Torch.

CLASS OF

DORRIS MARIE STERN

Maiden with the deep brown eyes
In whose depths much mischief lies.

Rough Rider Staff, Spanish Club, Shakespearian Club, Vocations Club.

WENZEL SMITH

He's a self-made man.
And a good product.

Bwana Staff, President and Vice-President of Philatelic, Chairman of Activity Committee Sevens, Student Council, Scholarship R.

ANITA STEWART

Life is perfect and youth is sweet,
With admiration at one's feet.

JEANNETTE STRATTON

A way has she, howe'er it be,
Of winning popularity.

Band.

FRANCIS E. SOHM

A safe companion and an easy friend.

PAULINE STROTHER

She has such winning ways.

Carol Club, Service R.

RUTH STRUCKMEYER

O merry lips and eyes' dark hue!
You'll like this lassie, we all do.

Verse Committee, Service, College Club, German Club, Torch.

ESTHER TEMERLIN

A student with her heart in her work.

JUNE, 1934

JOHN STEVENS

Speech, 'tis said is silver: but silence is golden.

CHARLOTTE TOEBE

Blue-eyed, pretty, very bright,
In study, too, she takes delight.

Secretary of Quill Club, Pep R, Bank Cashier, Service.

MARIE WADLOW

Girls like her are very few,
Students good and athletes, too.

All-Star Basketball Pin, Athenaeum, All-Star Volley Ball Team, Traffic Supervisor, Shakespearian Club.

THEODORE STOFFLER

Books were his passion and delight.

JOHN SYDOW

The greatest men
Ask foolish questions
Now and then.

Spanish Club.

JANELL WAGNER

There's little of the melancholy element in her.

Student Council.

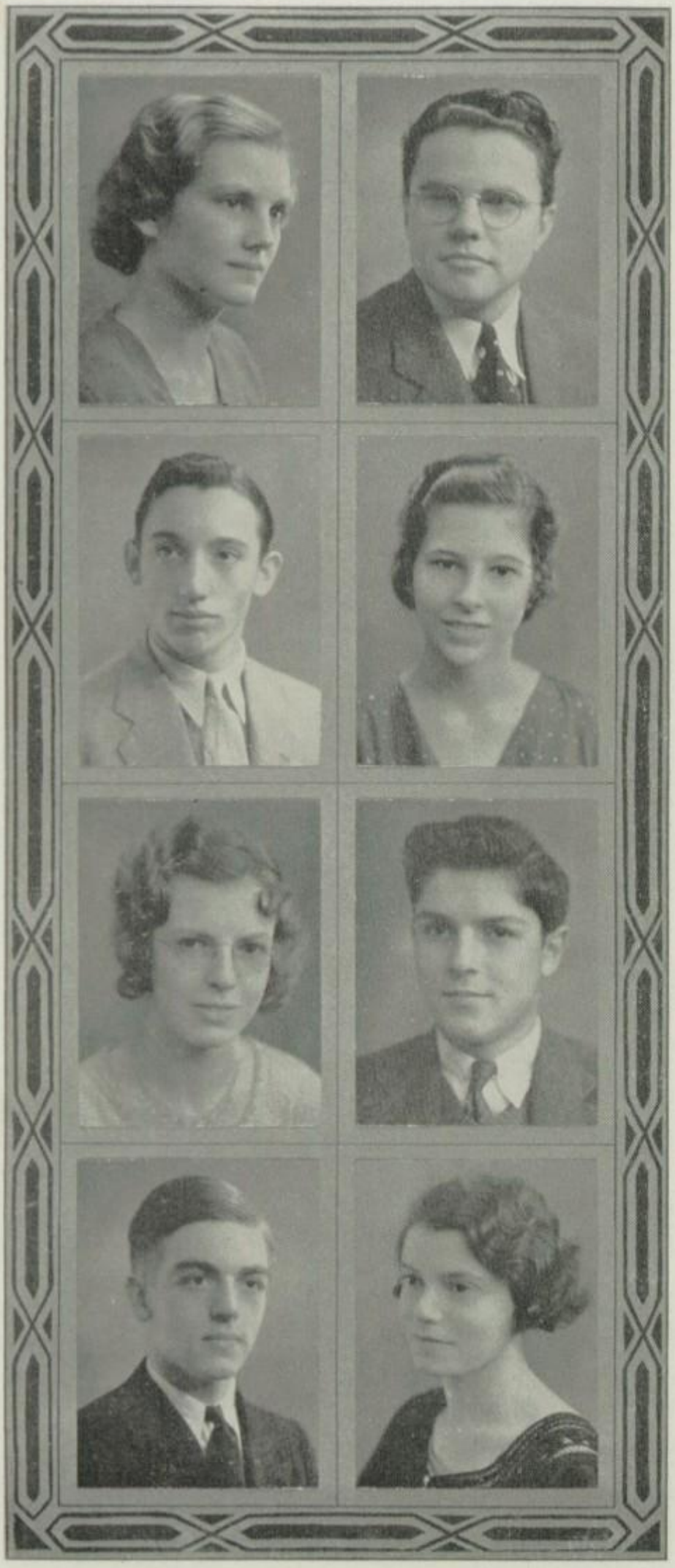
FERN WALLACE

So light of foot, so light of spirit.

JOSEPH F. TAYLOR

The hearing ear and the seeing eye are mine.

CLASS OF



MARGARET WALLIS

Brilliant, able for each task;
Good-looking,—what more *could* she ask?

Art Club, Service.

PHIL F. THOMPSON

Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed
That he has grown so great?

Rough Rider Staff, Literary Society, Chess Club, Quill Club, Scholarship R.

WRIGHT TOALSON

A comrade neither glum nor merry.

Chess Club.

ELIZABETH A. WAUGH

A sweet, attractive kind of grace.

Carol Club, Mask and Buskin, Icicles, Service, Torch.

RUTH WEHRUNG

Nimble fingers skim the keys
Sending music on the breeze.

Priscilla Club.

RICHARD TOON

He bears an honorable mind.

Football, Service R, Engineering Club.

JOHN G. URBAN, JR.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

JEANETTE WEINER

The wisest head and the warmest heart.

Scholarship Pin, Service R's, Treasurer Shakespearian Club, Chess Club, Torch.

JUNE, 1934

ALAN VIERHELLER

Here's a good volume, if you can but read.

Literary Society, Chess Club, Band, Novelty Orchestra.

IDA WERONECKI

Fair she is to behold,
This maid of seventeen summers.

Roosevelt: Quill Club.
McKinley: Tap Dancing Club, Fun Bundle Club, Checker Club.

CHARLOTTE WESTROPE

A light heart lives long.

Lunch Room Service.

HARRY J. VOELKER

He'll make a proper man!

HERMAN WALDMAN

Away with him! He speaks Latin.

Student Council, Scholarship R, Track R, Secretary and Treasurer of Literary Society, Torch.

LORRAINE WIBER

Do I view this world as a vale of tears?
O, reverend sir, not I!

GRACE WIETHUECHTER

An all-around sport—that's Gracie.

Spanish Club, Rough Rider Staff, Bwana Staff.

CARL WALTERS

Speech dismayeth not this man,
For he speaks whene'er and what he can.

Glee Club, Skating Club, Swimming Club, Social Committee Sixes, Chess Club.

CLASS OF

EMMA WILLER

Every school must have its jester,
Emma just adores to pester.

Rough Rider Staff, Student Council, College Club, Pep R, Vice-President Art Club.

RUSSELL WASMANN

He's mild, and yet he pleases.

Track '29, Golf Club Sergeant-at-Arms, Sportsman Club, Radio Club, Football '30, '31.

HAROLD WHITTALL

A hundred yard dash, poof!
Ten seconds.

Track '31, '32, '33, "R" Club, Track Captain, Football.

AILEEN WILSON

Not all wisdom is gathered from books.

MYRTLE WILSON

O, then I saw her eye was bright.

College Club, Service, Shakespearian Club. McKinley: Dramatic Club.

JAMES C. WAUGH

If fame be that which he desires,
He has the talent it requires.

VERNON W. WESTERMANN

He sits high in all people's hearts.

DOROTHY WINKLER

Such a maiden we seldom meet:
Beauty and wit make her complete.

Rough Rider Staff, Service R, Sergeant-at-Arms of Pep R, College Club, Student Council.

JUNE, 1934

JAMES WILEY

I believe that overwork is dangerous.

Track '30, Golf Team Captain, Publicity Club, "R" Club, Shakespearian Club.

ELIZABETH E. WOLF

The sweet magic of a cheerful face!

Buana Staff, Corresponding Secretary of O'ita, President Shakespearian Club, Basketball, Athenaeum.

JEAN ZESINGER

She speaks not unless she has something worth while to say.

Athenaeum, Orchestra, Quill Club, All High School Orchestra, Service L.

ALFRED WITTICH

A proper stripling.

RUSSELL ABRAMOVICH

A bluff heartiness marks him.

Track.

LEO S. ANDERSON

Why can't we all be contented like Leo?

CARL HADLEY ANDERSON

As a willing worker
He is no shirker.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

A keeper of silence eloquent.

MILDRED AUER

Mildred is a charming lass,
A worthy member of our class.

Scholarship Pin, Student Council, German Club, College Club, Torch.

CHARLES BAU

Ah, pensive scholar! what is fame?

EUGENE BECKLAGE

O well for him whose will is strong!

LOUISE BIGGS

Excelling in sports,
Able in class;
She's an all around girl.

Basketball.

RAYMOND BICK

What he will, he will; you may depend on't.
And what he won't, he won't; and there's an end on't.

VINCENT A. BICK

He leaps and gambols in the aud.,
And bids us cheer, admire, applaud.

Tennis, "R" Club, Cheer Leader.

MICHAEL F. P. BLANCHFIELD

His eyen twinkled in his head aright
As doon the sterres in the frosty night.

CLARICE M. BRAND

A friend who knows and dares to say
The brave sweet words that cheer the way.

THEDA J. BRANDENBURGER

Her smile is ready and is her greatest charm.

LOUIS BRENNER

He is broad and honest,
Breathing an easy gladness.

EDWARD L. BREMER

Hath much study made him lean and pale?

OSCAR C. BRIGHTFIELD

He wastes no minutes in weak regrets.
For what he remembers and what he forgets.

DAN BROTHERS

Not a has-been but a going-to-be.

ROBERT W. BURGESS

A man indeed,
A friend in need.

FRANCES BUMSTEAD

A gay, fun-loving, happy girl,
With eyes a-dancing, hair a-curl.

Orchestra, All High School Orchestra, Captain Basketball, Quill Club, Mask and Buskin.

EDGAR BUSCH

His toil
O'er books consumeth not the midnight oil.

MARY L. BUTLER

She's an excellent, sweet lady.

RUSSELL BYRNE

He has a way of saying things.

Forum, Glee Club.

EILEEN CALLAHAN

Her greatest virtue is her desire to do her best.

CLINTON CARR

So muscular he spread, so broad of chest.

Glee Club, Football '29, Swimming '32.

STAFFORD K. CARR

Nothing is impossible to industry.

ELAINE CARTER

Kind tongue that never wounds.

Vocations Club.

JOSEPH CAUSINO

He thinks he has a brilliant wit;
Perhaps he has—a little bit.

Student Council, Shakespearian Club.

EDGAR CHARD

"Eddie" is a musical lad,
Syncopation is his fad.

GIFFORD W. COBB

He that hath knowledge spareth his words.

ROBERT COOPER

See picture in senior section.

ELIZABETH C. COULTER

"CONNIE"

Providence provides for me; and I am well content.

KENNETH A. DANTIN

Much study is a weariness to the flesh.

EDWARD B. DETCHEMENDY
His worthiness challenges respect.

THOMAS H. DILG
A true friend and one
Who never sees your faults.

GEORGE W. DODDS
In radio his interest's great;
Perfecting it may be his fate.

HELEN H. DOVE
A quaint little maid.

MARGARET DUNLAVY
None know thee but to love thee,
None name thee, but to praise.
Carol Club, Student Council, Bank Cashier, Torch.

HARRY E. DURHAM, JR.
A magician, turning a class-room into a slumber party.

ARTHUR EICHHORN
A gentleman and a true Rooseveltian.
Track.

PAUL EMERSON
"Not to win but to play the game honorably," say I.

VICTOR EMMERT
He has a one-way ticket to success.

HARRIET ELLIS
Eyes full of laughter.
Art Fellowship Club.

ROBERT E. EWERS
His bearing modest is, and quiet.

GERALDINE FAIRCHILD
A modest maiden this, and fair withal.
Biology Club, Icicles, Rough Rider Staff.

KENNETH FINE
In truth, his hair is of a good color.

LOUISA P. FORST
Ambition has no rest.

ELLEN GEIGER
They praise her who do speak of her.

GEORGE W. GEISS
You hear the boy laughing;
You think he's all fun;
In future we'll laugh, too,
At honors he's won.

DONALD GERAU
At Learning's fountain it is sweet to drink.

JACK ALLGEYER
I am beginning to like school—
There's nothing like getting used to a thing.
Supply Room, Chess Club.

RAYMOND GOORIS
He's a good fellow; I can tell you that.

PAULINE GRICUS
You bear a gentle mind.
Student Council Representative.

GREGG GRIERSON
Modest he seems, not shy.

ROBERT C. GRIFFIN
Respect him; he is worthy.

RUTH E. HARRINGTON
A maiden gentle, fair, and happy.
Vocations Club.

ELIZABETH HALL
She fears no weather, dark or fair,
For she brings sunshine everywhere.

FRANCIS HAMTIL
The joy of health and youth his eyes display.
Craft Club.

GEORGE HANCOCK
A Rough Rider unequalled,
A sportsman complete,
A good one to follow,
A hard one to beat.
Track '32, '33, Track R's, Football '32, '33, Rough Rider Staff.

ROBERT A. HARING
An all round good fellow and a fine friend.

MARVIN J. HART
Intellect is stronger than cannon.

GEORGE J. HAUSMANN
He loves the world because it's shaped like a baseball.

ROBERT HEBENSTREIT
A bashful but straightforward youth,
He seldom speaks; and that's the truth.

ROY HESSER
Roy can his counsel wisely keep:
So we suspect he's still and deep.

MARIE HEUSLER
Nowhere so busy a lass as she there was;
And yet she seemed busier than she was.
Bank Cashier, Student Council, Philatelic Society. McKinley: Dramatic Club, Astronomy Club.

RICHARD HILL
The pleasant fellow puts his all
In the great sport called basketball.

DAVID R. HOERR
Thou art a gallant youth!

ALVINA VIRGIL HUELBIG
She that was ever fair and never proud.

HAROLD HUNSTEIN
Sturdily built and athletic.

LOUISE IMBODEN
"LOU"
Her friendship true is worth your while,
And none resist her winning smile.

CHARLES A. KAMMANN
How sweetly slumbers he in yonder chair,
Lost to the world of sorrow and of care!

HAROLD J. KAUBLE
He's a jolly good fellow, the best to be found,
And everyone loves to have Harold around.

KENNETH KAUSAL
Possessed with common sense
And always ready to use it.

LAWRENCE M. KILLOREN, JR.
He that has patience
Can have what he will.

ROBERT KELLEY
He bears a good reputation.

ALFRED KLEIER
I always get the best when I argue alone.

CATHERINE KLUG
A student good, a better friend;
She's ever ready aid to lend.
College Club, Shakespearian.
St. Elizabeth's Academy: Dramatic Club, Art Club, Public Speaking Club.

DONALD KNOLL
My tongue within my lips I rein.

J. RAY KOEBBE
The world's no better if we worry;
Life's no longer if we hurry.

HAROLD KRAUSE
What a cheer leader!

ARTHUR KRIEGSHAUSER
All's well that ends well.

LEE LAMB
I never saw him sad.

MARGARET KUPER
I will be mild and gentle in my speech.

FRANK C. LAUNER
He'll make a proper man.

WILLIAM LEUE
A laugh so loud,
A laugh so funny!
Maybe some day
'T will bring in money.
Debating Team.

RAYMOND LYNN
Skillful in all manly sports.

JANE LIDDLE
Beauty, charm, and brain
Constitute our Jane.
Corresponding Secretary of College Club. Sparta High: Girls' Athletic Association, Athena Club, Glee Club.

DOROTHEA LIPPY
A maid of grace and complete majesty.

LILLIAN LUTTBEG
I have reached the goal; what's next?

AUDREY V. MACHALEK
A sweet, grave aspect inspires trust.

LOUISE M. MARHEINEKE
Matchless constancy.

HOWARD E. MARHEINEKE
A good name is to be chosen rather than riches.

EDWIN MATTOX
Still a mere stripling but of rare promise.

FLORENCE MCKINLEY
She's neat and sweet
From her bonnet to her feet.

BURNA MCSWAIN
Comb down his hair! Look! Look! It stands upright.

JAMES MENAS
For I have strength, youth, and gaiety.

WALTER MERLIN
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.

DONALD T. METZLER
One who can meet all on an equal footing.

JUNIOR MILLS
He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.

BOSKO MILOSEVICH
No stranger unto him is work.

JAMES MITCHELL
"Hobby" means many thinks to Jim;
Every object interests him.

ARTHUR W. MONNIG
His patience will achieve more than his force.

ROBERT MONROE
The race is not always to the swift,
Nor the battle to the strong.

JUNE, 1934

ALFRED MOON
Why should life all labor be?

CHRIST MUELLER
An ambitious, light hearted, joy-seeking youth.

RAYMOND MUELLER, JR.
I am not of many words.

ALVIN NEKOLA
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

EDWARD A. NELSON, JR.
Clark Gable's only rival.

HOWARD E. NELSON
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous.

VIRGINIA I. NEACE
A sweet and modest maiden.

LEE PATTERSON
There is no other
Stronger and fleeter.

ALEX RADOVICH
Mind is the great lever.

STANLEY RAFALOWSKI
On the diamond he's a jewel.

ARTHUR RAKEY
Education, courage, and good-will make a fine armor.

PHILIP W. RAPPORT
Our youth we may have but today;
We can always find time to grow old.

NAOMI E. RAYMOND
Beauty is its own excuse for being.

KENNETH REEG
Vim, vigor, and vitality
Are his to claim as assets.

J. LESTER REICHEAEDER
A good mind possesses a kingdom.

WALTER W. REMSPECKER
"He is little, he is wise;
He's a terror for his size."

EDWIN ROBISON
Mathematics is my pastime.

LAWRENCE ROEDER
He's ready for mischief 'most any day.

ELVERA ROENN
Her coming was a gladness.
Service, German Chorus, German Club, Assistant Bank Cashier.

NELLIE ROOT
All things come round to her who will but wait.

GABRIEL A. RUSSO
Lessons don't bother me.

HERMAN SAUSSELE
Knowledge comes
Of learning well retain'd.

KATHERINE SCHRADER
A student with a look
As placid as a meadow brook.

ELIZABETH T. SCHWARTZ
That sober air awes us not a bit;
We know the laughter under it.

PETER M. SCHALJO
What blessed ignorance equals this?
To sleep—and not to know it.

NORMAN SCHELLER
Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

STEPHEN SCHERSTUHL
He bears an honorable mind.

JOSEPH N. SCHICKER
He did succeed in learning something:——
That was his intention.

JOHN SCHIESTL
Long, lean, and likable.

HAROLD SCHLUTOW
My mind's my kingdom.
Golf Club.

DOROTHY L. SIEBENMAN
With golden tresses
Like a real princess's.
Bwana Staff, President of Girls' Golf Club, Spanish Club, French Club, Art Club.

ROBERT F. SEIFERT
Notable in appearance: in manners, courteous.

LESTER SEIGLE
Give me but knowledge, and I'll be content.

JOHN W. SHARPEL
John is upright, true, and square,
Happy, and without a care.

WALTER SIMON
I never hurry, I never run;
I'd rather sleep; it's lots more fun.

CLAUDE SKINNER
We believe in him: he's an artist and a good pal.

WILLIAM SOLOMON
A youth that means to be of note.

MAXINE STEINBERG
Sweet modesty hath wondrous charm.
Scholarship R's, Service R, Shakespearian Club, Torch.

VIVIAN G. SLOAN
True as the dial to the sun.

MAURICE SNELSON
Now is my work done: I'll take a deep breath!

FRANCIS SULLIVAN
A willing worker.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN
O he's a Senior;
For he himself hath said it;
And it's greatly to his credit
That he's a Senior.

DICK TANKERSLEY
To work or not to work—to me is no question.

MARGERY E. TAYLOR
A lovely smile—the universal passport.

EDGAR E. THOMAS
Knowledge all we girls do crave;
Where *did* you get that permanent wave?

RUDELL THOMPSON
A youth there was of quiet ways.

JOHN K. TIMLIN
Optimistic and dependable,
A fellow we all admire.

BERNARD TINTERA
His brown eyes twinkle at his own jests.

THERESA HEDVIG TOTH
A generous and helpful friend and companion.

CHARLES W. TRABER
A steady hand, a friendly heart;
And willingness to do his part.

BERNADETTE TUCKER
She is a most sweet lady.

HILDA UHLIG
With flaxen hair and eyes of blue,
Quiet, shy, but a friend right through.
Studio Club, Student Council, Service.

VIVIAN E. VARBLE
Frankness and sincerity
Are her good qualities.

ADOLPH VAZIS
An excellent reputation is his,—isn't not a good capital, sir?

CHARLOTTE VOGT
A brow bright with intelligence,
Fair and smooth.

IRVIN WALLING
Eager in pursuit of studies and labour.

DONLON WALTERS
He may be short and he may be fat.
But he's all right for all of that.

ARTHUR WALTHER
Drugs and herbs I'll deftly blend,
Aches and pains and ills to mend.

ROSLER WATSON
Silence is more eloquent than words.

BYRON WATTS
Twinkle, twinkle, football star;
Coach Carlson made you what you are.
Orchestra, Football, Basketball, President "R" Club, Student Council.

IRVING WENZEL
His figure tall and straight and lithe.

BILL WERNER
No midnight light do I need burn,
For I have nothing more to learn.

MURRAY WHITMIRE
Quiet, but forceful.

NADIA WITHINGTON
There is grace in small things.

SAMUEL A. WHITTINGTON
Whose worth and honesty is richly noted.

SYLVIA V. WILLIAMS
Always polite without parade.

MEADE A. WILSON
In deep meditation mostly
Wrapped, as in a mist.

ROBERT WOLZ
Well disposed but too impetuous.

RALPH C. WURTZ
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.

RAYMOND ZELLE
Whose actions are noted for vigor.

BWANA ART MATERIAL

For the art work found in this book we are indebted to

1. Miss McColl's seventh term class that made the title page, the dedication pages, the division pages, and the other large drawings.

2. Miss Place's fifth term class for the tail pieces.

3. Miss Barbee's second term class for the many posters pertaining to the *Bwana* which are found in the corridors of the school.

LITERATURE

BWANA CONTESTS

SHORT STORY CONTEST

JUDGES

Miss O. Solfronk Miss Stansell Miss Lawton

WINNERS

Contest for pupils in Terms 5, 6, 7, and 8

First place: "These Hyar Hills" ..... R. Elizabeth McGary
Second place: "Astacus Fluviatilis Versus Crawdads" ..... Audrey Thyson
Third place: "Tecumseh" ..... Fred J. Mueller
Fourth place: "Billy's American" ..... Barbara Jovanovich

Contest for pupils in Terms 1, 2, 3, and 4

First place: "A Tragedy of the Ozarks" ..... Wesley King

POETRY CONTEST

JUDGES

Miss Lawton Miss Remnitz Miss Wade

WINNERS

Contest for pupils in Terms 5, 6, 7, and 8

First place: "Autumn Countryside" ..... Grace Lee Jones
Second place: "River Rhapsody" ..... Audrey Thyson
Third place: "Autumn" ..... Mary Lou Mitchell

Contest for pupils in Terms 1, 2, 3, 4

First place: "Infinity" ..... Robert Huffstot
Second place: "Sunset in the Ozarks" ..... Ken Jones
Third place: Group of poems ..... Marie Lange

1. "Autumn Leaves"
2. "Dreams"
3. "Lovely Things"

ART CONTEST

(Original designs for club pictures)

JUDGES

Miss Eisenhardt Miss Stansell Miss Chapman

WINNERS

First place: Cartoon Club
Second place: Spanish Club

BWANA

THESE HYAR HILLS

"I WARN'T borned in these hyar backwoods; hit ain't right fer me to stay hyar—allus." Thus voicing the sentiment that had been forcing its way into his mind for many months, the boy stood alone on the ridge with a curious, wistful look on his rugged face.

Gray-blue hills stood out in isolated splendor against a distant sky. Ever-shifting patterns of sunlight and shadow lay spread over the matchless charm of the wooded hills and narrow valleys below and served to emphasize with jarring discord the barren commonplaceness of the log hut nearby. Here, among the illiterate, lawless backwoods folk of the hills, the boy Dave had grown to young manhood. In him smoldered the lurking fires and the unfulfilled longing that had urged on, and ever on, uncounted generations of cultured idealists. With the knowledge of his birth, there had come to Dave's untutored mind a beautiful dream of something out beyond the life in the hills he had always known, something higher, something finer. And he had seen with poignant clearness that he did not belong—"hyar allus."

"Granny says, up hyar in the bresh is whar sich as we-uns belong," the boy reflected bitterly. "But I don't aim to stay; I'll git away somehow," he determined with new purpose. "Ef only it warn't fer Susanne!" His purpose wavered as he thought of her piquant, little, white face, her large, dark eyes, and her need of him.

Susanne was only nine and a half, but she understood about the baffled hopes, the thirst for knowledge, and the longing for that abundant life—even though she had but a dim comprehension of what that life might be.

His absorbed reverie was brought abruptly to an end as the silence was rudely shattered by the crackling, demanding voice of Granny.

"Dave, come hyar! I don't low to wait fer sich as you all day! You'd best be a hurryin'!

"Well?" as Dave sullenly appeared in the leaning doorway of the dirty hut, "I'd sure admire to know what tuck you-uns so long." Granny, as she sat hunched in the corner of the room, bore a faint, undefinable resemblance to a goat. Her long, gray hair scraggled about the filthy edges of the cap she was wearing, and from within it her face peered, wrinkled like a dried apple.

"I war aimin' to send you down thar in the bottoms to he'p 'em with that thar new cawn licker they're a-makin', Dave. You'd best be a-gittin' on and fetch hit back 'fore night," Granny continued with a complacent leer.

Dave's countenance reflected the light of dawning purpose as he answered simply, yet with ineffable disdain, "I don't reckon as how I'll fetch any jug er that thar moonshine fer you-uns, Granny Grimmsy."

"Reckon we-uns ain't no call to find fault with that thar licker," was Granny's caustic reply. "You couldn't find no better cawn licker'n this hyar ef you was to hunt all over these hyar Ozark hills. Git on now, don't be sich a

fool!" The final words snapped like a whip-lash.

"I war a-tellin' you I ain't aimin' to go," Dave repeated with dogged determination.

"My laws-a-mighty! What's ailin' you? I'll larn ye to talk sich stuff to me," Granny threatened in a menacing tone.

"I ain't a-takin' no more orders from you, Granny. From now on I ain't needin' yer he'p."

"I'd admire to know where you'd be ef hit warn't fer me a-takin' keer of you all these hyar years. You jest wouldn't be nowhars; that's whar you'd be! You war my own sister's brother-in-law's child," Granny reminded him with fine sarcasm, "and I tuck you an' brung you up from nothin'. Susanne warn't no better off! Jest a murdered revenuer's brat! Jest 'cause I raised you up, don't make nothin' o' mine yourn. Now fer the last time, git! Er else——" Her beady black eyes narrowed malignantly, and her hand reached for the old rifle beside her, kept cleaned and oiled in case of revenuers.

"Dave, oh, Davie, come, look hyar at the robin's nest we'uns found down in the bresh by the willers!" It was the clear, lilting voice of Susanne, eager, excited. "Davie, come! hit has three little blue aigs in hit!"

Dave did not move. His eyes were fastened with a curiously fascinated look upon the rifle.

"Be you aimin' to go fer that thar licker?" Granny's voice came low, threatening, menacing.

Still the boy did not move. There was a peculiar, mesmerized gleam in his eyes.

"Dave, why didn't you answer?—Why—What's the matter?" Susanne faltered as she burst into the room, dropping a blue egg on the floor.

Dave turned as one awakening from a bad dream. "Susanne!" he cried out.

It was her turn to stare in frozen wonder at the gun. And to expostulate, "Granny, you warn't goin' to hurt my Dave with that!"

Granny Grimmsy laughed, emitting a hideous, cackling sound from between her shrunken lips. "I warn't, but now I aim to do hit. Git out o' my way, brat!"

"Oh no, no, no!" screamed Susanne, with a heart-rending sob and flung herself upon Dave, as if with her small protection to ward off the coming danger. The words were stilled in the shattering roar that followed, and the smoke cleared away, disclosing the crumpled figure of Susanne on the dirty floor, a bullet through her back.

Dave knelt with a stricken moan to gather her in his arms, for he knew 'ere he touched her that she was dead. Death had fallen upon Susanne as naturally as sleep falls upon the eyes of any child tired with a long summer's day of eager play. The immortal spirit dwelling in the frail little body had fled willingly, swiftly, like a bird from an outworn cage.

There was emptiness and bleak loneliness in the silence that followed. Granny, appeased, now that her wrath had cooled, turned with an imper-

ceptible shrug back to her knitting—it was only a revenuer's child. The sound of scurrying rats in the deserted attic above mingled with the sharp, metallic click of Granny's knitting needles.

In stunned despair, Dave crouched above the child, his eyes two deep, smoldering wells of sorrow. The hours crawled by like years while the fluctuating light fell with tenderest caress upon the beautiful, little, white face. Softly, dark shadows fell and dusk, with breast as of a dove, brooded o'er the hills.

Black clouds impenetrable, tempestuous, foreboding, lay low along the western horizon, darkly shadowing ridges of rock which seemed to have been flung around in wild, crude disorder by the hand of an angry Titan. The atmosphere was charged with utter gloom. The mountain folk, silently gathered for the buryin', had as silently dispersed, offering scant sympathy to the despairing heart of the desolate boy. The graying darkness of the sky was reflected in Dave's face as he looked away toward the distant mountain peaks.

Then suddenly, almost in the twinkling of an eye, the west was transformed, and with it the whole world. A livid, blood-red mass spread itself above the nearly black hills for miles along the horizon. From the brilliant glow a heavenly light seemed to radiate. Dave watched with bated breath as it grew more and more concentrated, so intensely that his face was reddened by the glow. The whole dome of the sky was suffused with shades of rose and purple intermingled with gold. Then all faded to a dull red as the celestial fire slowly dropped into darkness.

Tremulously Dave drew in his breath. The glorious panorama unveiled before him had given him a glimpse into another world. As he mused thus, the words of a passing clergyman stirred in his memory, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." Words he never had understood before, became clear. "Truly, he that loseth his life shall find it!" For, with the miracle of the sunset wrought on his soul, he knew and understood that Susanne must be happy—somewhere in Heaven.

A great new determination entered Dave's being, that Susanne's sacrifice should not have been for nothing. She had wanted him to go away, to gain wisdom and learning, and then come back to teach the others. He, too, knew that in the mountains he eventually would find that peace. And today, the healing of the hills and its great blessed peace, remote and sweet, had grown out of despair.

Against the strange glow like red embers, the pines stood out prophetically in gigantic silhouette. The lad squared his shoulders, and with the light of the fading sunset still lingering on his countenance, he turned and started down the mountain side. For Dave, life had just begun its great adventure. Swiftly the celestial fire disappeared, and night settled down on the Ozarks.

R. ELIZABETH McGARY

(Won first place in the contest for terms 5, 6, 7, 8)

BWANA

ASTACUS FLUVIATILIS VERSUS CRAWDADS

"HE said," remarked Anthony Thorpe glumly, "that you are nuts."

Professor J. Worthington Quincy Nottingham-Tweedle, M. S., L. L. B., Ph. D., sniffed disdainfully. "The young whippersnapper was implying, I presume, that I am mentally unbalanced?"

"That's the ticket, Uncle. Dave Anderson has always regarded scientific reasoning as just a lot of hooey. So I bet him five hundred dollars you can prove your theory that a person of superior intelligence who comes in daily contact with backward and delinquent individuals will gradually convert them to his improved ways of living. Was I right?"

The professor glanced at his nephew's eager, young face. He did not approve of gambling, but he was heartily in favor of defending any of his beloved theories.

"Yes, yes, by all means," he assented quickly. "Not one of my theories has ever been disproved. I am especially sure of my theory in regard to crayfish. Ah!" the professor's monocle gleamed. "Have I ever explained it to you?"

Thorpe was instantly on guard. "Not now, Uncle, if you don't mind. Let's get back to this other theory."

The older man sighed resignedly. Such, he reflected, was the inconstancy of youth. "To be sure. Do you wish me to prove it in any special manner?"

"I'm afraid so. But cheer up; it's quite simple. There's a farmer's family living down in the White River country near Lake Taneycomo. They're a typical bunch of backwoods hicks. I spent last summer in the Ozarks, and, when my car broke down, had to bunk with them for two days. Of all the queer folks I've ever run across, they take the prize! Well, we're giving you two months to civilize them, or at least to teach them something of scientific farming. And you won't suffer—the food's O. K. Don't look so shocked, Uncle. I'm not requesting the impossible, you know. As I said before, it will be *quite* simple for a man of your superior intelligence."

* * * * * *

Professor Nottingham-Tweedle stopped his car before a forlorn and ancient farmhouse that looked as if it wished the inhabitants had heard of paint. A fat, grimy youngster sat on the porch, viewing the learned gentleman skeptically.

"Hullo, young man!" called the professor, adjusting his monocle and peering genially at the child. "What's your name?"

"My name'th Tham," said the boy promptly, "but they call me Thammy for thyort!"

A look of consternation crossed the professor's face. Here was a subject for reform!

"Do you always lisp, sonny?" he asked with immense concern.

"Only," replied the boy with offended dignity, "on my etheth. What'th

your latht name, mithter? Mine'th Thyerman. I kin thpell the "Thyer" part, too, I kin! My ma thaith I'm thmart, I am. Thay mithter, you lotht half your glaththeth, you did. My brother Tholomon wearth glaththeth, he doeth, but he never lotht half of 'em nohow. He'th a thmart man, my brother Tholomon ith, but he don't talk much. He'd ruther grunt. My ma thaith he'th jetht a-keepin' hith thoughtth to hithelf, he ith, an' that'th what maketh peopleth thmart. Why, he even went t' *thchool*, he did! Yeth, thir! Went nigh on t' half a year!! He kin thpell thome, he kin. Kin you thpell, mithter? Tholomon'd mebbe learn ya if ya atht him. What'd ya come fer, mithter? Mebbe ya'd better thee my ma, huh? My ma kin tell ya where to go if yer lothted. Ya wanna thee 'er, huh?"

"Yeth!" gasped Professor J. Worthington Quincy Nottingham-Tweedle, weakly.

* * * * * *

Sammy's "ma" proved less bewildering than her loquacious son. She was slightly distrustful of the professor's monocle and name, but was genuinely surprised and gratified when he voiced his unique desire to become a boarder. And so the professor became a member of the Sherman household, sincerely determined to prove his precious theory by lifting these poor, misguided creatures to the sublime heights of modern, scientific living.

With this magnanimous intention in mind, that worthy gentleman set out the next morning to find Sylvester Sherman. He discovered Sam's older brother by the barn, gloomily chewing a piece of straw, while Sammy romped blissfully with a collie dog.

"Hullo, my dear chap," began the professor.

"Who's the ol' codger, Sammy?" queried the unimpressed Sylvester.

The professor's chest expansion increased a full inch.

"I, my dear sir," was the withering reply, "am Professor J. Worthington Quincy Nottingham-Tweedle, M. S., L. L. B., Ph.——"

"Never mind a-thpellin' it fer him, mithter," broke in Sammy. "Tholomon'th the only one in our family kin thpell . . . He'th the new boarder, Thyl," Sam informed his brother.

"Oh," said Sylvester, still unimpressed.

"My dear fellow," the professor resolved to let bygones be bygones, "that alfalfa of yours isn't exactly thriving; is it?"

"Looks awright t' me," was the sullen retort.

"You shouldn't," went on Professor Tweedle, "seed lime-depleted soil to alfalfa."

"Huh?"

"I said," the professor's patience was elaborate, "that if you ask me, that soil is lime-depleted. It won't grow alfalfa!"

"Nobuddy ain't askin' you, Tweedle. I bin plantin' alfalfy hyar fer seven year, an' I ain't a-gonna change naow!"

"Seven years!" The scientist was horrified. "My good man, why don't you rotate your crops?"

"Never heerd of it."

"Never heard of crop rotation?" the professor's voice rose to a scandalized scream. "And you," he turned eagerly to a bespectacled man (evidently the notorious Solomon) who had come out of the barn, "surely *you* have heard of rotation?"

"Huh?" asked Solomon.

"Rotation!!! Crop-rotation!!!"

"Uh-huh," said Solomon.

The professor elucidated. He expounded and interpreted. He even drew pictures in the dust to illustrate his lecture. Then, at the close of ten minutes, he beamed upon Sylvester and awaited the necessarily enthusiastic reaction to this impressive flow of oratorical eloquence that would solve his alfalfa problem.

"Never heerd of it," murmured Sylvester, and headed for the pigsty.

"Uh-huh," said Solomon, and re-entered the barn.

The disconsolate Professor Tweedle sought solace in the person of old Gran'pappy Sherman. That venerable individual was seated in an ancient rocking chair, thoughtfully engrossed in a game of solitaire.

"Good-afternoon" said the professor gaily, resolving to keep up his good spirits. "My name is Professor J. Worthington Quincy Nottingham-Tweedle."

"Hey?" said Gran'pappy.

"I said," the professor repeated more loudly, 'My name is *Tweedle!*"

"Hey?" said Gran'pappy.

"My name," the professor shouted, "is *Tweedle!!!*"

"Oh," said Gran'pappy. "Set down on th' cheer, Mr. Beetle, an' make yerself t' hum. Didn't you say Beetle?" he asked fearfully, reading exasperation on this unusual person's countenance.

"TWEEDLE!" screamed the professor. "TWEEDLE!! TWEEDLE!!"

"Oh," said Gran-pappy. "I'm sorry, Mr. Tweedle-Tweedle. I—Hey?"

"Nothing," returned the professor sadly. "Maybe it isn't, after all."

"Would you," Gran'pappy's eyes were feverish with hope, "care t' play pinochle?"

The professor's spirit returned. The man had hit upon one of his theories.

"Pinochle," his voice was deadly, his monocle terrifying, "should never have been invented. It is most detrimental to one's culture and social standing. It imbues one with a vindictive mania. It has even made people homicidal. Furthermore, it has no motives, no principles; it requires no intellect. I am able to prove that continued pinochle playing makes one morbid, selfish, greedy, jealous, spiteful, and demented. Now *bridge* is the game for me!"

"Hey?" said Gran'pappy.

"May I suggest that we debate the issue at a less inopportune time?" The professor's tact was most providential.

"Oh," said Gran'pappy. "Y' know, Mr. Tweedle-Tweedle, I'm a-gittin' old, I 'spect. They's some folks even claims my hearin's affected. But I don't take stock in ever'thing people say."

"Oh," said the professor, sitting down feebly.

The pinochle game lasted two hours.

* * * * * *

"Sammy!" yelled Mr. Sherman, "none o' your lip, naow! Do yuh hear me?"

"Yeth'm," said Sammy meekly.

Professor Tweedle rushed to the rescue. "My dear woman," he cried, aghast, "that is no way to rear a child! It develops an inferiority complex and makes him backward. Modern science has proved that a child should be given a chance for self-expression."

"Humph!" said Ma Sherman, her eyes blazing. "Naow you lookee here. I don't give a care haow much nonsense you put into Sylvester's head about his alfalfy. You kin go ahead an' talk to Solomon about sunsets. I kin even stand the flies yer forever bringin' round the place with that stuff you invented to keep 'em away. But, when you try t' tell *me* how t' raise my own kid, I ain't a-gonna stand fer it. I raised seven of 'em, an' on'y one died on me. Four's a-livin' here, one's went daown t' Tennessee, and t' other's at Crystal City. A healthier bunch o' chillun I nevah see. I didn't need no "modern science" to he'p me with 'em, so I aint' a-gonna start on Sammy neither nohow. Now mind you clear out'n my kitchen, an' you stay out!"

"Yes'n," said Professor Tweedle meekly. "Sammy," he continued, sternly, "None o' yer lip, naow!"

* * * * * *

There was a pond in the pasture that was a paradise for crayfish. Professor Tweedle spent hours in studying these fascinating crustaceans.

"Whatcha doin'?" asked Sammy one day, as the professor was peering anxiously at one of the creatures in his hand.

"This, my child," the professor explained, "is a crayfish—the Astacus Fluviatilis. It belongs to the sub-class Thoracipoda, the legion Prodophthalmia, the order Decapoda, and the sub-order Macroura."

Sammy's mouth dropped in amazement. He rested his chubby, sympathetic hand on Professor Tweedle's shoulder.

"Gee whilikenth, mithter," he whispered in horror, "ain't you never thaw a crawdad?"

"Wha-what?" gasped the professor.

"Them thar," the child pointed impressively to the wriggling inhabitants of the pond, "is crawdads!"

* * * * * *

A dusty car bearing two young men came to a jerking stop before the forlorn and ancient farmhouse. A chubby youngster sitting on the porch was viewing them skeptically.

"Hi, there!" began Dave Anderson cordially. "Can you tell us the whereabouts of the honorable Professor Nottingham-Tweedle?"

Sammy's disappointment was genuine. "Aren't you gonna athk me what ith my name?" he began.

Before he had time to enlighten the visitors in regard to himself or his family history, Professor Tweedle came out the front door. He stared at the newcomers without even a pretense of enthusiastic welcome.

"Well, well. Dave and Anthony. Jest set daown on a cheer, folks, and make yose'ves t' hum."

"Wha-what?" Anthony was incredulous.

"I said, 'Set daown!' " repeated the professor.

The two men complied with the request, and Dave winked impudently at Anthony.

"The alfalfa doesn't look so good; does it, Professor?" remarked Dis mischievously.

"Oh, 't's awright; 't's awright. Bin plantin' alfalfy for seven year. Ain't a-gonna change naow."

"Why don't they rotate?" Dave's voice was malicious.

"Huh?"

"I was suggesting," said Dave, "the possible solution of crop-rotation."

"Never heerd of it," said Professor Tweedle sadly.

There was an uncomfortable silence.

"Ah—er—uh, lovely sunset, isn't it, Professor Tweedle?" he asked when he could speak.

"Uh," said the professor. "Oh, that reminds me. It's time ter milk." And he walked slowly toward the barn.

"And that," said Thorpe gloomily, "is that!"

"Five hundred," reminded Dave, "in cash."

Anthony nodded sadly. He didn't mind the five hundred dollars. He had, as the saying goes, "money to burn." It was just the principle of the thing. A nice old fellow like Professor Tweedle!

Gran'pappy Sherman approached the porch. "You know where Professor Tweedle-Tweedle's at?"

"We heard you," said Anthony, "the first time."

"Hey?" said Gran'pappy.

"He's by the barn," said Dave helpfully. "Milking."

"Hey?" said Gran'pappy. "I want him ter play pinochle with me."

"That's a joke," laughed Anthony. "He'll never do that. He abhors the game."

"Hey?" said Gran'pappy.

"I said he WON'T play pinochle. HE CAN'T!" shouted Thorpe.

"Oh," said Gran'pappy, "oh, sure, he kin play. We play every night. He even beats me now." And with this he wandered away.

"What a bunch!" sighed Dave. "No wonder the old Professor's off! That fat kid's a three-ring circus. I'd like to hear him say, 'Sister Susie Sewing Shirts for Soldiers!' "

"Let's find Uncle," suggested Anthony upon sudden inspiration, "and let him explain his theory on crayfish. He's always wanted to, but I escaped somehow. It will cheer him up."

BWANA

They found the professor by his favorite pond near the barn, staring moodily at the water.

"Hullo, Uncle," Anthony greeted him. "Gee, that looks like just the spot for crayfish."

"Yeh," said Dave, trying to look interested, "tell us all about crayfish."

"Huh?" asked Professor Tweedle.

"We wish to know," said Dave sweetly, "of the inhabitants of yonder pond. Crustaceans, are they not?"

Professor J. Worthington Quincy Nottingham-Tweedle, M. S., L. L. B., Ph. D., shook his head.

"Them thar," he said kindly, "is crawdads."

AUDREY THYSON
Term 6

(Won second place in contest for terms 5, 6, 7, 8)

BWANA

TECUMSEH

IT was daybreak. Tecumseh stretched himself, admired the glowing dawn and then arose. He had returned from the Happy Hunting Grounds to this, the land of his forefathers, the land from which he had gone when he had died. That was one hundred and fifty years ago. Now he was as lithe and active as in his youth, but he retained the knowledge and experience he had gained during the fifty years of his earthly life. He had come by the consent of the Great Chief back to his former home, the Ozarks and the Osage territory.

Scanning the country from where he stood atop one of the higher peaks of this old mountain range, he gazed again with the awe of discovery at the wooded hills in the splendor of full foliage, the beautiful valley with its checkered pattern exhibiting the fruits of the spring planting, the streams of winding silver showing through the trees and then continuing in the open between the bounteous fields. There, far off to the right, was the shining, shimmering river, known to the white man as the Osage, which flowed into Muddy Waters and then finally into the Father of Waters. Surely this was the ancestral land which he, as son of a chief, had often wandered through to hunt and fish. There was, however, a white man's touch to the whole picture, which, though in part it appealed to him, caused a quickening of his pulse and the dim memory of an ancient wrong.

As he became conscious of this revelation, he gazed off again to the Osage, and there to his amazement he noticed strung across the entire river a ribbon of white, and behind that an enormous lake which was indented by numerous small peninsulas. Yes, a change had been wrought here; but what was the significance of this white wall? Bewildered, he turned; he must see.

Swiftly he descended the hill and was soon making his way straight in the direction of his discovery. Nearing this great wall, he was met by a white man, one of the engineers of a great project at which he had wondered, who took an immediate interest in this representative of the past. The appearance of the stranger did not disturb Tecumseh; for he had often conversed with white men.

"Yes," said the engineer, "that is a wall, or a dam, by which we can hold back the waters of the Osage River."

"Why stop big waters?" said Tecumseh still wondering.

"We are not stopping the river, we are merely controlling the water. We are making it do our work for us."

"Work! How?"

"Yes," the engineer assured, "it is working for us. By building this huge wall we can make the river turn water-wheels, which, in turn, operate enormous dynamos. In other words, the dynamo is a large machine that transforms the mechanical energy, or swiftness of the river, into a thing much like lightning."

This was extremely complex for Tecumseh. "River making lightning," he managed to say, puzzled.

"That is just what it does. Of course, we have other machines which use this lightning, and they are the ones that really do the work."

"Lightning, it do work." This seemed incredible, for he had always thought that lightning combined with thunder was an expression of the wrath of Manitou, the Indian God.

"For instance, a man might live twenty miles from here," launched the engineer in an effort to explain what he meant, "and with the aid of this lightning which runs along wires he can heat his house, smooth his blankets, or sew clothes for himself. When it becomes dark, he can light his house with this energy."

"Light house?" Tecumseh said in his usual brief method of questioning.

"He can make it as light as day by means of this power. With a small bottle and this power he can turn night into day."

All the engineer had told Tecumseh was bewildering, but he was taken aback when he heard the last words "turn night into day." That must be some supernatural power, or this was blasphemy. But determined to find out what he could, he asked, "Indian light tepee with lightning?"

The engineer smiled. This Indian was grasping the idea quite quickly; so he replied, "Well, yes, if he had the wires strung to his tepee, he could."

A sound of scraping and then of the rush of water came to them. Turning, Tecumseh saw the waters of the Osage gushing through one of the large spillways of the mighty dam. Turning to the man beside him, he asked, "Why hold big waters back, then let him go?"

"That is done when the flow in the lower Osage must be preserved. Should there be too little water in the river beyond the dam, we must open the gates and allow sufficient water flow through to maintain at least a minimum."

As though he understood, Tecumseh replied, "Much, no rain."

"Either that, or should we find it necessary to control the level of that huge lake, we can, by means of a large crane, raise the gates and allow the surplus to run off."

Tecumseh had learned that the white man knew many charms and he, during this furlough, decided he would discover what he could, even though his only purpose had been to see the land of his fathers once more. This white man proved so interesting.

While the sun traveled slowly to the west, the engineer became more accustomed to the questions of his new friend, while Tecumseh began slowly at first, then more easily, to grasp the meaning of the explanations this white man gave. As the shadows grew longer and the sun began to set, Tecumseh took leave of his new acquaintance to whom he had become quite attached.

Slowly Tecumseh started along the path by which he had come. He could not help remembering the remarkable things which he had heard during

the day. Making the river, by means of a high wall, make lightning; making this lightning do man's work; making this power light a man's house—these could be done by man himself. All that was needed was a wall holding back the waters of the large river. Incredible!

As he ascended the hill, he turned for a moment and gazed upon that white barrier stretched from bank to bank, forming an enormous lake beautifully forested, but somehow it looked artificial. Artificial! Yes, that was it—it was man made. That explained it. As soon as he had come, he had felt the touch of the white man. Everything was made to suit his purpose, but he destroyed the beauty of nature in doing it. The white man might obliterate the beauties of nature, he might attempt to adopt Nature's technique; but he could not equal Nature's own handicraft.

Slowly but steadily, he climbed. He breathed in the invigorating air, he gazed about, and then watched the sun sink lower and lower. Soon he could see only the trees in outline, but they slowly blended into the darkness with the other specimens of the Great Chief's work until he could see no more. Night had come.

FRED J. MUELLER

(Won third place in contest for pupils in terms 5, 6, 7, 8)

BILLY'S AMERICAN

GREAT excitement had spread in the halls between periods. Billy was about the first person who knew the cause of this unusual commotion. Mr. Daniels, the senator, was to address the pupils in the auditorium.

The entire high school waited impatiently. At the close of the second lunch period, all the students went into the auditorium, and the distinguished speaker took his place on the stage. The mayor made a short announcement, and then turned the program over to the senator.

"My friends," he said, "my reason for coming here is to announce a short, city-wide, United States history contest."

Billy let our a deeply disappointed sigh. His weak spot was history. He had failed in the history examination the last half-year, and was now repeating the subject, but finding it equally difficult.

"I want every one of you to hand in an essay to your history teacher or your adviser," the speaker continued. "It must not be over five hundred words long, and the beginning sentence must be, 'I think the greatest American was——' Then name the person you have chosen, and give your reasons. You have a whole week to think it over. Remember that every other pupil in the city high schools will be competing with you. To the author of the best paper in each school, there will be awarded a ten-dollar gold piece; and for the best in the city, there will be an additional prize of a twenty-dollar gold piece."

When the senator had finished Billy was terribly excited.

"Why, this isn't history at all," Billy thought. "He isn't asking for any dates!"

The very next day, his sister Betty set to work on her essay. She chose Lincoln as the greatest American. This set Billy thinking. He knew that everybody would choose either George Washington or Abraham Lincoln, so he tried to think of somebody else. Finally he went to his father and asked him if he knew who the greatest American was.

"If I knew, son," he said, "I'd wish to enter the contest, although they wouldn't permit me since it's only for high school pupils."

"How about Columbus?" inquired Billy. "I think he was swell. If he hadn't discovered it, I mean America, none of these others would have had a chance. Say, that's who it is. It was Christopher Columbus."

"If he hadn't discovered America, someone else would have done so; besides, Columbus was not an American."

"Aw, gee whiz," sighed Billy. "I forgot this contest was for the greatest American. I believe they were all so great that there isn't much difference between them."

"That's an idea," said his father.

"What do you mean?" asked Billy.

But his father didn't answer.

Billy stood, thinking deeply. That sentence, "They were all so great that there isn't much difference between them," kept running through his mind.

Dinner-time was long past when Billy came down. "My essay's finished."

"So is dinner," announced Betty. "You wouldn't come down when I called you, so I went right ahead."

"Where're mother and dad?" asked Billy.

"They've gone to the movies. I'm washing the dishes, and you must dry them."

"Well," Billy said, "if you'll dry them, I'll let you read my essay."

Betty agreed, since her curiosity was aroused. Billy gave her the essay, and made for the refrigerator. While Billy was eating in the kitchen, Betty read the essay:

"I think the greatest American is Billy White, Jr. Mr. Lincoln and Washington were great. They had good points, but I have mine, also. So if you're willing to agree, it's O. K. If you don't care to, forget it; and if you don't, I will.

Sincerely yours,

BILLY WHITE, JR.

"P. S. Dear Mr. Daniels:

Don't bother sending me the gold pieces. Send me the check for thirty dollars."

Billy came from the kitchen with a tomato in one hand and a glass of milk in the other. "Pretty good, isn't it?" he asked.

"Why, Billy," exclaimed Betty, "you can't send that in. You'll be suspended!"

'Say, I think it's swell," said Billy.

Betty merely sniffed and went to finish the dishes.

The following day, the whole school was wild over Billy's essay. All his friends asked him if they could read it. Reluctantly, Billy handed it to them. It wasn't long before it was rumored that Billy White would be expelled from school.

The big day finally came, and everyone turned in his essay. By Friday of the same week all the papers were marked, and the winners selected.

That afternoon, Mr. Briks, the principal, said, "Mr. Daniels has been delayed at the other schools, and will be a little late. We shall go ahead. Will Billy White, Jr., please step up here?"

Loud murmurs were heard all over the auditorium. Betty's heart was beating like a hammer. And to make matters worse, there was that boy, Billy, smiling to his heart's content. Then to everyone's astonishment, instead of the principal telling Billy he was expelled, he was shaking hands and congratulating him.

"Would you mind reading your paper to the school?" asked the principal.

BWANA

Apparently Mr. Briks was showing Billy that he wasn't so smart after all. To top it all off, in marched Mr. Daniels with five boys and girls, the winners of the contest in the other schools.

Billy was ill at ease, but he began: "I think the greatest American was the person whose name we do not know."

Every boy and girl in the auditorium gasped. That wasn't the start of Billy's paper. Had he been fooling his sister and his friends by turning in another paper which had actually won the prize?

Billy went on: "In truth, the greatest American was no single person. Even George Washington and Lincoln were only men contributing to the greatness of the many. But how many of the masses of the people served their country equally well in less exalted positions, we shall never know.

"These pioneers of the frontier who faced every hardship founded this nation. And still greater than the men were the pioneer women—the mothers and wives who gladly left comforts behind to aid their husbands in the conquest of the wilderness."

As Billy finished reading his essay, the pupils and teachers greeted him with a mighty burst of applause.

Senator Daniels came up behind him. "You win, you win," he said.

Naturally Billy looked surprised. "I mean you win; you're the champion of the city," said the senator handing Billy two gold pieces.

Billy was so embarrassed that he couldn't utter a word of thanks. This made him blush a deep red, much to everyone's enjoyment. Billy would have given the thirty dollars just to be back in his seat; happily everything has an end. After several speeches, Billy went home.

The following day Billy's essay and his picture appeared in the CITY BUGLE. No longer was he that terrible boy, but that smart boy. Betty began to be known as "Billy White's sister."

Three weeks later, just after the five-weeks' examination, Miss Cain called him up to her desk.

"Did you know, Billy," asked Miss Cain, "that you failed in history?"

Billy's heart jumped into his throat. "Since you have such a sense of the real meaning of history, I shall give you an eighty; this passes you for the first half of your senior year."

Billy gasped and started back to his desk.

"Just a moment," said Miss Cain.

Billy turned around.

"Will you promise me that you will try to remember that Columbus did not discover America in 1521?"

"I'll try," Billy promised.

BARBARA JOVANOVICH
Term 6

(Won fourth place in contest for pupils in terms 5, 6, 7, 8)

BWANA

TRAGEDY OF THE OZARKS

THE great sun-god was setting his golden chariot behind the beautiful Ozark Mountains, making the clouds of day turn to gold. The birds flew to their nests for the night; and the fires of the Indians villages were lighted, throwing a warm glow about. The tepees stood out in black relief against the fading western sky. Before his tepee in the warm firelight, surrounded by the young braves and princesses as he told this tale, sat Socomas, the chief of a Fox tribe.

It was many, many moons ago, my children, that little Menatasha, daughter of the Moon Goddess, met Matiwan, the warrior. Their romance budded and flourished among these mountains in a short time. Menatasha's father, the chief of the tribe, had not heard of their love, but many of the wise old squaws and braves winked slyly at each other in their satisfaction.

As the two were beginning to plan their marriage, they were discovered by the chief. He had made other plans for Menatasha. She must marry a war hero, a man of courageous battles and with a great name. This young brave, Matiwan, was nothing but a lad. The great chief would put a stop to such absurdities by banishing Matiwan from the tribe forever.

Manetasha ran to her favorite spot to tell her woes to Hahatonka, river of the Ozarks. He was someone to whom she could come for sympathy, and was soothed by the gentle gurgle of the deep blue water, ever listening, ever waiting to hear more. Every day she would come to wait for her lover to return; many moons passed; still he did not come.

Meanwhile Matiwan had joined another tribe not far from his former one and had become a favorite in the eyes of the chief and of many maidens. But Matiwan had no eyes for them, for he constantly dreamed of Menatasha. This angered a princess of the tribe who invented a plot which caused the chief of the tribe to declare war on the other tribe.

Matiwan, who was also a warrior, heard the news and was terrified at the thought of killing his own lover and friends. Days passed and soon the army left on the journey to the enemy camps. Finally they rested in the dark wood just outside the village, but dared not to make a fire for fear of being seen. During the night the chief ordered Matiwan to go into the village and capture Menatasha, not knowing that she was Matiwan's lover. He dared not disobey, and, as he crept through the darkness toward the village, his heart was heavy with many troubles. After crawling for sometime through the thick underbrush, he came to a clearing from which he could see the Hahatonka glistening in the moonlight. Coming closer, he saw a figure crouched on a great rock looking at the moon; it was Menatasha. Rushing forward, he embraced her.

"Oh, my beloved! I must warn you! There is no time to lose! Run! Tell your father to prepare for an attack! That is all, my star maiden. Make haste."

BWANA

Menatasha watched him disappear into the forest, not knowing that he had been overheard by a spy from the warring tribe who rushed back to tell the news to the chief. When Matiwan came back without the maiden, the tribe greeted him with vicious yells.

As Menatasha's father was preparing himself for the conflict, she slipped quietly and timidly toward him. "My father!"

"What is it? I have no time to listen to tales when my tribe needs me," answered her father.

"But, father, Matiwan——," she stammered, "Matiwan has told me plans! Here are the plans for the attack!"

"What is this you say?" questioned the chief with surprise when she had finished.

"Yes, my father," pleaded Menatasha, "during the past evening he came and told me to warn you. Oh, my father, please forgive him!"

"He has shown himself a faithful member of our tribe. Weep not; I will return with him ere the day is spent," he promised, and giving his command to an able brave, he started out to find Matiwan and ask his forgiveness. At the close of day the Fox tribe had won the battle. Menatasha waited happily in the entrance of her tepee to welcome her father to tell him of the victory and to be reunited with her lover. As the sun began to sink she saw a lone horseman coming across the plain. Thinking it was her father, she ran to greet him; instead, she met a sad warrior. "Matiwan will return no more, for he has entered the Happy Hunting Grounds; your father, Menatasha, was killed trying to escape from the enemy camp," he told her. Sorrowfully she turned homeward with the prospect of her lonely future. Without thinking, she walked past her tepee and straight toward the river.

That night as the moon shone down on the river, she saw a drooping figure sit beside the shimmering waters near her only friend, the Hahatonka River.

WESLEY KING
Term 3

(Won first place in contest for pupils in terms 1, 2, 3, 4)

BWANA

AN OZARK MORNING

THE inky folds of night fade. A gentle morning star shines down upon a tranquil village in the heart of the Ozarks. The throaty crow of a cock awakens the peaceful town from its rest. Gray coils of smoke rise from the farm-house chimney. The aroma of good country cooking greets the farmer as he arises to another day of heavy labor. Later the rumbling of wheels can be heard in the distance as a wagon, the farmer's most useful vehicle, grinds over the crude country road. Here and there a mischievous little waif, clad in much faded and patched blue overalls dawdles toward the white frame schoolhouse. Happy school girls with shining, scrubbed faces jaunt along together, swinging their rattling tin lunchbuckets. And thus begins another day in the lives of a people who are very interesting.

ALICE PEARCY

THE SUN

The sky is dark and drear before
The rising of the sun;
The work of all the stars, the moon
Has long ago been done.

At first there is a pale white light;
And then a rosy glow
That creeps into a poor, sad heart,
And gives it hope, I know.

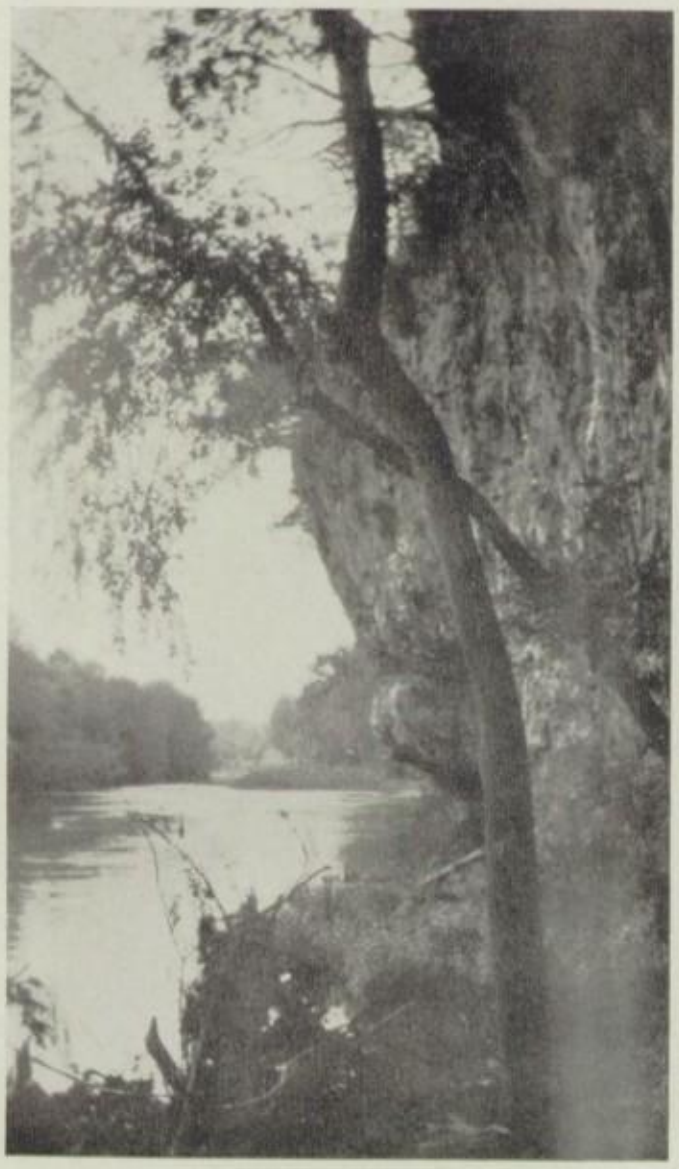
Lo! as I watch, all dark things flee
To let the sunbeams pass—
These shine on things both great and small;
They touch the leaves and grass.

There is no bit of Nature
That doesn't thrill me through,
But beauty still is not complete
Without the sun there, too.

The sun is there to light the way;
To make things bright and fair;
And though we may not see it shine,
The sun is always there.

—Elizabeth Wolf
Term 7

BWANA



TREES

Stalwart sentinels of the night,
Watching and waiting for ever and ever,
Somber 'neath the starry light;
Resisting the forces of the weather,
Battling time and tempest,
Deeply-scarred from many fights;
Challenging the world from lofty crest,
Struggling to retain their given rights.
Old and young they never rest;
They will stand through countless ages
Giving shelter, all their best,
To the lowly and the sages.

—Eugene A. Donzelot, Jr.
Term 5

BWANA

AUTUMN EVENING

"A haze on the far horizon, the infinite tender sky,
The rich, ripe tint of the cornfield, and the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland—the blaze of the goldenrod;
Some of us call it Autumn, and others call it God."

INDESCRIBABLE shadows lay low over the western hills. All the distance glowed in autumnal color, splashes of scarlet, and brilliant orange, mingled with softer shades of amber and red-brown, the realization of what fainter April tints had only hinted in their misty brightness. All day long strangely pathetic songs of birds had rippled by. Now the sun was hurrying to rest, as one belated, and cowbells were making music across the lowlands and uplands. As the day thus pensively and dreamily sang itself into evening, the west was changing to a blaze of magnificence. Red mingled with gold until it turned to copper; this in turn gave way to wine and blood. The conflagration grew more and more vivid, concentrating itself into an oppressive, living flame which burned itself away to white ashes.

A wraith of white smoke rose from a cabin nestled somewhere in the darkening valley. The chirp of a lone cricket came faint and solitary. The ancient, yet erect figure of a pathetic old woman in her rusty, faded black could be seen riding alone in an open vehicle which threatened to collapse with every uncertain step of the spavined horse she was driving. She, too, was homeward bound, yet was ready to stop to offer a kindly, "Howdy, kin I fetch ye along the way?" to a chance passer-by.

Mountains loomed dimly, remotely in the distance. Here and there giant tree pillars stood out in gigantic silhouette, some twisted about with crimson vines with a glow as of lingering sunsets. All life seemed to be waiting with bated breath and still expectancy for what nature had to offer next. A damp shiver ran through the air. Then, suddenly came the night, chill and dark, though the time for night was not yet; and wild winds made mad music in the tree-tops. The air was full of whirling brown leaves. The smell of ripe and green walnuts mingled with the smell of the coming rain. Almost immediately rain drenched the hills, the woods, and the valleys. Then darkness, murk, and utter gloom came down, while wind and rain swished through the now naked trees.

R. ELIZABETH McGARY

AUTUMN COUNTRYSIDE

On lissom saplings and great box hedge
Each leaf has a gilded, curling edge.
The lily pond is of molten gold,
The helianthus bed cast in Croesus' mold.
The wheat field, yellow as Freya's hair,
Waves gently in the sunny air.
The world is garbed in golden cloth,
Lovely and frail as a great, gay moth.
And the wind has a tender touch.

—Grace Lee Jones

(Given first place in contest for pupils in terms 5, 6, 7, 8)

AUTUMN

Autumn tints her world with glory,
As she tucks her flowers in bed—
And bids adieu to precious tree tops
Sprinkling them with gorgeous red.

The hazy sun distributes splendor,
O'erflowing with its happy rays
Displaying endless dreams of joy
—Creating humble praise.

Oh, season, with your loveliness!
None other can compare—
With all your magic graciousness
And charming gifts so rare.

—Mary Lou Mitchell

(Given third place in contest for pupils in terms 5, 6, 7, 8)

RIVER RHAPSODY

(Dedicated to the Meramec)

The symphony of sunset flashed
Around the dreamy world;
Above the crags the filmy flags
Of red clouds were unfurled.
On scarlet wings reflections dashed
Into the drowsy river, splashed
The wavelets with their crimson, lashed
The ripples into foam;
The river burned in riotous blaze
Till quenched by twilight's cooling haze,
And heaven found its home.
Through glaring maze
Of fiery haze
The twilight's calm relieved the daze,
And heaven found its home.

The heavens dipped a million dreams
Into the Milky Way's bright bars
Of angels' wings, and made the things
That you and I call stars.
In all the dreams, the tender themes
Of summer when all nature teems
With happiness whose message seems
To fill the world with light;
The dreams were strung on stardust chains,
And spread o'er shadow-clouded lanes,
A necklace for the night.
As sunset stains
Exalt the plains,
So stars transform the shadow lanes—
A necklace for the night.

The moon a crystal pendant hung,
A jewel bright, a precious gem,
While mists that sailed the river veiled
Reflections' diadem.
The bubbles to the surface clung,
Just as our hope when heart's are young,
And Love its first sweet song has sung
In melodies that soar
Like cloud-mists, fairy argosies,

BWANA

Float onward in their reveries,
To some far-distant shore.
Uncertainties
Of starlit seas
Where cloud-mists float in reveries
To some far distant shore.

A little breeze had lost its way
Amid the willow branches green,
And falt'ring music seemed to play
Behind a misty screen.
Where willow branches bend and sway,
The starshine trickled in a spray
Of silver torn apart.
From midnight's nowhere came a song
And found its moonlit trail along
The river of my heart.
When moonbeams throng
All songs belong
In ripples white that swirl along
The river of my heart.

The river sang this melody,
A hushed and tender lullaby,
In liquid, mellow harmony,
A soft, caressing, dreamy sigh.
The crickets joined the rhapsody,
Lent joyful rhythm, sweet to me,
The while the wind sang plaintively
Its dreary, minor part.
My soul awoke; the rapture heard,
The accents sweet and softly slurred
Thrilled all my longing heart.
My soul was stirred
By one soft word,
And e'en the lucid stars were blurred,
So thrilled my longing heart!

A voice within me tried to sing,
My heart was keeping time,
The stars and I could only cry
In silences sublime.
I felt the blinding tear-drops sting,
My longing beat its throbbing wing
Within my heart; its fluttering
Brought pain, but not relief.

BWANA

The stars above, and I below,
Could only stare in silent woe,
The eloquence of grief.
I could not know
That happy glow;
Could only stare in silent woe,
The eloquence of grief.

The past was but a promise old,
All futile, hopeless, void;
The future, once a hope so bold,
Was now a hope destroyed.
The summer night seemed strangely cold,

BWANA

Since happiness I could not hold,
The dreamy melody of gold
I knew was not for me;
The cloud-banks glowered, black and steep,
The river, sinister and deep,
A dismal mystery.
The stars would sleep,
And dawn would creep,
But my poor heart could only weep,
All sad and hopelessly.

—*Audrey Thyson*

(Given second place in contest for pupils in terms 5, 6, 7, 8)

GIFT OF THE DAWN

Thank the brook, for its magic singing,
Thank the breeze, sweet fragrance bringing.
Thank the trees, their lofty grandeur,
Thank the flowers, with all their glamour.
Thank them all, for thanks is due;
But I, the dawn, shall bring to you
The kingdom of the day.

—*Robert Hickey*
Term 8

INFINITY

When the book's last chapter is finished
And the dust shall return to dust
Though the power of man diminish
And the sword blade yield to rust,

Nothing can change the heavens
And the stars, like the wind-swept bark,
Shall circle the void forever
In the flame-lit cosmic dark.

Rolling on tireless pinions
They scorn the advancing years
For the age and the aeon are nothing
In the path of the spinning spheres.

Naught do they know of commerce
Nothing of time nor race
Swinging in endless circles
Through the unplumbed depths of space.

—*Robert Huffstot*

(Given first place in contest for pupils in terms 1, 2, 3, 4)

SUNSET IN THE OZARKS

A calm and reverential hush
Has fallen over all,
Barking squirrel and singing thrush
Are silenced by the pall.
A breeze from distant village brings
The owl's lonely cry,
And sweet song as the vesper rings
Its message from the sky.
The sun's bright colors slowly fade,
And the whippoorwill's sad wail
Tells all, that evening's restful shade
Has spread over hill and vale.

—*Ken Jones*

(Given second place in contest for pupils in terms 1, 2, 3, 4)

AUTUMN LEAVES

Rusty red and yellow
Are the autumn leaves
That come floating down
Gently in the breeze.

Leaving bare the branches
Stripped of everything,
Except where a lonely leaf
Remains until the spring.

Making a warm blanket,
Protecting from the snow,
Many a tender seedling
That in spring will grow.

—*Marie Louise Lange*

DREAMS

A hazy dream like a misty day
Folded in shadows gray,
Creeps upon us, then goes away
As a fog lifts from the bay.

A vivid dream of those who care
Enveloped in colors rich and rare;
Something fine fills all the air—
Such are fancies fair.

—*Marie Louise Lange*

LOVELY THINGS

I love such lovely things as these:
The coolness of the summer breeze—
The buzzing of the bumble bees—

The pretty little butterfly—
The city lights against the sky—

The rippling waters of the creek—
The joy of climbing the mountain peak—
The soothing feeling of your cheek—

The silent walks across the lea—
The thrill of being, dear, with thee.

—*Marie Louise Lange*

(This group of poems was given third place in the contest for pupils in terms 1, 2, 3, 4)

BWANA

LULLABY

Violet, purple dusk has calmly settled,
The golden sun is ministering to another world;
Shadows lengthened have combined to dark the drowsy land,
And birds their twittering voices now have stilled.

Stars o'erhead their twinkling vigil keep
To guard the worldlings and to them bring peace.
All the portals lie wide open, every road is free.
Nothing now is there delaying; softly, slumber, come to me.

—Robert Hickey
Term 8

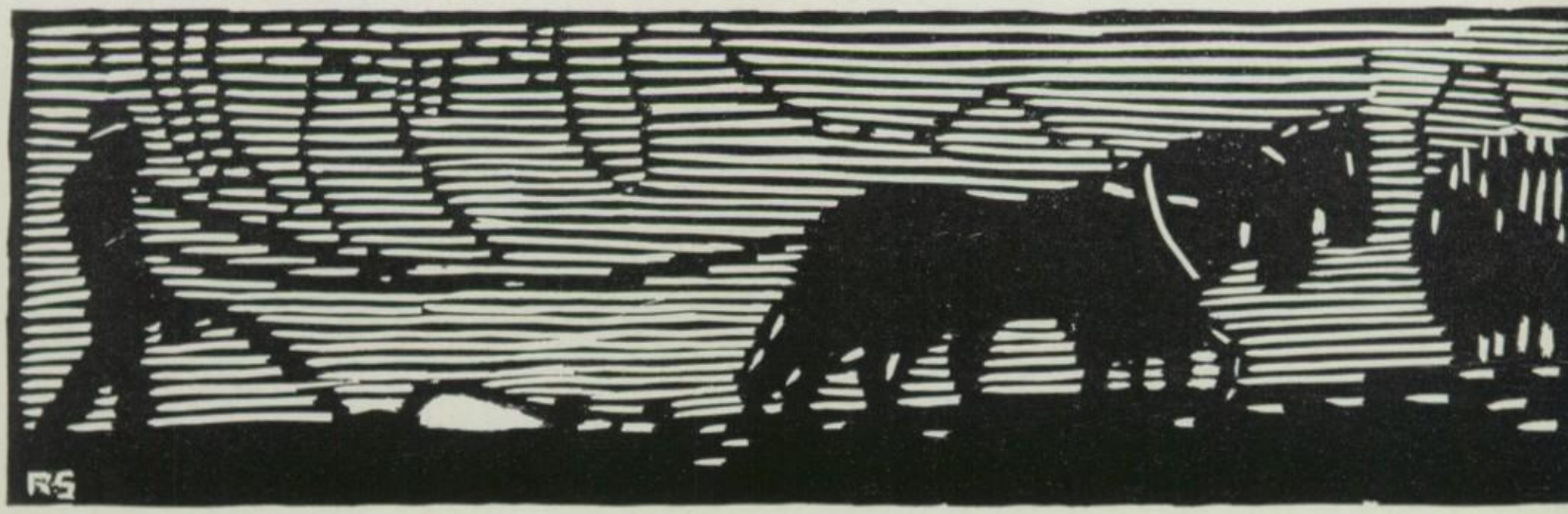
SUNSET

Day is done.
Tired is the sun.
I stop and gaze
While he sinks.

Sunset bright
Crowns him with a light—
I wonder now
What he thinks.

Night will come;
Wind and trees shall hum
A song for him
As he sinks.

—Thomas Stocker
Term 3



THOUGHTS

(During a Storm)

Oh, Storm
How quiet the world is before you come,
The leaves
So silently are waiting on each bough.
Storm, who knows what you really are,
Are you God's wrath
Descending on us now?

Oh, dragon
With one great lash of your strong twisted tail
You break
The trembling trees which fall with a fearful groan.
Storm, how true to your duty, you never fail
To mock man's work
Even to wreck his home.

Yet, storm dragon,
Why is it I love your mysterious way?
Find delight
In the flash from your wicked red eye
And hear your mournful voice which seems to say
"No peace for me,
I must live on, never die"?

—*Verdie Standfuss*
Term 7

RAIN

Sometimes I sit and wonder,
Why the raindrops that appear,
Remind one of a lonely heart—
Assailed with pain and fear.

But often when I lie in bed,
And life's path seems so steep
The soothing song of the raindrops,
Drip the lullaby of sleep.

They dance upon my window sill,
And splash upon my pane,
Our life is still a mystery
But God's work is the same.

—*Mary Lou Mitchell*
Term 6

NIGHT

It seems to me that night time
With sweet and cooling air
Is just the time for living—
What beauty is so rare?

I'm sitting in my lawn chair,
I'm looking toward the sky,
All Nature has me puzzled—
Sometimes I wonder why.

Why are the stars a-twinkling?
Why do the breezes sigh?
Why are the trees so silent?
Why do the crickets cry?

Why is the sky like velvet?
Why is the moon so dim?
Why are the birds a-sleeping
On almost every limb?

All Nature has a story—
One we can never know—
But why not kneel in prayer
And thank God that it's so?

—*Elizabeth Wolf*
Term 7

HER SMILE

To me her smile is like a dream,
Of golden paths above
Distributing a wish of faith
Concealing all her love.

It sings a song of life itself
Enchanting my desire,
It lights my youthful earnestness,
Into a living fire.

Oh, soul of mine, be not dismayed,
Look forward to beguile—
Give happiness to every life,
As she does with her smile.

—*Mary Lou Mitchell*
Term 6

SILVER LINES

Silver lines
Of melody
Softly glide
Across the lea.

On and on
The strains like these
Capture hearts
Of whom they please.

They bring thoughts
Of other days,
Of other times,
And other ways.

Memories
Of long ago
Steal upon us
Come and go.

Silver lines
Of melody
Catch the hearts
Of you and me.

—*Marie Louise Lange*

Bwana Staff

Joe Globig
Editor

Audrey Collier
Assoc. Editor

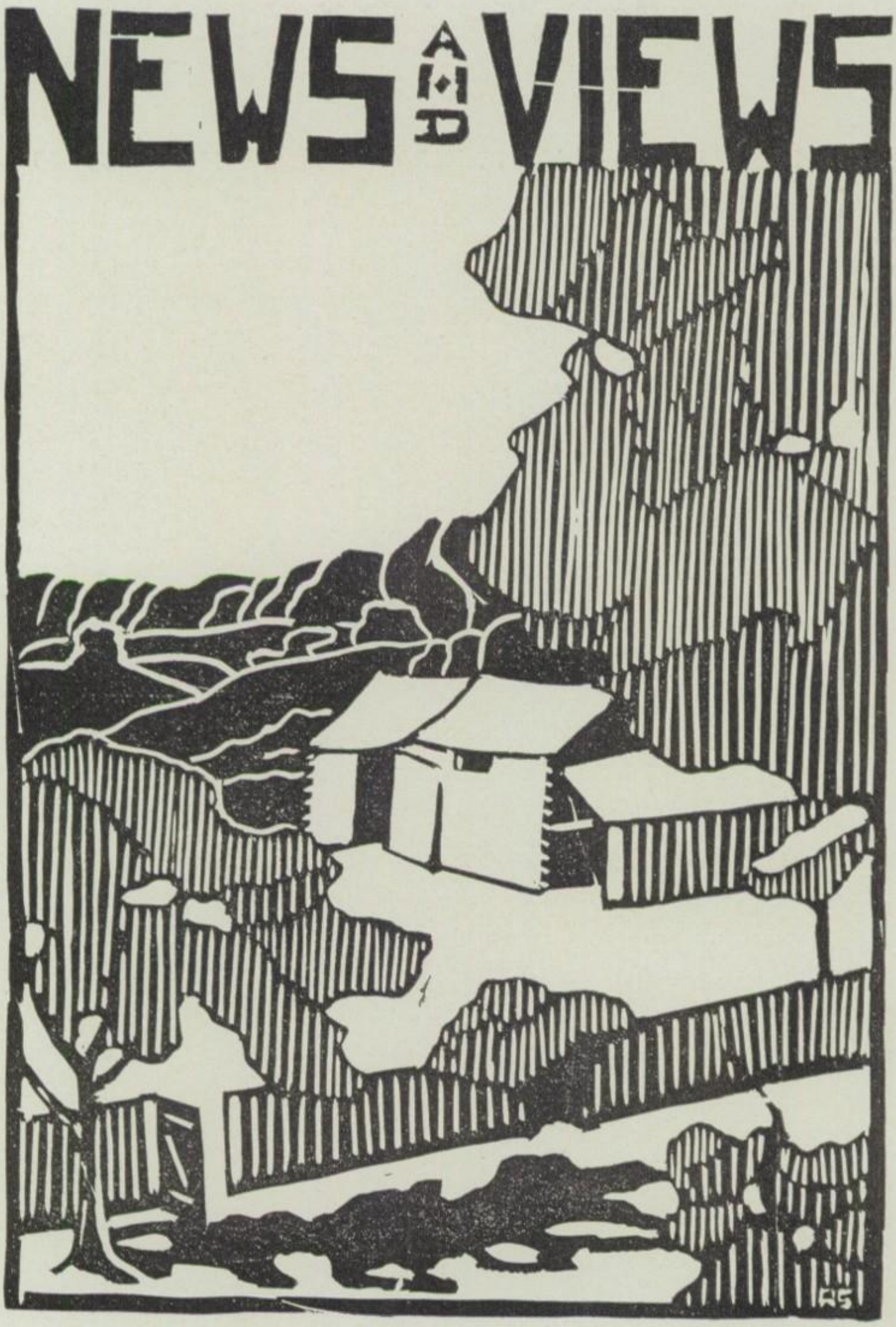
January to June, 1933

Otto von der Au
Editor

Audrey Thyson
Assoc. Editor

September to January 1934

BWANA STAFF


NEWS AND VIEWS

TORCH

SENIORS ELECTED IN THEIR NEW SENIOR TERM, JUNE, 1933

1. Dorothy Acker
2. Irwin Becker
3. Dorothy L. Clark
4. Adelen Doellefeld
5. Erna Garling
6. Elizabeth McGary
7. Audrey Mahoney
8. Jeannette Mathae
9. Marie Moore
10. Lenore Morley
11. Emil Mueller
12. Ruth Nowotny
13. Eleanor Schoppe
14. Verdie Standfuss
15. Sybil Swartout
16. Bernice Teuteberg
17. Otto Von der Au
18. Philip Weicker
19. Martha Willert

NEW SENIORS ELECTED NOVEMBER, 1933

1. Dorothea Carl
2. Sylvia Ratz
3. Ida Langeneckert
4. Corinne Kuenker
5. Jeanette Weiner
6. Anita Stephens
7. William Pascoe
8. Beryl Edwards
9. Ida Liss
10. Robert Graul
11. Dean Fales
12. Walter Emes
13. Ralph Bradshaw
14. Don Lorenz
15. Ruth Struckmeyer
16. Herman Waldman
17. Barbara Schafer
18. Mildred Auer
19. Blanche Pour
20. Maxine Steinberg
21. Virginia Garrett
22. Betty Waugh
23. Dorothy Mae Moore
24. Margaret Dunlavy
25. Esther Goldstein
26. Fred Mueller

SENIORS ELECTED DECEMBER, 1933

1. Winifred Wilkinson
2. Dorothy Gerock
3. Victor Lund
4. Vivian Huff
5. Frank Buchmeier
6. Adele Helmkampf
7. Dorothy Sydow
8. Norma Gamache
9. Irvin Kotner
10. Amberta Schoenthaler
11. Theda Kidd
12. Ruth Hausner
13. Hugh Karr
14. Kennedy Sheets
15. Rutn Lenz
16. Frances Fischang
17. Josephine Adams
18. Robert Baum
19. Joseph Lederer
20. Ernest Plesch
21. Morris Rich

TORCH MEMBERS—JUNE, 1933

TORCH

Spring, 1933

As a result of the Faculty vote plus Scholarship points plus Service points the following pupils were elected to Torch:

IN THEIR SENIOR TERM

1. Fern Ridinger
2. Carolyn Egenreither
3. Fred Pannell
4. Eleanor Schuler
5. Audrey Colyer
6. Mildred Roberts
7. Nancy Lupfer
8. Betty Bohannon
9. Lois Sutton
10. Nicholas Rosenhoffer
11. Thelma Rauschenplatt
12. Eleanor Oitzinger
13. Ruth Prante
14. Marion Dinzbach
15. Bernice Brauch
16. Helen Fischer
17. Edward Unwin
18. Annadore von Muenchhausen
19. Florence Timmerman
20. Mildred Reuter
21. Phil Haill
22. Ruth Damen
23. Neva Hedrich
24. Eric Bradley
25. Richard Waters
26. Edward Fischer
27. Hildegarde Kessler
28. Elmer Hellmich
29. John Hatina
30. Robert Mattingly
31. Marian Parmley
32. Elaine Huch
33. Beatrice Huth
34. Minerva Zax
35. Adele McConnell
36. Marjorie Stoeger

IN THEIR NEW SENIOR YEAR

1. Adelen Doellefeld
2. Ruth Nowotony
3. Otto von der Au
4. Bernice Teuteberg
5. Audrey Mahoney
6. Sybil Swartout
7. Martha Willert
8. Elizabeth McGary
9. Verdie Standfuss
10. Irvin Becker
11. Erna Garling
12. Marie Moore
13. Philip Weicher
14. Emil H. Mueller
15. Jeannette Mathae
16. Eleanor Schoppe
17. Dorothy Acker
18. Lenore Morley
19. Dorothy Clark

TORCH MEMBERS—DECEMBER, 1933

SCHOOL CALENDAR

September, 1933, to January, 1934

Sept. 5—Back to school. Everywhere we see such smiling faces as friends joyously greet each other. But wait until the grind actually starts!!!

Our new administration: Mr. Ammerman, Principal; Mr. Sackett, Assistant Principal.

Sept. 14—First meeting of the Student Council. Nominations for school elections.

Sept. 20—Again we snooze through major school elections disturbed only by the quacking of a duck, Indian war whoops, Mr. Wimpy's exuberant entreaty—and Fales.

First meeting of the Seniors. "Nominations are in order."

Sept. 21—Dr. J. B. Oxman, President of De Pauw University, holds the Roosevelt audience spellbound.

Student Council holds first business meeting. Mayor Fales takes the wheel to steer the ship of state on its storm-tossed course. Installation and more elections.

New Seniors organize for the term and nominations are held.

Sept. 27—Still more elections—Seniors elect Eugene Babbitt as president.

Sept. 28—New Seniors install officers with Jack Pearcy at the helm and Paul Lehner, vice-president.

Oct. 4—Prince Louis Ferdinand honors us with a visit. Even royalty is susceptible to Miss Hilb's voice.

Oct. 5—Senior Play tryouts. As usual, more girls than boys. Reason: boys fear outdoing the would-be Dietrichs.

Oct. 6—Interscholastic tennis tournament ends. Roosevelt places third.

Oct. 10—Mr. Finch speaks to an enthusiastic audience on NRA—"New Roosevelt Altitudes."

Oct. 13—Three bells. You guessed it. Fire Prevention Aud.

Oct. 14—We play our first league football game versus Soldan. The score—oh, forget it!

Oct. 20—First report cards. You remember.

Oct. 26—Football rally aud. Pep "R" peps up affairs.

Oct. 27—Tardiness Court resumes business, and paroles begin.

Nov. 4—Golf tourney places second in interscholastic competition.

Nov. 9 and 10—No school. Everybody happy? Teachers go in huddle devising new bags of tricks.

Nov. 14—Imported from the World's Fair—Miss Dorothy Dow, world's champion school typist. What rhythm!

BWANA

Nov. 17—Forty-seven new members elected to Torch. Philip Weicker is chosen to head the organization.

Nov. 24—The new "Torchies" are inducted. Ex-governor Caulfield speaks.

Nov. 25—Roosevelt breaks its own football record and wins from McKinley, 6-0. Last game of the season.

Nov. 29—A new type of Senior Play is introduced. The well-selected cast proves capable of acting dramatically in the "Enemy."

Dec. 4—Seniors defeat New Seniors (regulars) in a basketball contest in spite of New Seniors officiating.

Dec. 6—Are ya listenin'? Mr. Lorenzen is on the air. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the basketball aud."

Dec. 13—Miss Battle's Public Speaking class gives an aud. The boys had better watch out for their legislative positions in 1953.

Senior Hop. Everybody had a good time.

Dec. 19—Musical tryouts for graduation.

Dec. 20—Literary tryouts for graduation.

Jan. 2—Holidays over. Did you notice any smiling faces??

Jan. 15 and 16—Senior finals. Maybe I should have brought her an apple occasionally.

Jan. 23—The senior's last social: class day.

Jan. 26—Graduation. My—but it is a grand and glorious feeling!

AUDREY MAHONEY
OTTO VON DER AU

SCHOOL CALENDAR

January to June, 1933

February 1—Hurrah! We're off! For another glorious trip aboard the good ship *Roosevelt*. A twenty-week voyage of adventure.

February 14—Election Day! Such excitement. Were we worn out? Who said we didn't have a menagerie with the new Mayor's dog?

February 22—A holiday! How we appreciate Washington! We should!

February 23—Senior play tryouts. Someone should warn Garbo and Gable.

March 4—The Senior ship of state sailed today with Monty Johnson, Edith Tidrow, Leona Lankau, Justin Savage, and Jack Conners as crew. Pleasant voyage!

March 8—New Senior elections. Victor Lund is keeper of the gavel. Also first report cards. 'Nough said!

March 17—Hurrah, for Roosevelt! The basketball team won second place in the city tournament and third in state meet. A splendid example of the "Roosevelt fighting principle."

March 18—Sadness. Our beloved principal, Mr. Hart, passed away at half-past three in the afternoon.

March 20—School was dismissed at twelve so all who wished might attend the services for Mr. Hart at Grace Methodist Church.

March 31—The Roosevelt debating teams met Soldan and Cleveland, suffering a defeat at the hands of both. Too bad, boys. Better luck next time.

April 5—"My Country" was the subject of a very excellent auditorium program given by Miss Grace's public speaking class.

April 7—Memorial services for Mr. Hart were held in the auditorium here. Mr. Powell, Mr. Douglass, Mr. Bryan, and Arleen Thyson paid tributes to his memory. A portrait of Mr. Hart was presented to Mr. Ammerman by the student body as a permanent memorial.

April 10—Success at last! Bwana staff decided by a unanimous vote that this year's subject was to be "The Ozarks."

April 17—Clean-up week in St. Louis. One hundred Rooseveltians took part in the parade.

April 18—A fine concert was given by school orchestra. Torch elections. Best wishes to fifty-four new members.

April 22—Washington Oratorical Contest. Esther Hilton won the silver cup for Roosevelt.

April 27—Dean Fales elected president of Sixes. Good luck, Dean.

May 19—Senior Color Day. A red letter day for seniors and also the school at large.

May 26—Field Day. Lena Durbin elected Track Queen. A splendid parade. Roosevelt again demonstrated her prowess on the athletic field by winning the meet.

May 27—Roosevelt annexed the baseball championship again.

May 31—The school was entertained by Mask and Buskin in an interesting play.

June 5—Class Day for Seniors. Century Boat Club the scene of the party.

JOE GLOBIG
AUDREY COLYER

Senior Play April 28, 1933

CUBA

En una isla que se llama Cuba
Los días son felices siempre
Una persona no está abatida
Y el aire es muy dulce.

¡O Cuba! mi tierra querida
Donde flores bailan y rien
Y las casas con una reja
A tí los novios huyen.

¡O isla con muchachas hermosas!
A tí mi corazón volverá
Porque debajo de sus estrellitas
Mi triste corazon descansará.

—*Verdie Standfuss*
Term 7

SENIOR PLAY—SPRING, 1933

At last! The lights are out and darkness rules, but not for very long. The large audience waits breathlessly. The slightest sound can be heard as the curtain rises upon "Green Stockings," the Senior Play of the class of June, 1933.

There before us is the living room in the home of the rich Mr. Faraday (Julius Orabka). The family, Phyllis Faraday (Fern Ridinger) and her married sister, Madge Rockingham (Marian Rhodes), are coolly discussing with their aunt, Mrs. Chisholm Faraday (Margaret Brookes) the possibility of getting rid of the elder sister Celia Faraday (Very Milby). Until the present time it has been impossible to get the men interested in Celia, much to the disappointment of Phyllis, who cannot get married until Celia does, because an established custom decrees that the elder daughter, if unmarried, must wear a pair of green stockings at the wedding of the younger, and Celia's father insists that she be married before she has to wear another pair. Hence they have formed a cunning plan to get the elderly Admiral Grice (Gene Beare) to propose to her. Another sister, Evelyn Trenchard (Mary Louise Voorhees) and Robert Tarver (Kenneth Mandel), Phyllis' fiance, help in the plan. The family ceases their discussion as someone arrives. Who should it be but Celia herself, who has been out of town!

In order to stop the family's attempts to get her married, Celia announces her engagement to Colonel Smith, much to the surprise and delight of the family. With the sympathetic aid of her aunt, Celia manages to keep it secret from the family that Colonel Smith is purely an imaginary character. She is forced by the delighted family to write him a letter.

Celia puts aside all restraint in dress and helps in the elections, thus becoming popular with the young men, Henry Steele (William Gabbert) and James Raleigh (Mac Cheathem), the two who cause many laughs of the play. Celia, in her well-planned scheme, announces the death of her Colonel Smith in the papers and appears to be grieved. Much to the sorrow of our heroine, there proves to be in the army list a man named J. N. Smith (Dick Gault) who received her letter and comes to the house, posing as a friend of the late Colonel Smith. Many complications arise, and when Celia learns the truth, she plans to leave with her aunt in the night by the aid of the dignified butler, Martin (Richard Ruick). After an earnest entreaty by Colonel Smith, Celia changes her mind and comes back as the curtain falls, leaving a happy and laughing crowd of spectators.

Much is due to Mr. Kammerer who helped with the scenery and to the cast whose acting will not be forgotten by many. To Miss Helen Duffett, who by unceasing efforts, carefully and ably coached the play, goes the credit of making it one of the most enjoyable and successful plays presented at Roosevelt.

JEANNETTE MATHAE

SENIOR PLAY—NOVEMBER, 1933

On Wednesday, November 29, in the Roosevelt auditorium, "The Enemy" went over the top; its victory was sweeping. An unwritten treaty is now in existence—a demand for more plays like "The Enemy."

Comedies have always been successfully presented by previous Senior classes, but never before has such a stirring melodrama been enacted upon our stage. The story, full of pathos and tragedy, calls for extraordinary dramatic talent and skill which the cast supplied in abundance. Just as Carl Behrend, a young Austrian playwright, is living in peace and happiness with his wife, Pauli Arndt, war breaks out and he is ordered to the front. Carl's English friend, Bruce Gordon, who is in love with Pauli, is turned upon by his Austrian acquaintances, and he leaves the country to fight for England. Carl has an inborn horror of war and cannot bear the thought of killing anyone. He has depicted all of his ideals in a play which he has called "The Enemy." In spite of his aversion to war, Carl answers his country's call and joins the ranks with Fritz, a newspaperman, and Jan, a servant in the Arndt household. Conditions in Austria go from bad to worse. Professor Arndt, Pauli's father, loses his place in the university because he firmly and unflinchingly stands for pacifism. The Arndts and Mizzi, Fritz' wife, constantly struggle to obtain the bare necessities of life, while Mr. Behrend, Carl's father, grows rich by profiteering. Pauli's baby becomes sick because of malnutrition. The play reaches its gripping climax when Jan returns from war and relates the horrible details of Carl's death. Immediately after this, Pauli's baby dies, and the stricken young mother thanks God that her child will never suffer what Carl has. In the last act, peace has again returned. Carl's play has been produced in Vienna and has been acclaimed by hundreds. Bruce, still in love with Pauli, returns from England to tell her that he has spoken to a British producer and that "The Enemy" will soon be presented across the seas. Bruce is again received cordially by Fritz and Mizzi. In the final scene, Professor Arndt emphasizes Carl's belief that the real enemy in any war is hatred, and that wars are fought only because of pride, arrogance, greed, and jealousy. It is then that Pauli voices the passionate cry of millions of heartbroken wives and mothers: "God give us peace!"

Rosalie Fleming as Pauli presented an interpretation which was truly inspiring. Robert Millan completely won the sympathy of the audience with his portrayal of the young author so reluctant to abandon his ideals. The part of Fritz Winckelman, the common soldier with a fierce resentment of capitalists like Behrend, was capably played by Howard Mueller. Florence Hoefner as his adoring wife, Mizzi, gave a first-rate performance. The acting of Karl Klein was characterized by an appropriate dignity in keeping with the serene philosophy of Professor Arndt, while the performance of Harold Cobb as Jan, the soldier whose mind was dulled and whose spirit was bruised by a hideous remembrance, was one of the high spots in the play. The tense drama was lessened by Richard Echtenkamp as the ludicrously pompous capitalist and by

the happy-go-lucky mind, Baruska. Their humorous entertainment was a welcome contrast.

"The Enemy" ranks with the best of class plays, and has set a standard that will be hard to surpass. The cast was disciplined with military accuracy and thoroughness by General Grace who undoubtedly deserves an Iron Cross.

AUDREY THYSON

OUR DEBATE TEAM

The subject of the interscholastic debates, held on March 31, was, "Resolved: That the federal government should consent to the cancellation of the international war debts owed the United States."

The affirmative team, composed of Fred Mueller, Otto von der Au, Walter Emes, and Gus Heller (alternate), was defeated by Cleveland's negative team. The judges voted unanimously in favor of Cleveland. The negative team, composed of Joe Globig, Marvin Kirkham, Harry James, and Irwin Becker (alternate), was defeated by Soldan's affirmative to whom the judges gave unanimous decision.

Soldan and Cleveland won both their debates, thus necessitating a "play-off." Cleveland was victorious with a unanimous and two-to-one decision in her favor. There was no cup this year since Cleveland received the necessary three legs on the Princeton cup last year.

The prospects of a good debating team next year are bright, for two members of the affirmative team will be back. By action of the Roosevelt student council, the debaters will be awarded old English "R's" to place upon their sweaters. This will surely stimulate interest.

OTTO VON DER AU

BWANA

ROUGH RIDER

Faculty Advisers ..... { Mr. Kammerer / Miss Runge

STAFF
January to June, 1933

Editor ..... Elmer Hellmich
Associate Editor ..... A. Von Muenchausen
Business Manager ..... Russell Hibbert
Assistant Business Manager ..... Tom Losse
Exchange Manager ..... James Liebe

REPORTERS

Gene Beare
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Louise Brinkman
Gilbert Coughlin
Beryl Edwards
Edith Greiderer
Johanna Greiderer
Russell Hibbert
Ida Langeneckert
Elizabeth McGary
Wilson Maile
Robert Mattingly
Irene Myers
Sylvia Ratz
Russell Rothweiler
Jack Schildz
Wilbert Schwartz
Doris Soloman
Emily Steinmeyer
Bernice Teuteberg
Audrey Thyson
Olga Vohs
Otto Von der Au
Emma Willer
Dorothy Winkler
Marianne Wobus
Robert Wortmann

TYPISTS

Carolyn Eigenriether
Geraldine Fairchild
Ruth Henseik
Dorothea Hirning
Elaine Huch
Theresa Michaels
Irene Stone
Ilda Swain
Grace Wiethuechter

CARTOONISTS

William Collins
Herbert Markwort
Bob Millard
Justin Savage
Kenneth Scheibal
Victor Take

DISTRIBUTORS

Joe Arbini
Charles Baronovic
John H. Castleman
Harry Durham
Lee Hall
Al Iezzi
Jack Kennedy
Fred Mueller
Wm. Pemberton
Gentry Philpott
Stanley Rafalowski
Nickolas Rosenhoffer
Oliver Steiner
Dick Waters

STAFF
September, 1933, to January, 1934

Editor ..... Fred Mueller
Associate Editor ..... Sylvia Ratz
Business Manager ..... Tom Losse
Assistant Business Manager ..... Ralph Bradshaw
Exchange Manager ..... Herbert Markwort

REPORTERS

Carl Anderson
Robert Baum
Helene Braeutigam
William Brittain
Louise Brinkman
Gilbert Coughlin
Marjorie Dierberger
Laurell DuBois
Beryl Edwards
Robert Graul
Edith Greiderer
Johanna Greiderer
Alice Hibbert
Ida Langeneckert
William Leue
Don Lorenz
Elizabeth McGary
Wilson Maile
Frances Nations
Jack Montgomery
Irene Myers
Bill O'Connell
William Pascoe
Russell Rothweiler
Jack Schildz
Ortrude Schnaedelbach
Esther Schoenig
Moncrieff Smith
Margaret Snow
Doris Solomon
Bernice Teuteberg
Philip Thompson
Audrey Thyson
Olga Vohs
Otto Von Der Au
Emma Willer
Dorothy Winkler
Marianne Wobus

TYPISTS

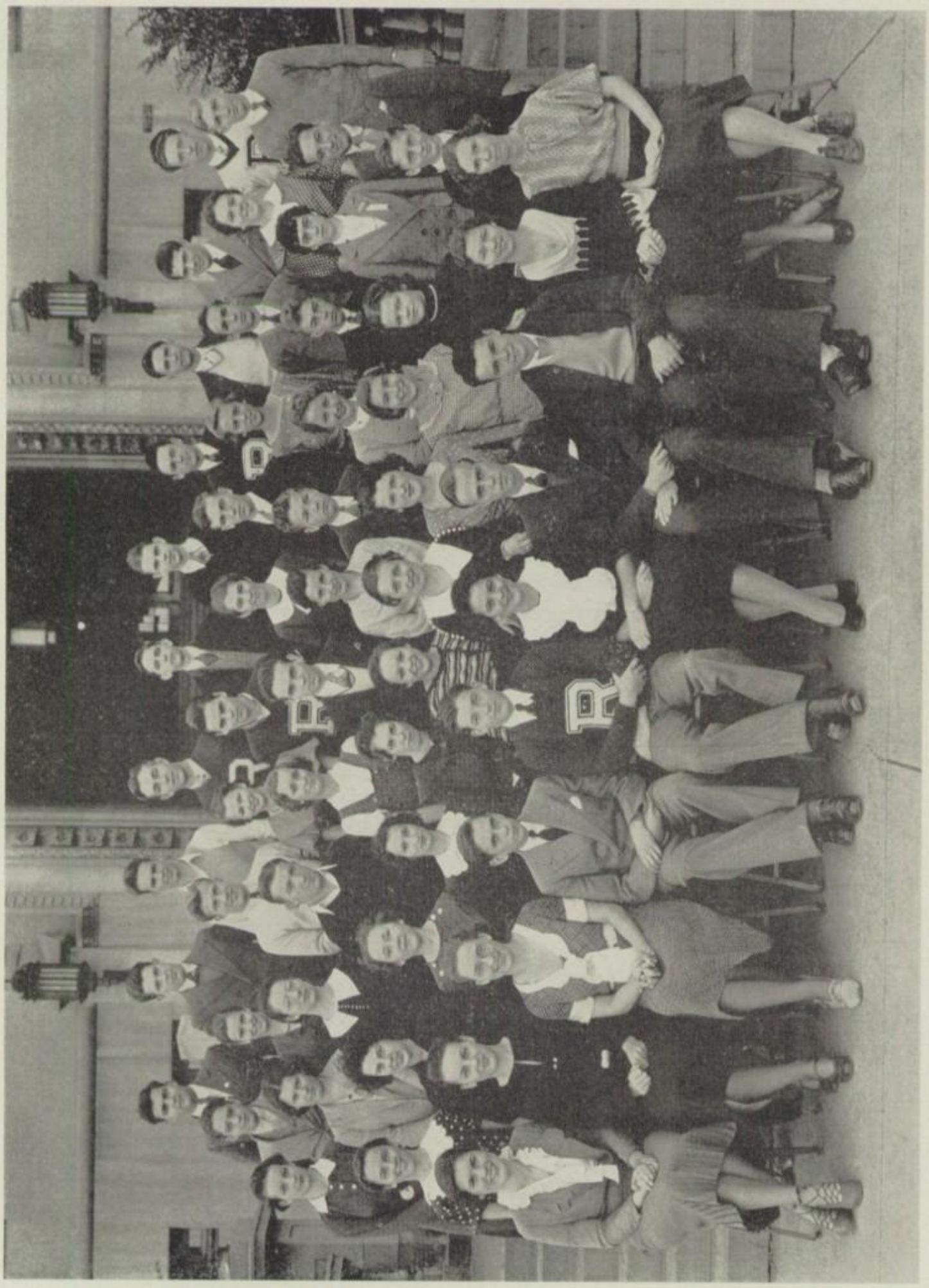
Geraldine Fairchild
Virginia Garrett
Esther Goldstein
Dorothea Hirning
Mary Liebe
Bobbie Linder
Lillian Schoen
Grace Wiethuechter

CARTOONISTS

Gladys Johnston
Herbert Markwort
Jack Savage
Kenneth Scheibal

DISTRIBUTORS

John Castleman
Robert Cooper
Bill Dore
Walter Graul
George Hancock
Bob Harle
Joe Lee
Dick McDougall
Gentry Philpott
Byron Watts
John Weingart



ROUGH RIDER

THE THOUGHTS OF A NEW JAY

We're just a crowd of New Jays—
That's all we are, they say;
But just you wait till our turn comes
Then WE will lead the way.
We are possessed of "All E" folk
As well as you "big shots"
And we have our failures too—
Of course, there are not lots.

We're just a crowd of "side-kicks";
Your orders we obey;
When we see an upper classman,
We soon get out his way.
And when we're in the lunchroom,
We don't know "the ropes";
But we'll learn, don't you forget;
At least, we live in hopes.

We're just a crowd of "freshies,"
We're here for you "to ride";
When we make a slight mistake
Oh! how it hurts our pride!
We ask for information,
The answer's never right.
Can you remember your first term?
Were you always in the right?

We're just a crowd of "happies,"
We're happy to be here;
We want an education,
So let the "uppers" jeer.
We'll lead the way to honor,
For that is our concern,
Our time will not be squandered,
Because we want to learn.

—Ruth Graul
Term 1

FIRST TERM BOYS

FIRST TERM GIRLS

SIXES

BWANA

SIXES

Purpose: To promote friendliness.

Moderator: Miss Wade

Time and Place of Meeting: First and third Tuesdays—Room 301 at 2:45.

OFFICERS

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Marvin Krekel
Vice-President:	Jack Montgomery
Secretary:	Junior Tidrow
Treasurer:	Norman Hartman
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Norman Dick

Door Monitors, 6 and 7 Hrs.

Supply Room

Miss Brown's Helpers

Advanced Chorus Class (Miss Stout)

Library Assoc.

Nurse's Room

Service Bureau

Book Room

Boys' Quartet and Accompanist

PORTRAIT OF A STUDENT COUNCIL SECRETARY TALKING TO HERSELF

(With apologies to Walter Winchell)

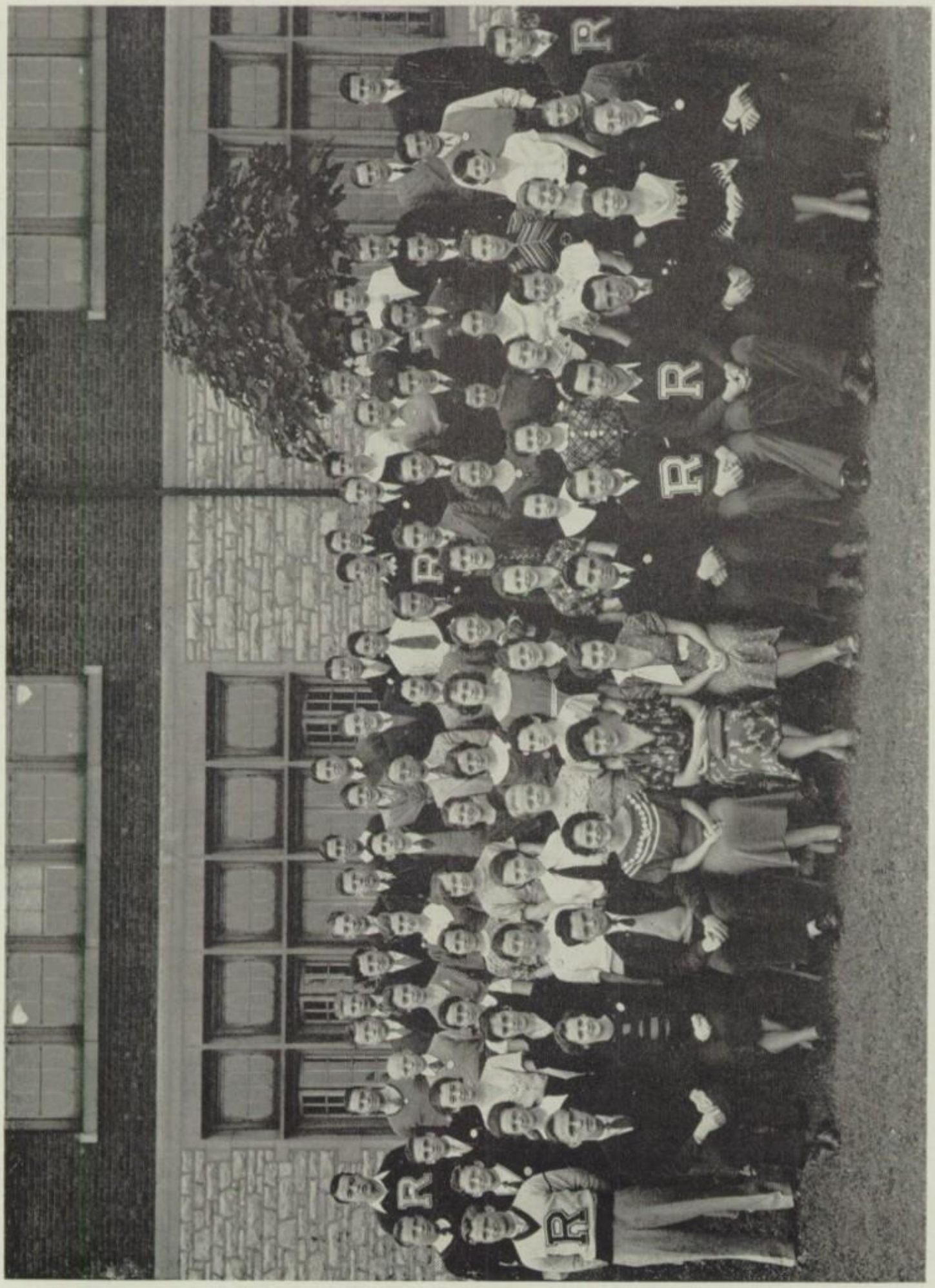
HO HUM! Another Student Council meeting. How the weeks slip around. Say, I'm early for a change. Everyone here seems to have a lot to talk about. I should gossip around to find out if there's anything I don't know. Nope, think I'll look at the minutes to see—wow, isn't Helen's dress adorable? She always wears the smartest clothes. I wish—oh, oh, three cheers, His Highness, the Mayor, has arrived. There he goes; up to see Miss Crowder, our moderator. He always has a last-minute chat with her—wonder if it's about his trip to Africa, always included in his "lingo"? I wish he'd get this meeting started. I hardly heard the bell ring with all this talking and laughing in here. Now, who's wandering in so slowly? For gracious sakes! If it isn't Vic Wildfong and Ed Chrisman, our football players. It's funny how they fail to heed such insignificant signals as bells. I think Helene Braeutigam's stealing Babe Le Roy's "stuff." I wish Irvin Becker would try to steal Harpo Mark's "stuff"—by the way, he's dumb. Don't take me wrong, Irvin. That's nothing like the one you "pulled" on me last week.

Well, why are they all looking at me—oh, oh, the roll call! On what pages are the names?—here!—Whew! That's that, until after the meeting when a dozen representatives will again prompt me on pronouncing their names correctly, such as Dorothy Goerrock (Gerock), Enrico Mesinee (Messina), Lawrell Dew Boy (Du Bois), Victor Shee-kit (Schuchat). What did Dean say? Oh, the minutes. The ones I have to read now should be called hours. Such humor—ugh! I wish Morris Rich wouldn't snore so loud. Emma Willer looks very quiet and peaceful—in her slumber. The mayor's rapping for the corrections, is waking them from all those "swell" dreams of beds in study halls, two weeks' holidays—and such pleasures.

Here's Ralph Bradshaw with his athletic report. I needn't waste my pencil lead for I know his "spell" by heart. That is, football tickets and "We will give our report on the matter of cheer-leaders next week." Dean, of course, claims it's gray matter. (Wonder why he takes the side of cheer-leaders?)

Everyone's holding his breath—not only because Fred Mueller is next, but to know what subject will be omitted next week. Fern Wallace is all "mad in the face" because it's her study period, and is Marvin Krekel angry? He doesn't even get to go. Wonder what Jack Pearcy and Ernest Plesch are "gabbing about"—Ernest has that crimson complexion and Jack's dimples are more pronounced than ever.

Poor Gene! I can't imagine what he'd do for a report if lockers were suddenly abolished. The Committee can at least thank the girls for giving them something to do and something to report about. An orchid for you, Mr. Babbitt.



STUDENT COUNCIL

Audrey Mahoney, Chairman of the Finance Committee, announces that Mr. Riley's group won the Scholarship banner. Martha Willert is all smiles. I bet she boosted it 100%.

Everyone seems to be enjoying himself, even voting pleasantly to pay two bills. Well, for one thing, look who presented them, Sylvia Ratz. Blame them?

No telling what Gish will tell us; the Welfare Committee reports about everything from motorcycles to sanitary drinking fountains. This time it is something about singing songs in advisories. Ouch! It isn't enough to suffer in classes!

I know what to put in the minutes before Otto says he has only a short report. *Bwana* Material is needed—contests, photographs, and cartoons. I always gaze around while he explains it in a Von der Au manner. That wise-cracking crowd in the first two rows on my right is busy again. I wonder what Vic Lund is telling them now. They must laugh at his puns and jokes, for he's vice-president of this serious-minded organization. (Tell me, how did he get in?)

I can't imagine what the Council will do with this extra time. Sh! Dean's thinking. Quiet, please! Dawn—"Mr. Emes will please give a model report of the meeting's procedure. I wish Walter would modify his English a bit, so the secretary could take some notes.

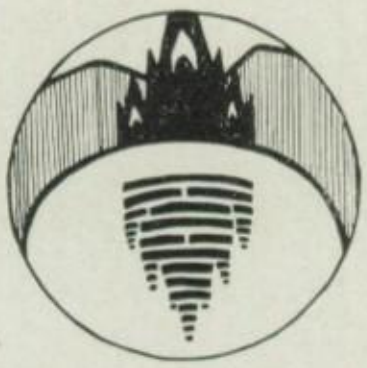
Oh, pardon me. Excuse the yawn! Ah! My life-saver. No, no, not mints—the bell! Wowie! what a mix-up! Eighty-three representatives trying to get out of the door at the same time to those potatoes, sandwiches, and ice cream.

By the way, I forgot to sign my minutes in these seconds of rush to my sixth hour class of the day.

Respectfully submitted,

W. W.

(With apologies to Walter Winchell)
(Apologetically, Winifred Wilkinson)



ALUMNI NOTES

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min'?

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

Gene Beare
Betty Bohannon
Bernice Brauch
William Collins
Billy Evans
James Foerster
Mary Jane Frank
Oliver Haas
Thelma Hollowell
Gene Heberer
Alviero Iezzi
Evelyn Jacober
Elizabeth Kouri
Sidney Ladin
Ruth Leilich
Robert Liddle
Jack Losse
Helen Mardorf
Henry McQuade
George Pearcy
Katherine Quinlan
Eleanor Schuler
Bob Silber
Arleen Thyson
Edward Univere
Janita Walters

MISSOURI UNIVERSITY

Betty Avery
Gail Hammond
Charles Hoke
Carl Lange
Paul Roberts
Allene Sanders
Esther Marie Schnaedelbach
Joseph Steiner
Marjorie Jean Stoerger
Richard Waters

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY

Jack Connors
Norman Kloepper
Arthur Kuhl
Jane Ratz
Harry Rhodes

HADLEY VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

Hazel Martin
William Matouchek
Adele Meyers
William Pemberton
Ray Reidel
Justin Savage
Norwood Stone
Mabel Zimmer

RUBICAM BUSINESS SCHOOL

Marie Louise Carnet
Audrey Colyer
Erma Ellis
Helen Guilfoil
Marion Rauschkolb
Helen Ray
Gertrude Rothenberg
Ruth Schneider
Marie Staudinger
Marion Dinzbach
Marie Woehr

BROWN'S BUSINESS SCHOOL

Anita Bottini
Dorothea Dieterle
Caroline Egenriether
Ednamae Gerber
Hildegarde Kessler
Catherine Muehlbauer
Julius Orabka
Thelma Rauschenplatt
Martha Seigle

MISCELLANEOUS

Amy Brenner—Lindenwood College.
Thelma Stevens—Lindenwood College.
Miriam Turner—Lindenwood College.
Shirley Lee Barron—Denver University.
Kert Bemberg—Iowa State University.
Robert Buchanan—University of New Mexico.
Bernice Drumm is working for a fuel company.
Joe Globig—Missouri Business School.
Inez Hartung is working in the Campus Shop of a downtown shop.
Martha Heinecke—Stephens College.
Russell Hibbert—Illinois University.
Harry James is a drug clerk.
Irwin Johnson is working downtown.
Marie Jostes—Fontbonne.
Theresa Michaels is now a stenographer downtown.
Marianna Montgomery—Harris Teacher College.
Annadore von Muenchausen is teaching ballroom dancing.
Eli Pultman—Washington Night School.
Albert Schoenbeck works at the Federal Reserve Bank.
Ted Stewart is working for a shoe company.
Limetta Strain is a dentist's assistant.
Ilda Swain is working in a downtown department store.
Alfred Schoenig is working for a fuel company.
Dorothy Vander Pluym is giving piano lessons.
Alfonso Welhausen—Kansas University.

MARY LIEBE and FRED MUELLER

DAYS AT THE FAIR

A SUDDEN jar of the train announced our reaching Chicago. We made a mad rush for the door. Duffle bags were slung over shoulders, hats set at cocky angles, and all of us started uttering vocal noises that slightly resembled singing. For instance—"We're here because we're here." Several of the fellows made record time in a sprint for the bus where a general free-for-all ensued. After temporary peace was established, we started on our way to what would be our domicile in Chicago. (It later proved to be a rather leaky tent.) The bus careened its way down Michigan Boulevard while we sang merrily. Probably most of Chicago thought that the lunatics were loose.

By this time you may have guessed that "we" is a crowd of scouts. Well, so much for our arrival. What an arrival!

That evening we had our first glimpse of the Fair. It was really an inspiring sight to see the modernistic buildings and colorful lighting effects. We entered the Fair and made a "mess" attack upon a restaurant. The owners must have thought it was the reforestration army coming in. Scouts will be scouts. Then we visited the Travel and Transportation Building. Its exhibits were those of railroad, airplane, automobile, and boat manufacturers, together with those corporations that furnish fuel for transportation. After seeing this exhibit we took a ride on the Flying Turns which made me glad to get my feet back on terra firma. We arrived "home" in the very early hours, worn out.

During the next three days we visited many exhibits, the most interesting being the Hall of Science. One could write volumes on the contents of this building. The Electrical Exhibit was also intensely interesting. The Missouri Booth in the Court of States was one of the most picturesque. It consisted of painted scenery moving alongside a bridge. It was entitled "Motoring in the Ozarks." In the foreground real plants were growing amid deposits of mineral which appeared to have been unearthed. A typical Ozark spring gurgled forth from among the rocks. All the products of the Ozarks were exhibited in a separate group. A model of an Ozark girl was shown which made all of us fellows want to get back to Missouri. And, of course, there was a detailed model of Bagnell Dam.

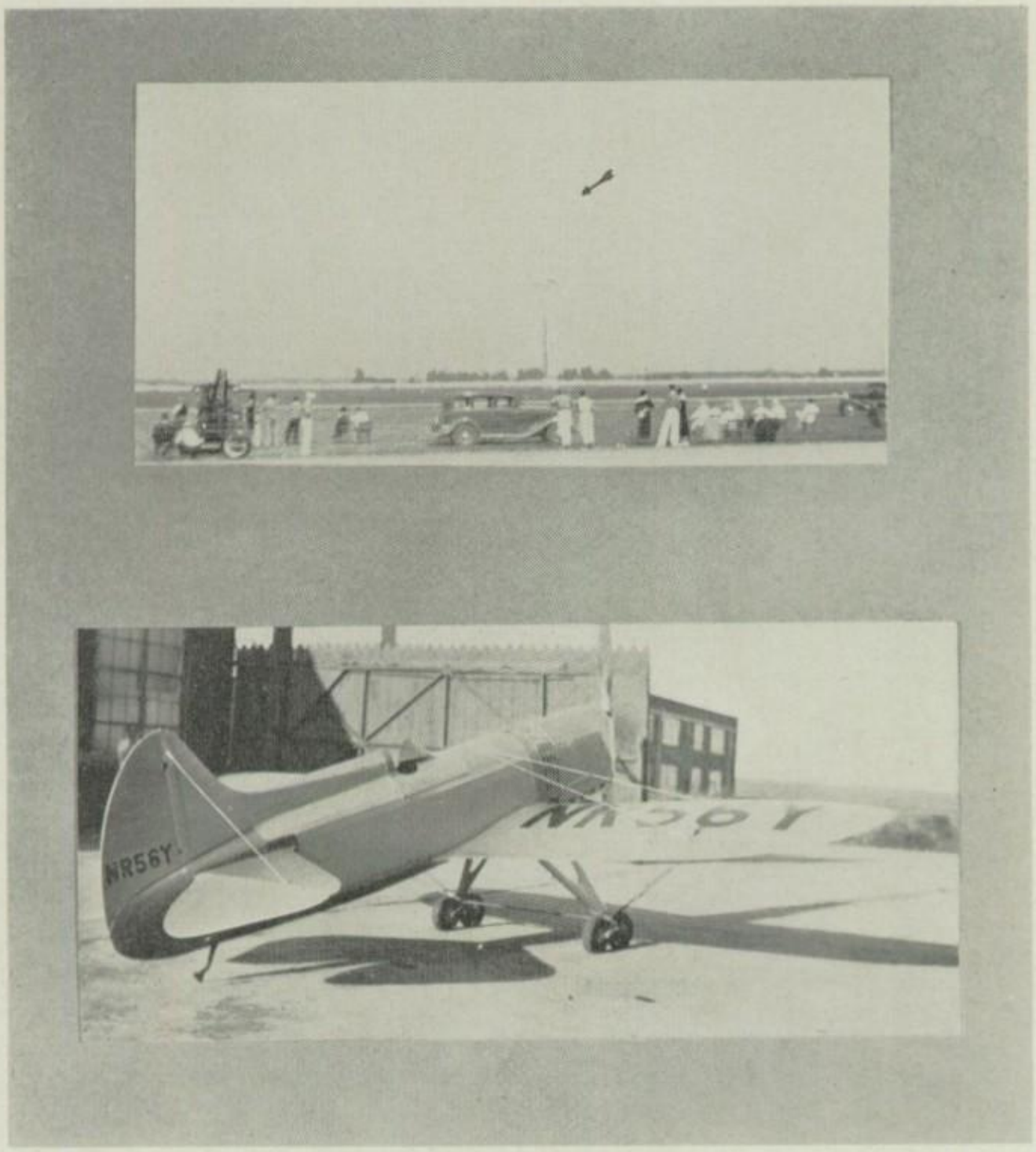
On Friday we went to see the International Air Races. The first event of the day was a Parachute Jumping Contest. The contestant who landed nearest the center of a circle won the event. Four races were held that day. There was many breath taking performances between these events. One was a parachute jump in which the jumper fell 10,000 feet before opening his chute. The fastest speed that day was about three hundred miles per hour. Immediately after the last event had been run off the inflation of the balloons began. These were for the James Gordon Bennett Balloon Race to be held the next day. Entrants from all over the world were in this event.

BWANA

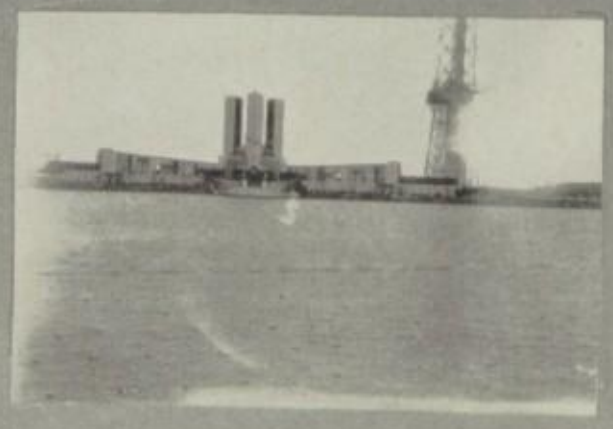
On the fifth day we were allowed to roam at leisure over the Fair. Several of us stuck together all day. First we took a speedboat ride on the lake which nearly drowned us. Then we visited the General Exhibits Group. That night we watched the fireworks. These were displayed every night at nine o'clock. After that we went to the Belgium Village. It was just like a quaint, little town in that peaceful country.

The next morning we left for St. Louis. The crowd was still emitting vocal noises, but the tone had changed, going down the scale like this, *ZZZZZzzzz——*.

WILLIAM PASCOE



THE AIR RACES



VIEWS OF
CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR

OUR ORATORICAL CONTEST

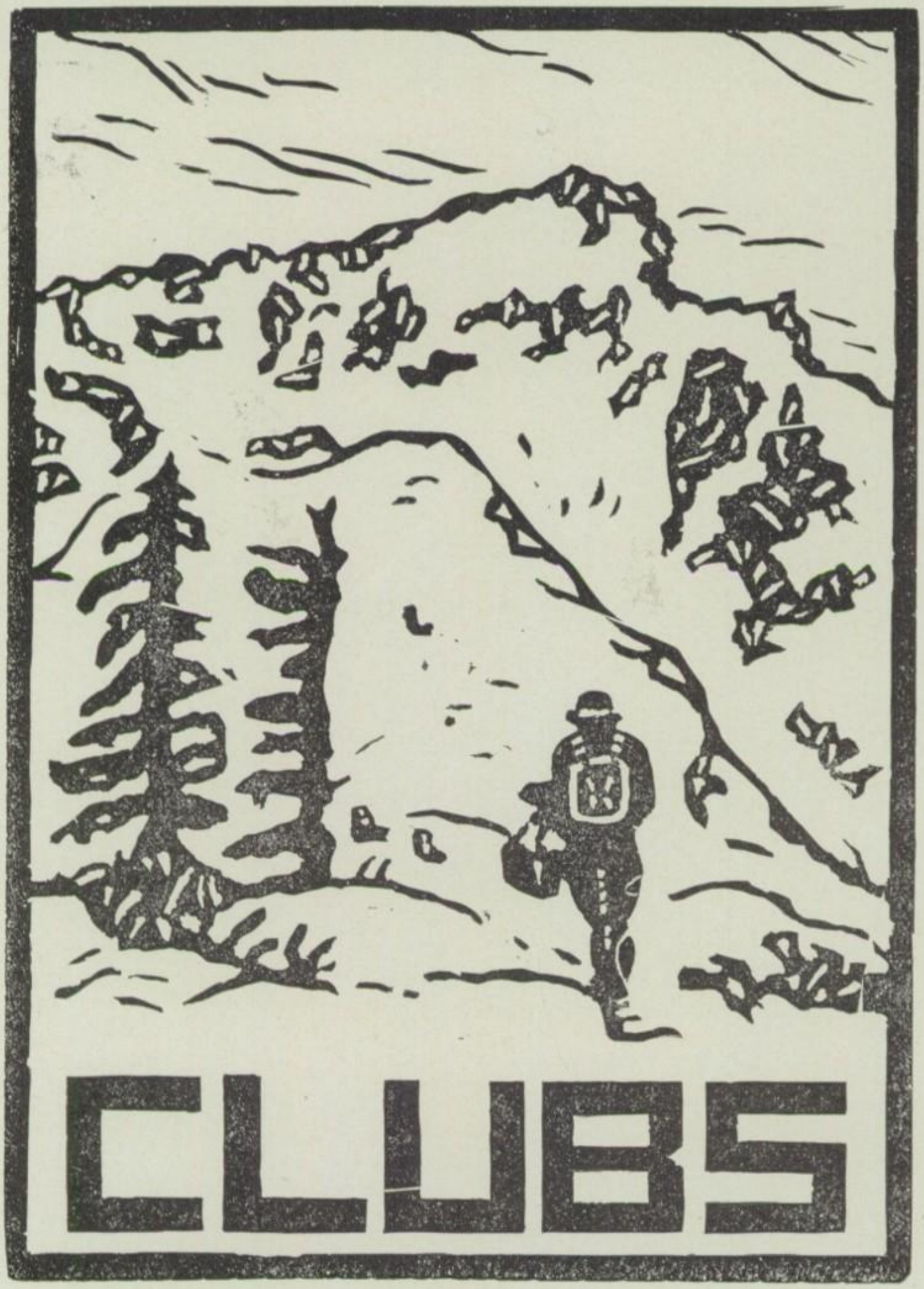
In the beginning of the January, 1933, term many of our loyal and ambitious Rooseveltians industriously attended the tryouts of the Oratorical Contest which is held every term in order to determine which high school of the city and the county can boast the best orators. After much concentration on the part of the judges, Esther Hilton and Joe Globig were chosen to represent Roosevelt High School in the contest.

The subjects of the orations were: "The Call of the Spirit" and "America in a New Deal." The contest was held at Graham Memorial Chapel, Washington University, Saturday, April 22, at eight o'clock.

Loyal to the Crimson and White, many Rooseveltians attended the contest to inspire our orators. Due to this support and her own skill at presenting her subject, Esther Hilton carried away the victory. Joe Globig, our second representative, also made a splendid showing.

Miss Hilton was awarded a large silver cup which was presented to her at a special auditorium session.

DOROTHEA CARL


CLUBS

ART CLUB

Purpose: To foster interest in art among members, to make articles of artistic merit, and to be of service to school and community.

Moderator: Miss Place

Time and Place of Meeting: First and third Tuesdays of month—Room 308. Second and fourth Tuesdays of month—Art Museum.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Virginia Zimmer
Vice-President:	Ellen Schroeder
Secretary:	Dorothy Winkler
Treasurer:	Margaret Szasz

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Blossom Uthoff
Vice-President:	Emma Willer
Secretary:	Marcella Hasenfratz
Treasurer:	Dorothy Winkler
Librarian:	Margaret Wallis

ART FELLOWSHIP

Purpose: To promote interest in the appreciation of the exhibits at the Art Museum; to co-ordinate the study of history, geography, and literature with a study of the art of various periods.

Moderator: Miss Simon

Time and Place of Meeting: Second and fourth Thursdays at the Art Museum.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President: Victor Schuchat
Secretary: Fern Guenther

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President: Victor Schuchat
Vice-President: June Moehle
Secretary: Joel Steinberg
Treasurer: William Erb

ATHENAEUM

Purpose: To stimulate interest in history.

Moderator: Miss Elmore

Time and Place of Meeting: B Thursdays—Room 8.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Joe Globig
Vice-President:	Gene Beare
Secretary:	Audrey Thyson
Treasurer:	Marie Knudsen
Editor *Mercury:*	Thelma Hollowell
Associate Editor *Mercury:*	Erna Garling

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Herman Wichmann
Vice-President:	Audrey Thyson
Secretary:	Marie Moore
Treasurers:	Selma Rosen Dean Fales
Editor *Mercury:*	Dorothy Acker
Associate Editor *Mercury:*	Doris Solomon

ENGINEERING CLUB

Purpose: To furnish vocational guidance to prospective engineering students by presenting to them the work and the conditions of the various engineering professions.

Moderator: Mr. Marx

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Friday—Room 112.

OFFICERS

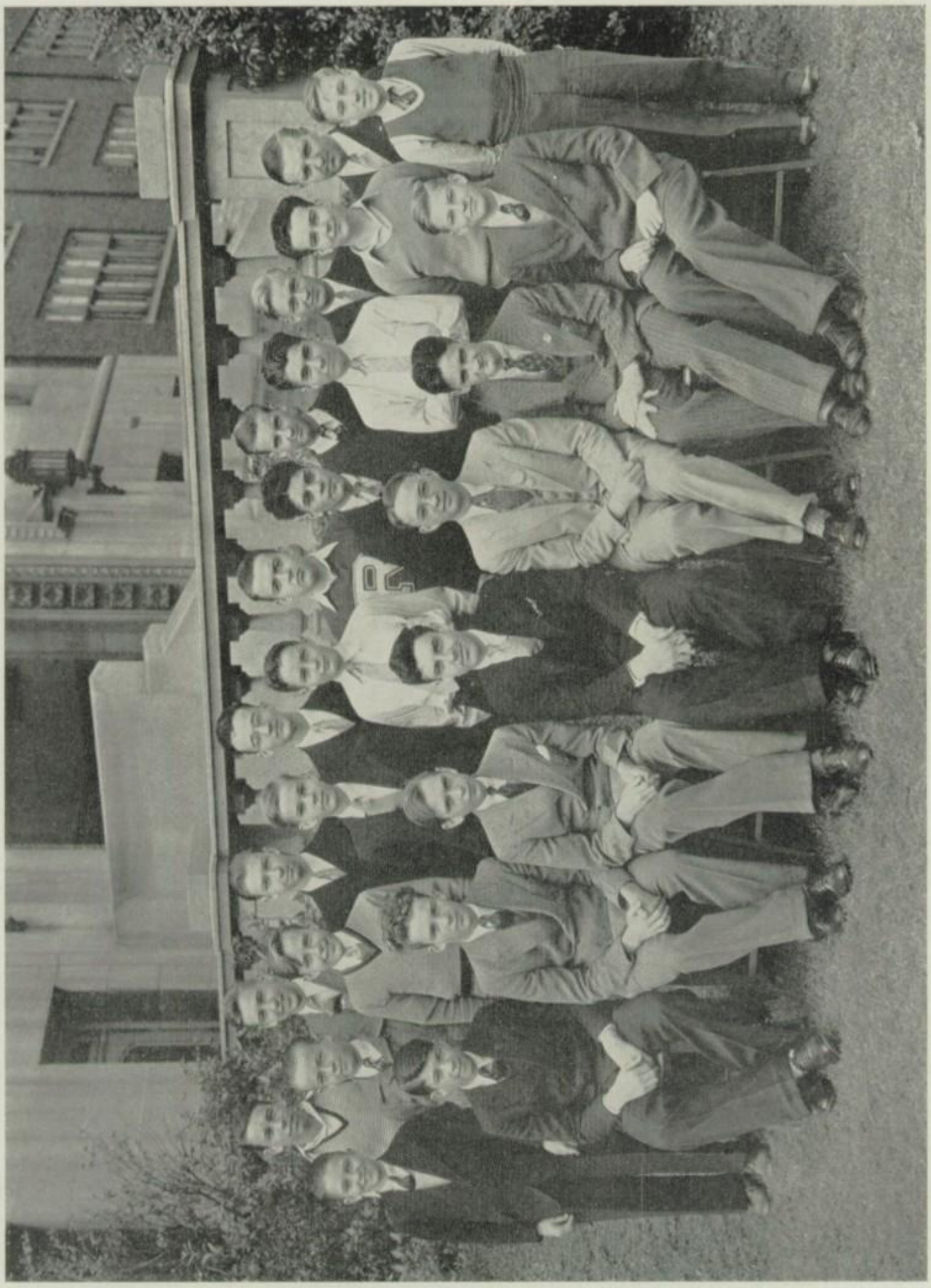
January to June, 1933

President:	Harry Maher
Secretary:	Thomas Connelly
Treasurer:	Norman Rouggly

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Harry Maher
Secretary:	Frank Buchmeier
Treasurer:	Herbert Markwort

ATHENAEUM



ENGINEERING CLUB

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

AVIATION

Purpose: To stimulate interest in the promotion of commercial aviation and scientific model building.

Moderator: Mr. Piliboss

Time and Place of Meeting: Thursdays, after school, in Room 227.

OFFICERS

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President: Russell Hofmeister
Secretary and Treasurer: William Pascoe

BICYCLE CLUB

Purpose: To promote further enjoyment of cycling.

Moderator: Miss Wolff

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Tuesday. Entrance to Tower Grove Park on Magnolia and Grand.

OFFICERS

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President: Margaret Neumayer
Secretary: Louise Brinkman

BAND

Purpose: Ensemble practice, acquaintance with good music, development of technique, contribution to school spirit.

Moderator: Mr. Cleland

Time and Place of Meeting: Room 403, Seventh Period, Daily.

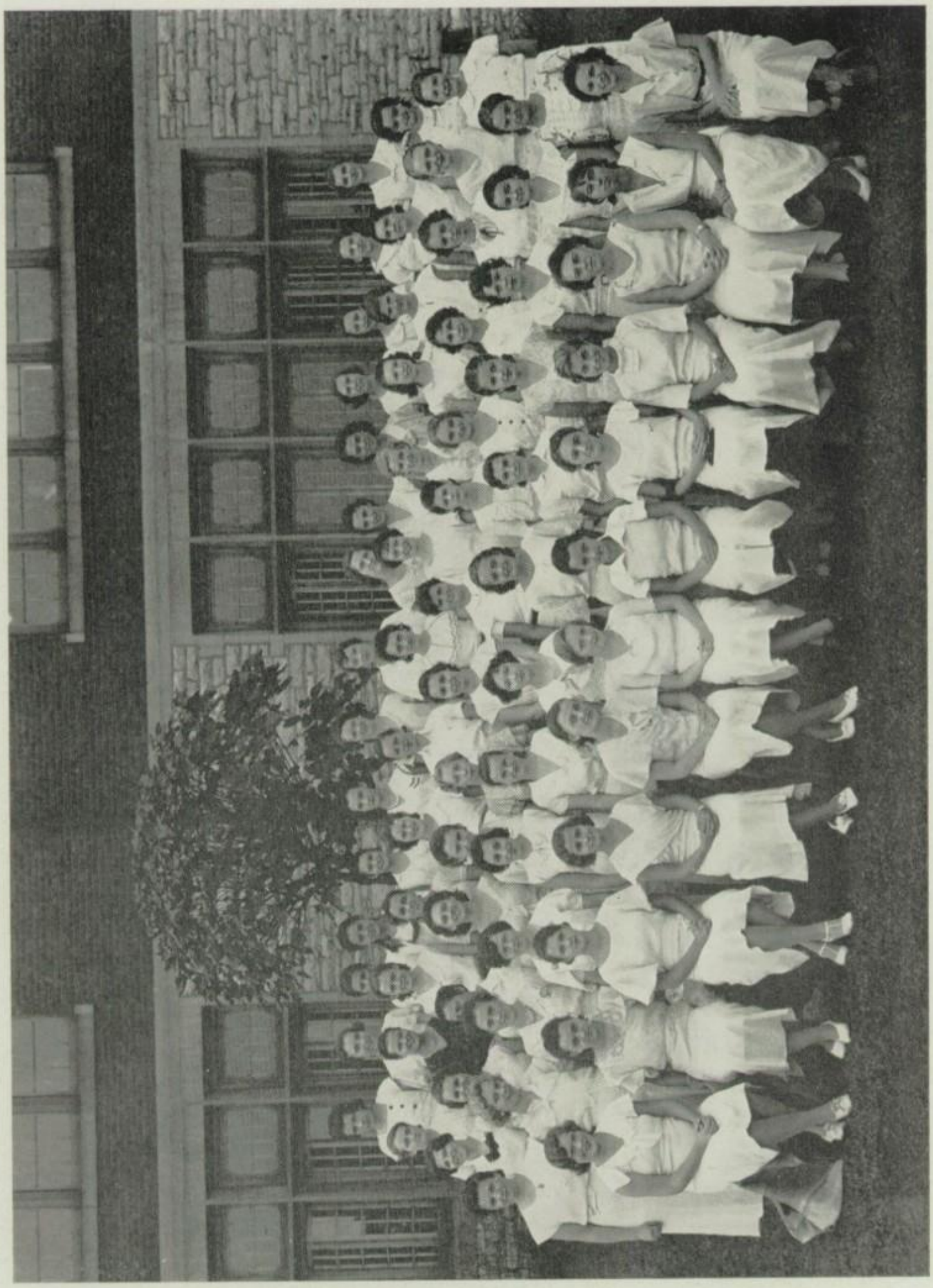
OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President: Jack Ritchey
Secretary and Treasurer: Thomas Eskridge

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President: Everett Best
Secretary and Treasurer: Julius Schwartz



CAROL CLUB

CAROL CLUB

Purpose: The development of skill in ensemble singing.

Moderator: Miss Hilb

Time and Place of Meeting: Fourth period—Tuesdays—Room 402, Fridays—Room 301.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Sylvia Ratz
Vice-President:	Ruth Laughlin
Secretary:	Marie Knudsen
Treasurer:	Anita Stephens
Librarians:	Eileen Marsh, Delphine Jungk

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Ruth Hemminghaus
Vice-President:	Miriam Fales
Secretary:	Dorothea Carl
Treasurer:	Pauline Manness
Librarians:	Marcia Koerner, Esther Huber

COLLEGE CLUB

Purpose: To furnish opportunity for the development and expression of individual talent, especially in the literary field, and to train its members in the art of public speaking.

Moderator: Miss M. C. Dockery

Time and Place of Meeting: Second and fourth Fridays of each month—Room 301.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Barbara Schafer
Vice-President:	Margaret Neumayer
Recording Secretary:	Marjory Dierberger
Treasurer:	Martha Willert
Corresponding Secretary:	Peggy Dutton
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Sally Chase

(Continued on page 195)

COLLEGE CLUB

(Continuation of list of College Club Officers)

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Peggy Dutton
Vice-President:	Louise Brinkman
Recording Secretary:	Edmonia Ehrhart
Treasurer:	Margaret Neumayer
Corresponding Secretary:	Esther Jane Liddle
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Helene Braeutigam

GERMAN CLUB

Purpose: The German Club not only furnishes entertainment for its members, but it also strives to give them as much practice in German as possible. The work of the club consists in acting German plays, singing German songs, playing interesting German games, reading German poetry and prose, and presenting German folk-dances. A bi-weekly paper, *Plauderei,* is published entirely in German. It consists of editorials, news, literary writings, and humor.

Moderator: Miss Debatin

Time and Place of Meeting: B Tuesdays—Room 402.

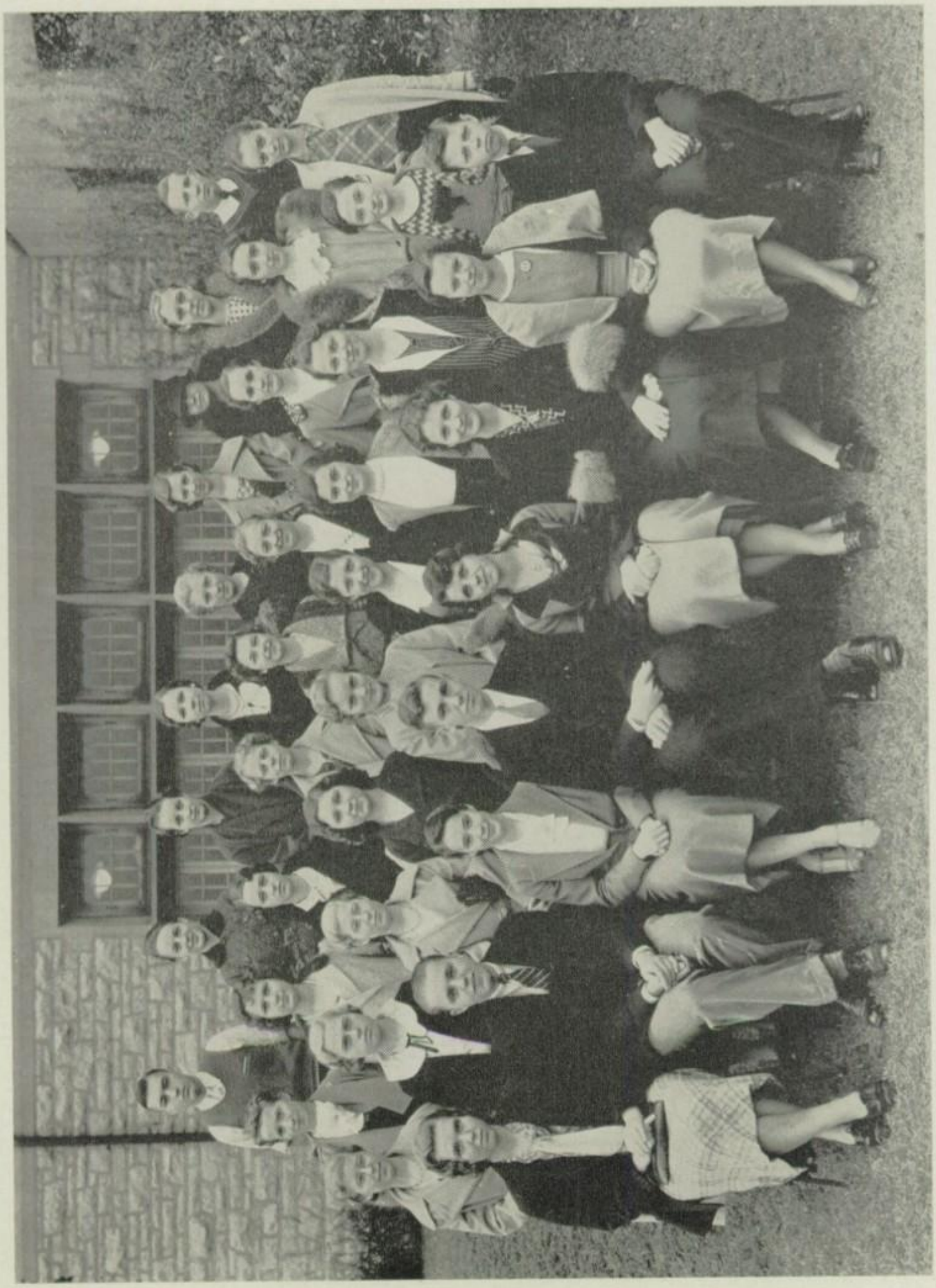
OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

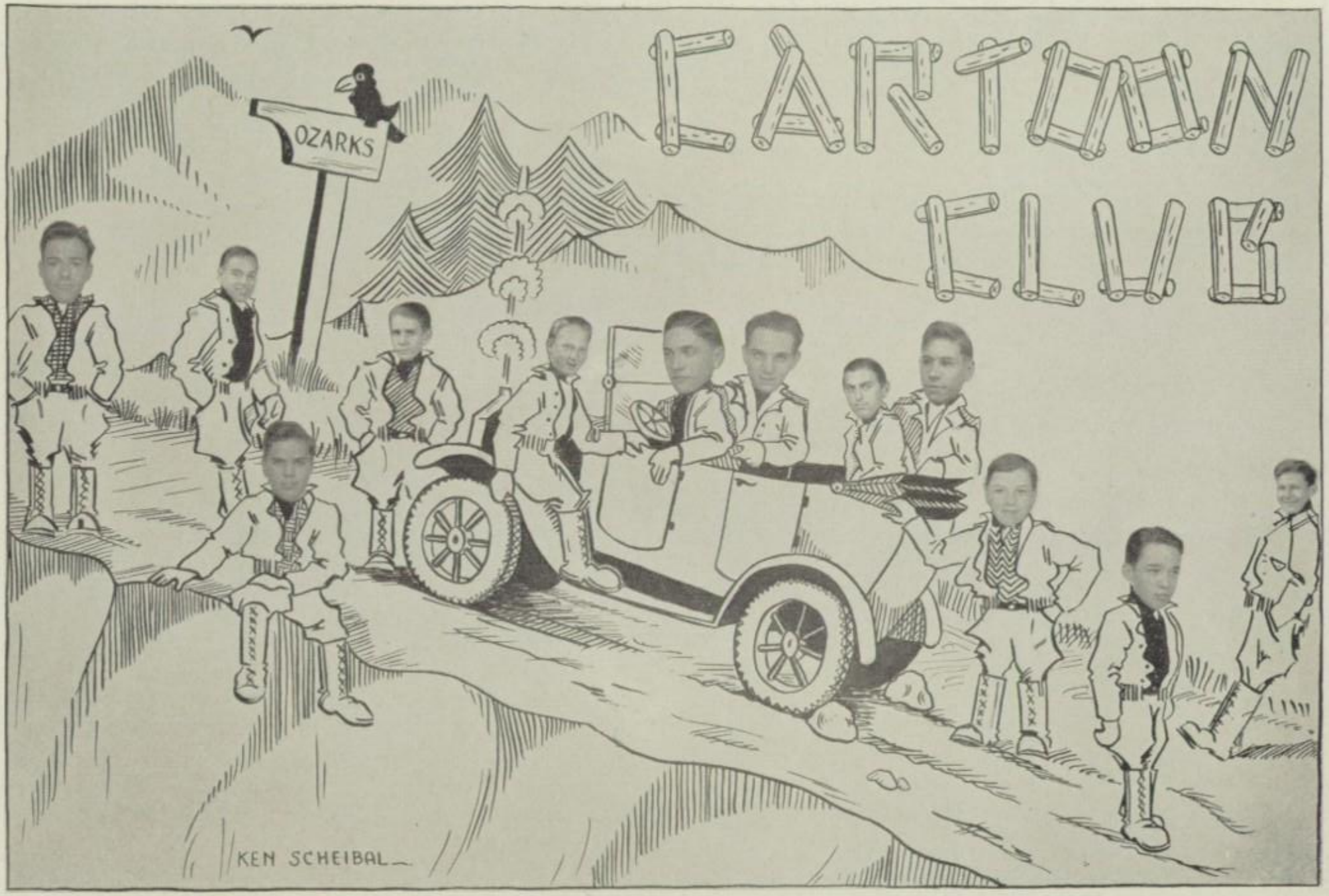
President:	Charlotte DeLacy
Vice-President:	Otto Von der Au
Secretary:	Theodor Tuenge
Treasurer:	Francis Sohm
Editor-in-Chief, *Plauderei:*	Charlotte DeLacy
News Editor:	Otto Von der Au
Literary Editor:	Edmonia Ehrhart
Humor Editor:	James Foerster

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Otto Von der Au
Vice-President:	Edmonia Ehrhart
Secretary:	Charlotte DeLacy
Treasurer:	Margaret Huning
Editor-in-Chief, *Plauderei:*	Otto Von der Au
News Editor:	Ernest Plesch
Literary Editor:	Florence Hoefener
Humor Editor:	Elaine Foerster



GERMAN CLUB



CARTOON CLUB

Won First Place in Contest

CARTOON CLUB

Purpose: The purpose of the Cartoon Club is to teach and stimulate interest in the making of cartoons. We use "The Landon Course of Cartooning."

Moderator: Miss Barbee

Time and Place of Meeting: Thursday at three o'clock—Room 306.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Kenneth Scheibel
Vice-President:	Russell Rothweiler
Secretary:	Raymond Faisst
Treasurer:	John Schwob
Librarian:	William Oberhauser

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Kenneth Scheibel
Vice-President:	Russell Rothweiler
Secretary:	John Schwob
Treasurer:	Ralph Rauscher
Librarian:	William Oberhauser

GLEE CLUB

Purpose: The development of skill in ensemble singing.

Moderator: Miss Hilb, January to June; Miss Stout, September to January

Time and Place of Meeting: Daily, second period—Room 402.

OFFICERS

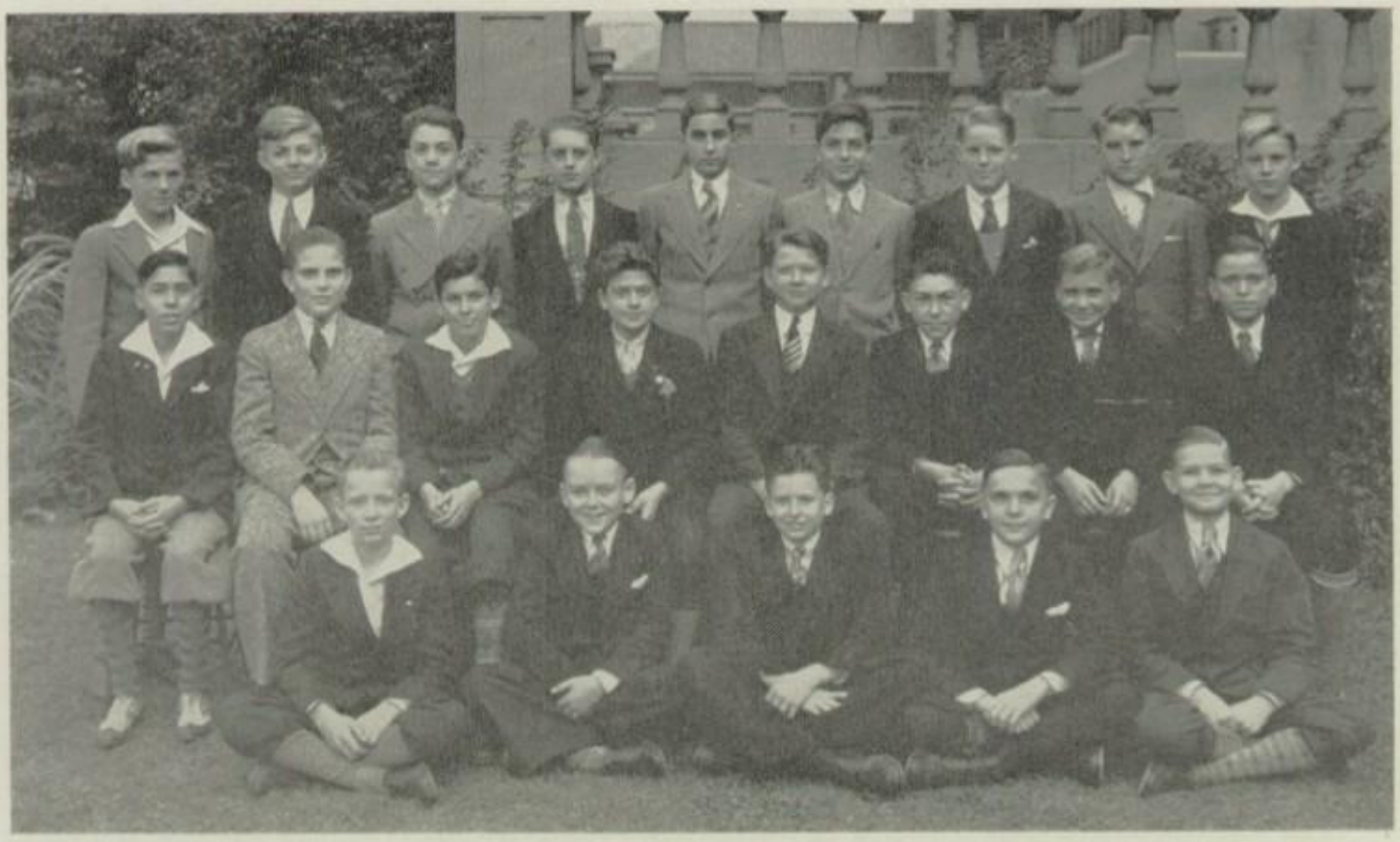
January to June, 1933

President:	Robert Liddle
Vice-President:	James Price
Secretary:	Hershel Combs
Treasurer:	Dean Fales
Librarians:	Irvin Becker, Bill Bickham

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Dean Fales
Vice-President:	Ed Wedel
Secretary:	Milton Hoffman
Treasurer:	Roland May
Librarians:	Herman Laub, Bill Bickham

GLEE CLUB



BOYS' CHOIR

Purpose: To develop boy soprano voices to sing music particularly suitable for that type of voice.

Moderator: Miss Hilb

Time and Place of Meeting: "A" period daily.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Robert Hoffstot
Librarian:	Eddie Doerr

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Don Walters
Secretary:	Robert Hoffstot
Treasurer:	Alvin Bemarkt
Librarian:	Herman Hoyer

CHESS CLUB

Purpose: To further interest and knowledge of chess.

Moderator: Mr. Bock

Time and Place of Meeting: Mondays—Room 310.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Paul Holmes
Vice-President:	Cecil Baker
Secretary and Treasurer:	George Fay
Librarian:	Rayburn Armbruster
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Verdi Standfuss

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Edwin Robinson
Vice-President:	Alma Cann
Secretary and Treasurer:	Helen Klouzek
Librarian:	Bill Hardgrove
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Phil Thompson

FORUM

Purpose: The purpose of this society is to promote an interest in public questions, literature, debating, and public speaking.

Moderator: Mr. B. C. Rush

Time and Place of Meeting: B Tuesdays—Room 106.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Harry James
Vice-President:	Marvin Kirkham
Secretary:	Gus Heller
Treasurer:	Joe Globig
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Irvin Becker

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Eugene Blackwell
Vice-President:	Victor Lund
Secretary:	Northcutt Coil
Treasurer:	Robert Bard
Sergeant-at-Arms:	John Fleming

BOYS' LITERARY SOCIETY

ICICLES

Purpose: Skating.

Moderator: Miss Eisenhardt

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Friday—Room 119.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Winifred Wilkinson
Vice-President:	Emily Steinmeyer
Secretary:	Eleanor Schuler
Treasurer:	Virginia Miller

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Virginia Miller
Vice-President:	Katherine Taetz
Secretary:	Mary Jane Steidemann
Treasurer:	Edith Reed

LITERARY

Purpose: To encourage and develop ability in speech and debate.

Moderator: Mr. J. E. Schmale

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Friday—Room 7.

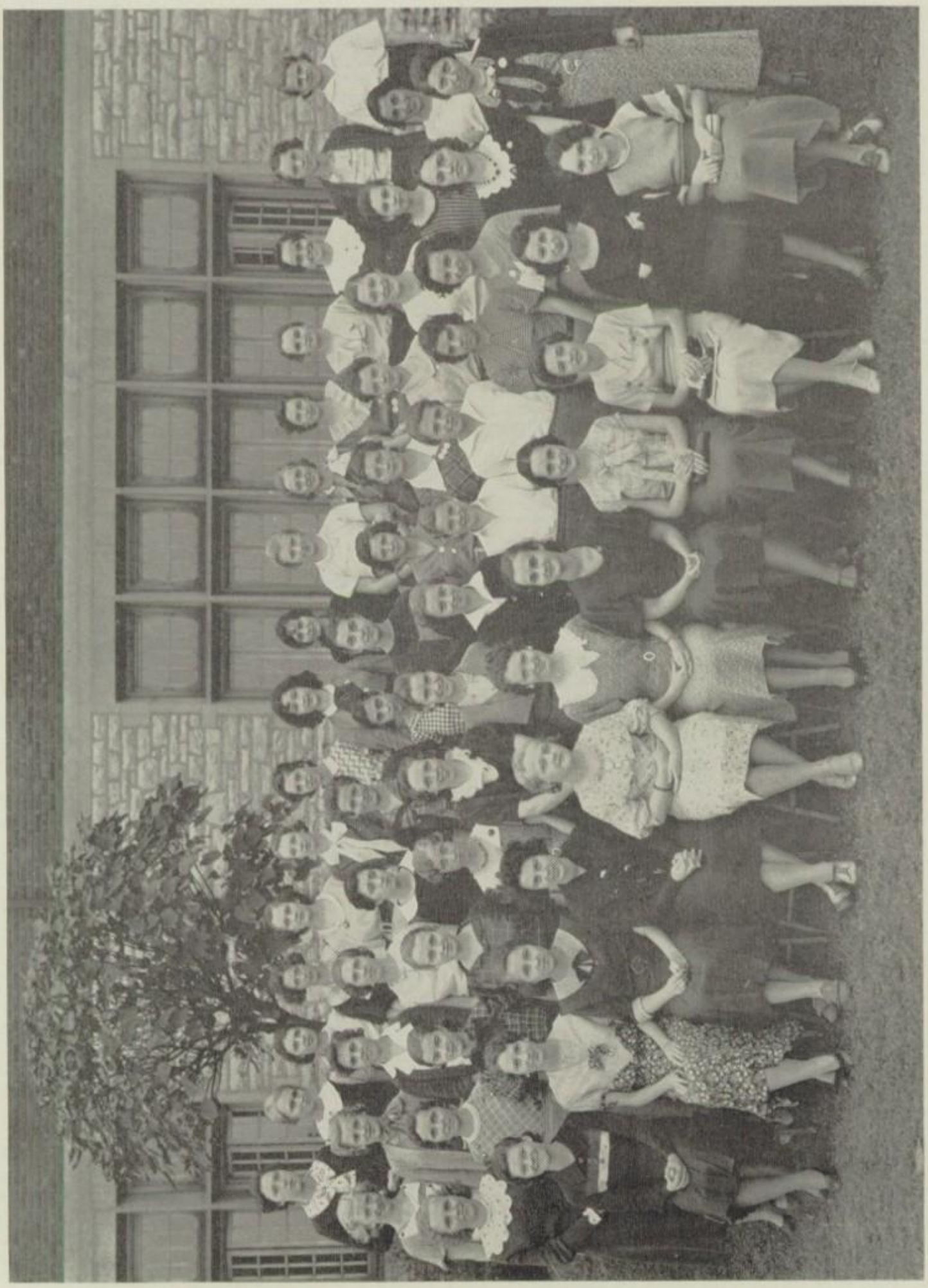
OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Walter Emes
Vice-President:	Donald Lorenz
Secretary:	Otto von der Au
Treasurer:	Donald McCoy
Librarian:	Fred Mueller
News Editor:	John Brandt
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Jack O'Brien

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Walter Emes
Vice-President:	Otto von der Au
Secretary:	Fred Mueller
Treasurer:	Herman Waldman
Librarian:	Jack Ritchey
News Editor:	William Leue
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Jack O'Brien



ICICLES

MASK AND BUSKIN

Purpose: To give its members practice in public speaking and dramatic art.

Moderator: Miss Lancaster

Time and Place of Meeting: B Tuesdays—Room 301.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Marie Jostes
Vice-President:	Sylvia Ratz
Secretary:	Mary Jane Frank
Treasurer:	Beatrice Huth

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Sylvia Ratz
Vice-President:	Robert Baum
Secretary:	Helene Braeutigam
Treasurer:	Marianne Wobus

NOVELTY ORCHESTRA

Purpose: To furnish to those who are talented an opportunity to receive experience in orchestra work.

Moderator: Mr. Grossman

Time and Place of Meeting: Wednesday—Room 402.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	John Hatina
Treasurer and Librarian:	Edgar Chard

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Kenneth Scheibel
Treasurer and Librarian:	Steven Scherstuhl

MASK AND BUSKIN

NATURE CLUB

Purpose: To gain a greater knowledge of nature and stimulate a deeper appreciation of it.

Moderator: Miss Koehler

Time and Place of Meeting: Every other Thursday—Room 105.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Doris Solomon
Vice-President:	Dorothy Acker
Secretary:	Helene Braeutigam
Treasurer:	Audrey Thyson

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Mary Lou Mitchell
Vice-President:	Erna Garling
Secretary:	Audrey Thyson
Treasurer:	Marie Moore

O'ITA

O'ITA

Purpose: To improve its members in literary attainments.

Moderator: Miss E. C. Thiesen

Time and Place of Meeting: Room 301—First and third Fridays of each month.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Carolyn Egenriether
Vice-President:	Theresa Michaels
Recording Secretary:	Edna Markham
Corresponding Secretary:	Thelma Rauschenplatt
Treasurer:	Ruth Leilich
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Dorothy Huno
Editor of *Goldbug:*	Audrey Thyson
Associate Editor of *Goldbug:*	Margaret Riordan

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Audrey Thyson
Vice-President:	Marianne Wobus
Recording Secretary:	Mary Lou Mitchell
Corresponding Secretary:	Elizabeth Wolf
Treasurer:	Marjorie Lewitz
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Alice Pearcy
Editor of *Goldbug:*	Althea Hoener
Associate Editor of *Goldbug:*	Evelyn Schmittgens

PEP R

Purpose: To promote school spirit by backing school activities.

Moderator: Miss Schlutius

Time and Place of Meeting: A Wednesday—228.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Bessie Tutinsky
Vice-President:	Betty Ann Gilman
Secretary:	Adelen Doellefeld
Treasurer:	Marjory Jean Stoeger

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Martha Willert
Vice-President:	Winifred Wilkinson
Secretary:	Miriam Fales
Treasurer:	Barbara Schafer

PEP "R" CLUB

BWANA

PHILATELIC

Purpose: To promote interest in the art of collecting stamps and studying philatelic principles.

Moderator: Mr. Lenney

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Tuesday—Room 10.

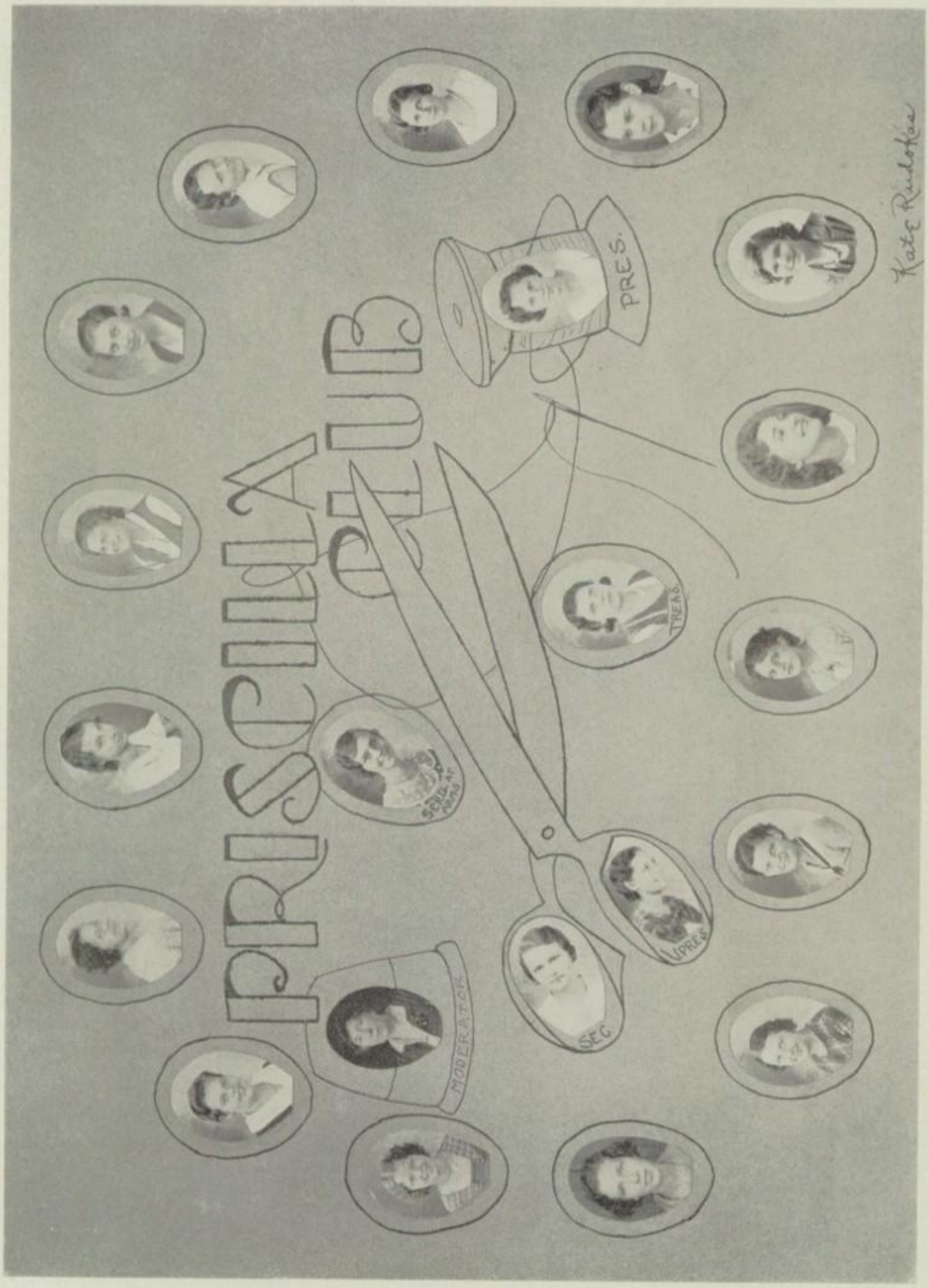
OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Wenzel Smith
Vice-President:	Joseph Good
Recording Secretary:	William Ryan
Corresponding Secretary:	Jack Turner
Librarian:	Junior Tidrow
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Ferdinand Meyer
Treasurer:	Carroll Cartwright

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Ferdinand Meyer
Vice-President:	Larry Roeder
Recording Secretary:	Junior Tidrow
Corresponding Secretary:	John Milosevich
Treasurer:	Winifred Hoevel
Librarian:	John McGary



PRISCILLA CLUB

PRISCILLA

Purpose: To make garments and toys, and to entertain poor children.

Moderator: Miss Gilmore

Time and Place of Meeting: Thursday—Room 16.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Mildred Hodges
Vice-President:	Ruth Bode
Secretary:	Katherine Rudokas
Treasurer:	Charlotte Mausshardt
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Dorothy Branding

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Katherine Rudokas
Vice-President:	Mildred Hodges
Secretary:	Ruth Bode
Treasurer:	Dorothy Branding
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Wilma Wolf

PUBLICITY CLUB

Purpose: To promote and carry out publicity programs, boosting the athletic activities.

Moderator: Mr. Steidemann

Time and Place of Meeting: B Tuesdays—Room 47.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Charles Baronovic
Vice-President:	Joseph Arbini
Secretary:	Charles Hoke
Treasurer:	Jack Connors

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	John Wingart
Vice-President:	Robert Harle
Secretary:	Byron Watts
Treasurer:	Stanley Rafalowski

PUBLICITY

QUILL CLUB

Purpose: To promote an interest in journalism.

Moderator: Miss H. C. Peterson

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Wednesday—Room 315.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Sidney Wortmann
Vice-President:	Robert Baum
Secretary:	Charlotte Toebe
Treasurer:	Katherine Rudokas
Editor *Ink Spots:*	Grace Lee Jones

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Robert Baum
Vice-President:	William Leue
Secretary:	Grace Lee Jones
Treasurer:	Katherine Rudokas
Editor *Ink Spots:*	Wilson Maile

"R" CLUB

Purpose: The "R" Club is an organization composed of Roosevelt athletes who have won their letters in one or more of the five major sports: track, baseball, tennis, football, and basketball. The purpose of this club is the maintenance of Roosevelt's high standards of athletics and sportsmanship.

Moderator: Mr. Inbody

Time and Place of Meeting: First Friday of each month—Room 206.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Walter Schumann
Vice-President:	Wallace Woods
Secretary and Treasurer:	Richard Antrim

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Byron Watts
Vice-President:	Edward Abbott
Secretary and Treasurer:	Joe Lederer

1. Ritchey, Jack
2. Schoenbeck, Russell
3. Pelican, Richard
4. Graul, Robert
5. Hoffman, Milton
6. Beeman, Russell
7. Whittal, Harold
8. Elkins, Louis
9. Benson, Paul
10. Schiestl, John
11. Schulte, Geo.
12. Rich, Morris
13. Watts, Byron
14. Lederer, Joe
15. Abbott, Edwin
16. Stout, Warren
17. McDougall, Dick
18. Kennedy, Jack
19. Inbody, R. M.
20. Cartwright, Carrol
21. Losse, Tom

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(Continued from page 217)

22. Perschbacher, Paul
23. Dangel, Hugh
24. Wiley, James
25. Flower, Bond
26. Muehlbauer, Carl
27. Richardson, Norman
28. Hall, Laurence
29. Silverman, Barney
30. Niesen, Edward
31. Reichardt, Arthur
32. Schoenbeck, Wallace
33. Woods, Wallace
34. Lund, Victor
35. Tyler, Jack
36. Dore, William
37. Bickel, Frank
38. Seidel, Edward
39. Koebbe, Norvil
40. Chrisman, Edward
41. Waldman, Herman
42. Antrim, Richard
43. Louis, Phil
44. Mueller, Emil
45. Steiner, Oliver
46. Kleier, Alfred
47. Rafalowski, Stanley
48. Bick, Vincent
49. O'Connor, Gish
50. Roberts, George
51. Lee, Joe
52. Koebbe, Ray
53. Umbreit, William
54. Donzelot, Eugene

THOSE NOT ON PICTURE

Grisbeck, Wilbur
Lorenz, Don
Puttnam, Frank
Charleville, Preston
Jacobi, Wilfried
Seidel, Jerome
Tuggle, Charles

SPANISH

Purpose: To acquaint the members with Spanish countries and customs and to foster an interest in them.

Moderator: Miss M. C. Comfort

Time and Place of Meeting: A Tuesdays—Room 324.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Winifred Wilkinson
Vice-President:	Ruth Pinkley
Secretary:	Verdie Standfuss
Treasurer:	Dorothy Sydow
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Edna Markham
Editor of *Arco Iris:*	Carolyn Egenriether
Assistant Editor of *Arco Iris:*	Louise Stone

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Ruth Pinkley
Vice-President:	Verdie Standfuss
Secretary:	Dorothy Sydow
Treasurer:	June Gords
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Evelyn Skiles
Editor of *Arco Iris:*	John Sydow
Assistant Editor of *Arco Iris:*	Dean Fales

SPANISH CLUB

Won Second Place in Contest

SHAKESPEARIAN CLUB

Purpose: Organized for the study of Shakespeare.

Moderator: Miss Nicholson

Time and Place of Meeting: B Wednesdays—Room 231.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Thelma Rauschenplatt
Vice-President:	Carolyn Egenriether
Secretary:	Bernice Eves
Treasurer:	Mary Helen Simms

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Elizabeth Wolf
Vice-President:	Harriet Jarrett
Secretary:	Minnette Paplanus
Treasurer:	Jeanette Weiner

SPORTSMAN'S CLUB

Purpose: To encourage cleanliness and conservation in all sports, especially in hunting and fishing.

Moderator: Miss Heddergott

Time and Place of Meeting: Room 110—Every Tuesday.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Edward Unwin
Vice-President:	Irby Bunding
Secretary:	Walter Schuman
Treasurer:	Bob Ewers

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Irby Bunding
Vice-President:	Bob Ewers
Secretary and Treasurer:	Oliver Scheele

SHAKESPEARIAN CLUB

STUDIO CLUB

Purpose: To stimulate interest in art handicrafts and to do some creative work in these fields.

Moderator: Miss Chapman

Time and Place of Meeting: First and third Tuesdays—Room 304.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President:	Helen Kipp
Vice-President:	Virginia Nichols
Secretary:	Loretta Doerr
Treasurer:	Ruth Roblee

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President:	Helen Kipp
Vice-President:	Betty Bradley
Secretary:	Vivian Huff
Treasurer:	Emma Jostes
Librarian:	Ruth Roblee

TRIPLE QUARTET

Purpose: To develop skill and derive pleasure in ensemble singing and to assist in school activities.

Moderator: Miss H. Stout

Time and Place of Meeting: Room 403—A period, Tuesdays and Fridays.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

Librarian: Irvin Becker

September, 1933, to January, 1934

Librarian: Massey Hill

VOLLEY BALL

Purpose: To afford the girls wholesome activity and arouse a spirit of friendly rivalry.

From four or more original teams two all star teams are chosen. These compete for the championship team.

Moderator: Miss Haeseler

Time and Place of Meeting: Each Tuesday. Girls' Gymnasium.

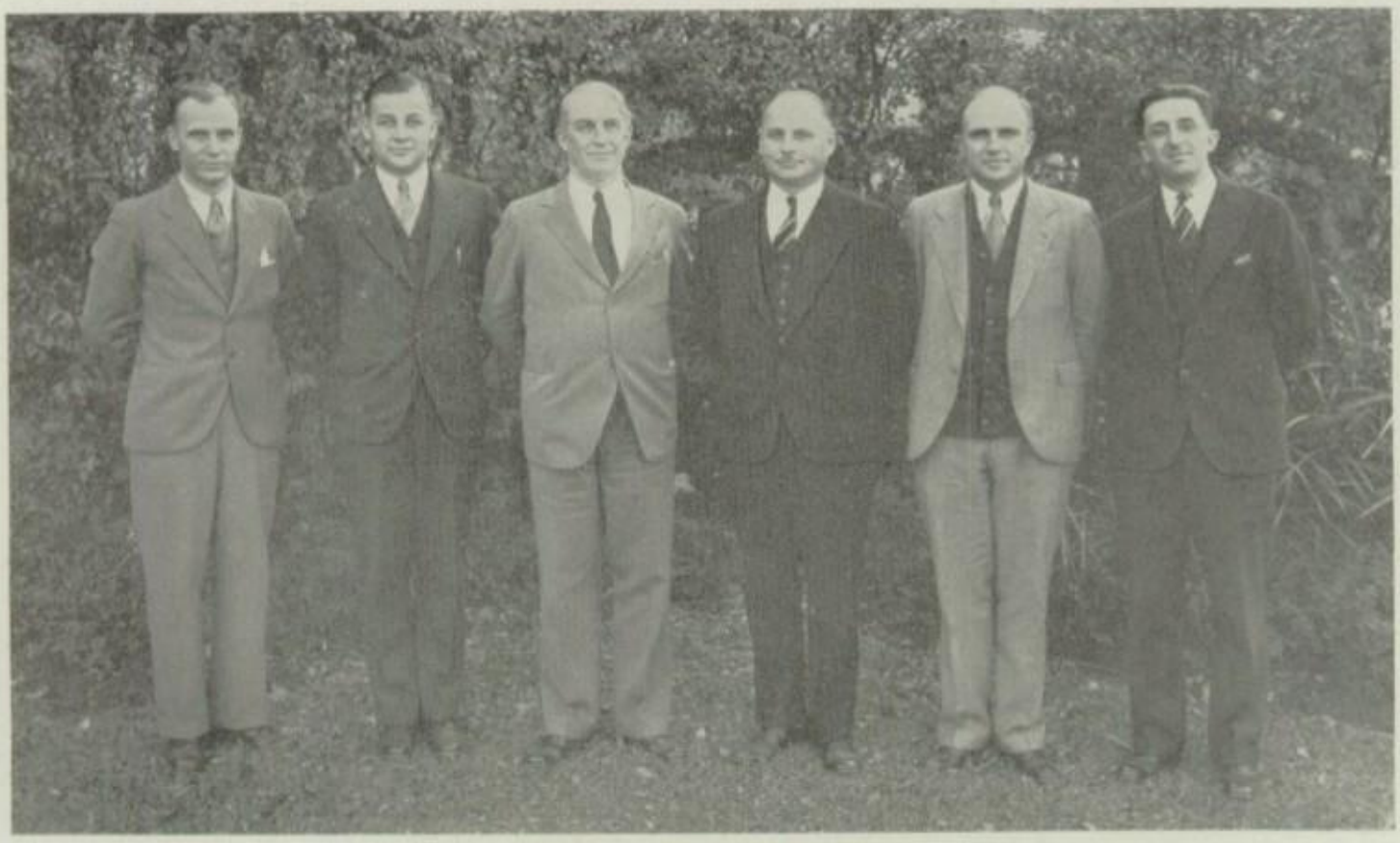
CAPTAINS

January to June, 1933

Team One	Betty Colmer
Team Two	Rose Nolte
Team Three	Hilda Kozeny
Team Four	Margaret Barrick
Team Five	Louise Brothers
Team Six	Katherine Birk

September, 1933, to January, 1934

Team One	Marie Wadlow
Team Two	Verna Herman
Team Three	Lois Brothers
Team Four	Lorraine Jacquemin



ROOSEVELT COACHES

Roosevelt has as fine a coaching staff as any school in this vicinity.

Mr. Neeb is not only our athletic director but manager of the St. Louis Public High School Athletic League as well. He deserves much credit and many thanks for his conscientious work in carrying out the athletic program in a really praiseworthy manner.

Mr. Castleman, the dean of the coaching staff, has set up an enviable record at McKinley and Roosevelt. Several track stars of his many championship teams have become international champions.

Mr. Carlson has devoted much of his time and effort to developing splendid baseball and football teams. We appreciate his services.

Mr. Lorenzen has always turned out strong basketball and tennis teams that are feared by the opponents.

To Mr. Gerber we owe thanks for his hard work with the swimming team. He also kept the football squad in good condition.

Mr. Kuntz, in his first year with the midgets, has succeeded in training a championship team.

Mr. Cleland has done excellent work with the golf team.

We owe a great deal to these men for their services in producing teams of high rank.

EMIL MUELLER

SPORTS
M.D.

BASKETBALL 1932-1933

Coach Lorenzen set to work early, and developed one of the finest basketball teams Roosevelt has ever had, in spite of the fact that there wasn't a single veteran back.

In the first tilt of the season, a non-league contest at Cape Girardeau, Missouri, the Crimson were completely outclassed by an experienced team and lost 31-10. Smoothing out the rough places by practice, Coach Lorenzen's boys met C. B. C., and led by their captain, Roy Sanders, defeated the Brothers' school 36-26.

Carrying that "do or die" spirit into their first league tilt, Roosevelt sprang a surprise by defeating the defending champions, Beaumont, in a thrilling encounter 36-35. At the finish of the fourth quarter the two teams were tied at 34 all. In the overtime period Robert Graul, Crimson guard, sank a field goal for the margin of victory. The Rough Riders kept up the good work and defeated both McKinley and Cleveland by scores of 23-11 and 37-27 respectively. In the Soldan game the Crimson were again forced to the limit, Graul and Kubos sinking field goals to win the game 31-29 in the closing minutes. In a non-league affair with C. B. C., the Crimson were defeated by a 29-15 score, due largely to the fine playing of the O'Sullivan brothers.

Playing Central in the next league encounter, the Crimson barely eked out victory, 26-25, in the final minutes due to Larry Hall's two phenomenal field goals, one which was sunk with his back to the basket.

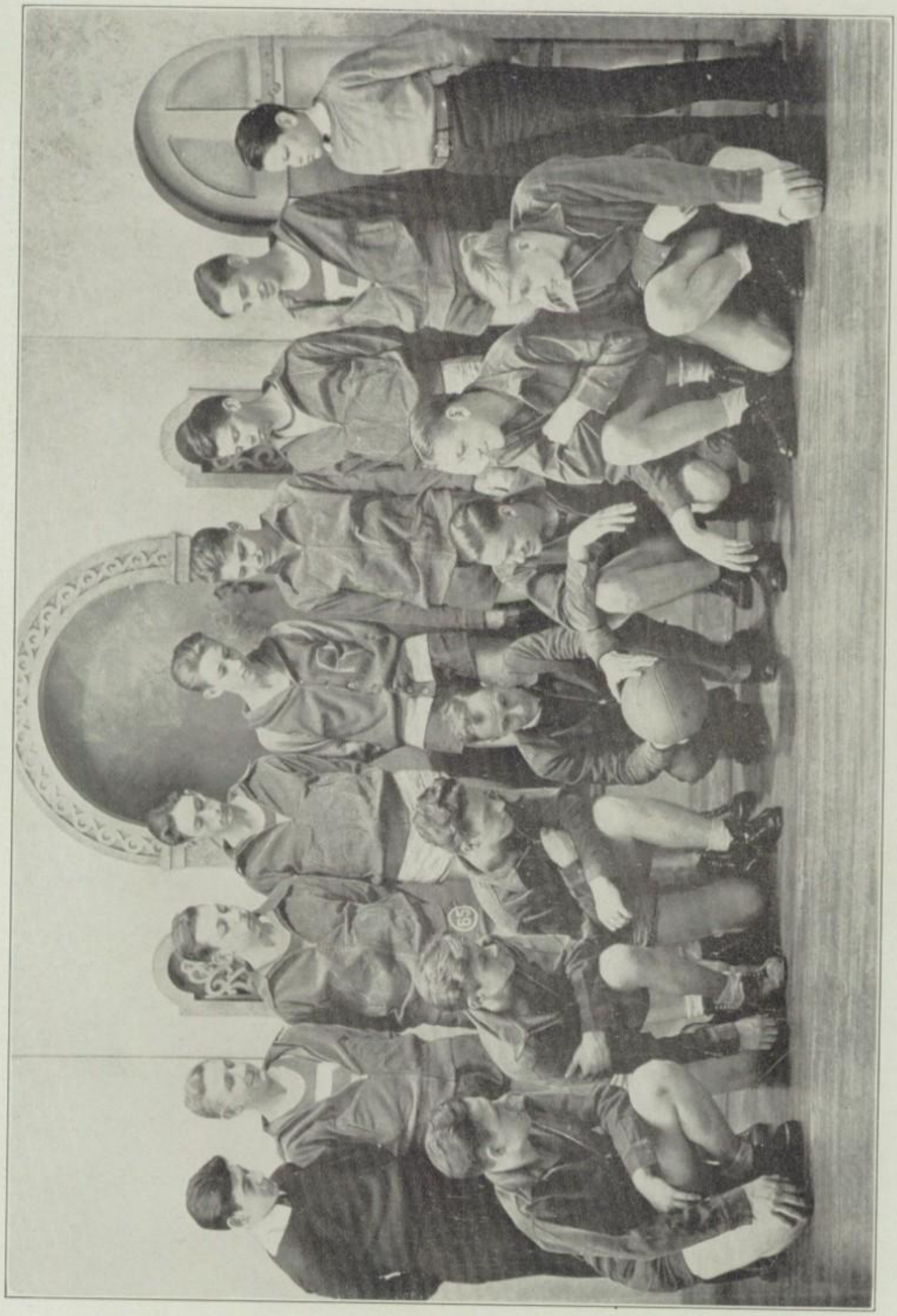
Meeting Beaumont, in the second round of the season, the Rough Riders were downed 32-25. But the Crimson hit its winning stride again in the following contests with McKinley and Cleveland, triumphing by scores of 33-18 and 42-22 respectively.

It was discovered in the office at this time that Joe Glorioso, a regular guard, was ineligible. Through no fault of the player or coaches, a clerical error was found to have been made. It was discovered that he had been attending school more than the limit of eight terms. This was referred to the league board. All games won up to this point were forfeited.

With this tragedy hanging over them, Roosevelt bowed to Soldan 25-14. But on meeting Central the following week, the Crimson won 41-36.

Entering the District Tournament, Roosevelt gained revenge for the defeat suffered at the hands of Soldan and won 25-17. Roosevelt then entered the finals, by virtue of a 26-21 victory over Webster. In the finals the Crimson were defeated by the fast moving and air-tight (defensively) St. Louis U. High quintet by a 23-6 score.

Going up to Columbia to compete in the State Tournament, the Crimson drew a bye; then they met and conquered Independence High by a 17-15 count. A few hours later the same day, Beaumont eliminated the Crimson from the finals by a 34-17 score, and went on to the State Championship



BASKETBALL TEAM—DECEMBER, 1933

by virtue of their victory over St. Louis U. High on the following evening. In a game immediately preceding the championship game, the Rough Riders defeated the powerful East High team of Kansas City 21-17 to gain third place in the tournament.

This ended the season for Roosevelt, which turned out very well, considering the lack of experienced material, and the necessary forfeiture of earlier games. The team won second place in the District Tournament and third in the state.

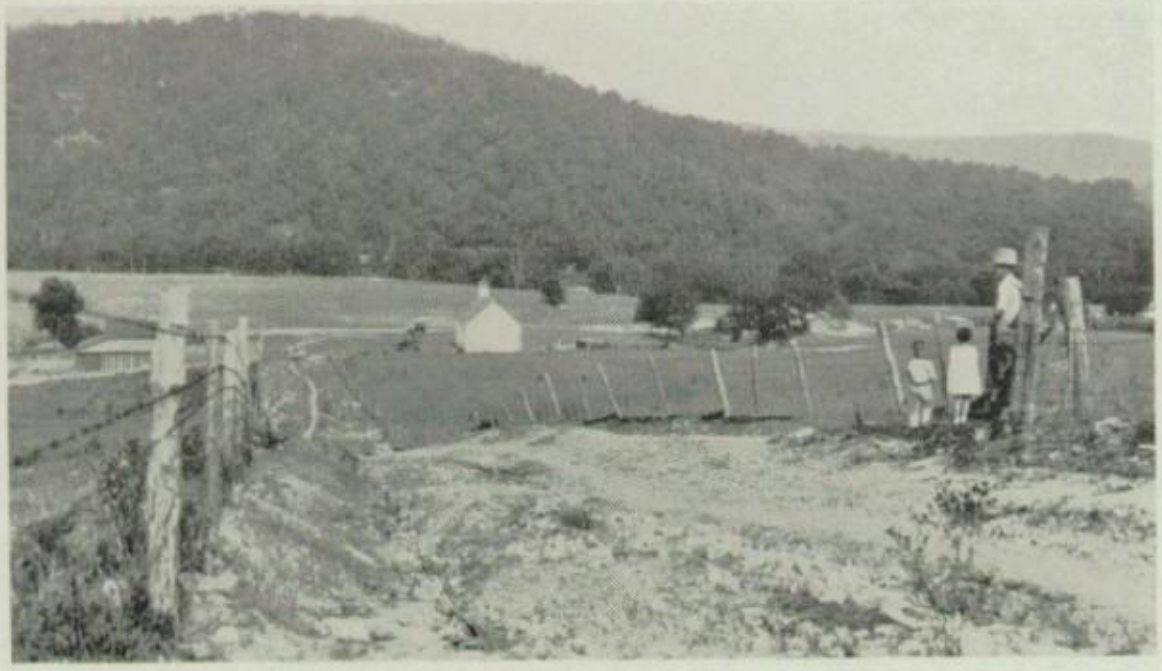
Captain Roy Sanders, forward, and Alphonso Wellhausen, center, gained the distinction of being placed on the Interscholastic All-Star Team.

For the season, the Crimson won eight games and lost two in league competition (not counting the forfeited ones) and won four and lost four in non-league competition.

	Won	Lost	Per cent
Final Standings of the Season	12	6	.666

(Including both League and Interleague games)

MONTY JOHNSON



BASEBALL 1933

ROOSEVELT WINS CHAMPIONSHIP AND HARVARD CUP

Our hard fighting team ably coached by Mr. Carlson won the 1933 baseball championship of the Interscholastic League. This was the third consecutive championship for the Rough Riders, for they won the title in 1931 and 1932. By winning, the team gained permanent possession of the Harvard Cup, a trophy awarded by the Harvard Club of St. Louis to the team winning the baseball championship five times. In addition, the champions won a gorgeous trophy, which was presented by the High School League Board.

The Rough Riders started their successful drive for the permanent possession of the cup in 1925 when the team, under the direction of Mr. Lorenzen, won the first title under the name of Roosevelt. In 1926 Roosevelt was nosed out by Central, but the Rough Riders popped back and won the championship in 1927 by defeating the Cleveland nine in a 15 to 14 battle for the championship. Coach Carlson started to build up a winning team. The team improved gradually, placing third in 1928, second in 1929, and although the Rough Riders had a winning team and won five out of six games, the "Round Robin" play-off caused the Rough Riders to finish no higher than third in 1929. In 1930 Roosevelt started their three-year drive for the Harvard Cup, during which time they won three titles, playing twenty-eight league games and losing but five, thus making a percentage of .821. Since 1925 the Rough Riders have played seventy games of which they won fifty-three and lost seventeen; and have a winning percentage of .757.

Due to inclement weather at the beginning of the season only two practice games were played. The scores were: Roosevelt 7, East St. Louis 0; Roosevelt 11, University City 4.

ROOSEVELT 9, CLEVELAND 2

Roosevelt opened its 1933 baseball campaign by defeating our south side rivals 9 to 2. Ollie Steiner held Cleveland to six scattered hits and two runs while the Roosevelt sluggers headed by Al Kleier, who got two singles and two homers in four trips to the plate, swatted out fourteen hits to total nine runs. Al Kleier, Captain Iezzi, Ollie Steiner, and Frank Puttman were the stars of the game.

ROOSEVELT 10, CENTRAL 2

Roosevelt remained at the top of the baseball ladder by defeating Central 10-2 in a thrilling game which featured Ollie Steiner's five-hit game and Joe Melise's perfect batting for the afternoon. Al Kleier, star second baseman, was out of the line-up due to an accident which he suffered while rounding third base on his second homer in the Cleveland game. During Al's absence

Ray Lynn played second and soon became a regular, due to his great ability in the field. After Puttman had assured Steiner of victory by hitting a triple and a home run which drove four runs across the plate, Rafalowski went in to pitch in the seventh and set the Red and Black batters down in order.

SOLDAN 5, ROOSEVELT 3

Roosevelt's first defeat of the season came when Soldan beat the Rough Riders 5-3 in the best-pitched, but the worst-fielded, game of the season. While the combined efforts of Miriani and Rafalowski on the mound yielded but one hit, the Roosevelt batsmen collected only two hits, which were credited to Wurtz and Rafalowski. In the field one misplay after the other finally totaled seven errors for the Rough Riders and six for the West Enders. Soldan scored four runs in the third on one hit, two walks, and four errors; while Roosevelt collected three scores in the seventh on two hits, three walks, and two errors. The defeat put Roosevelt in a tie for first place with McKinley.

ROOSEVELT 16, BEAUMONT 2

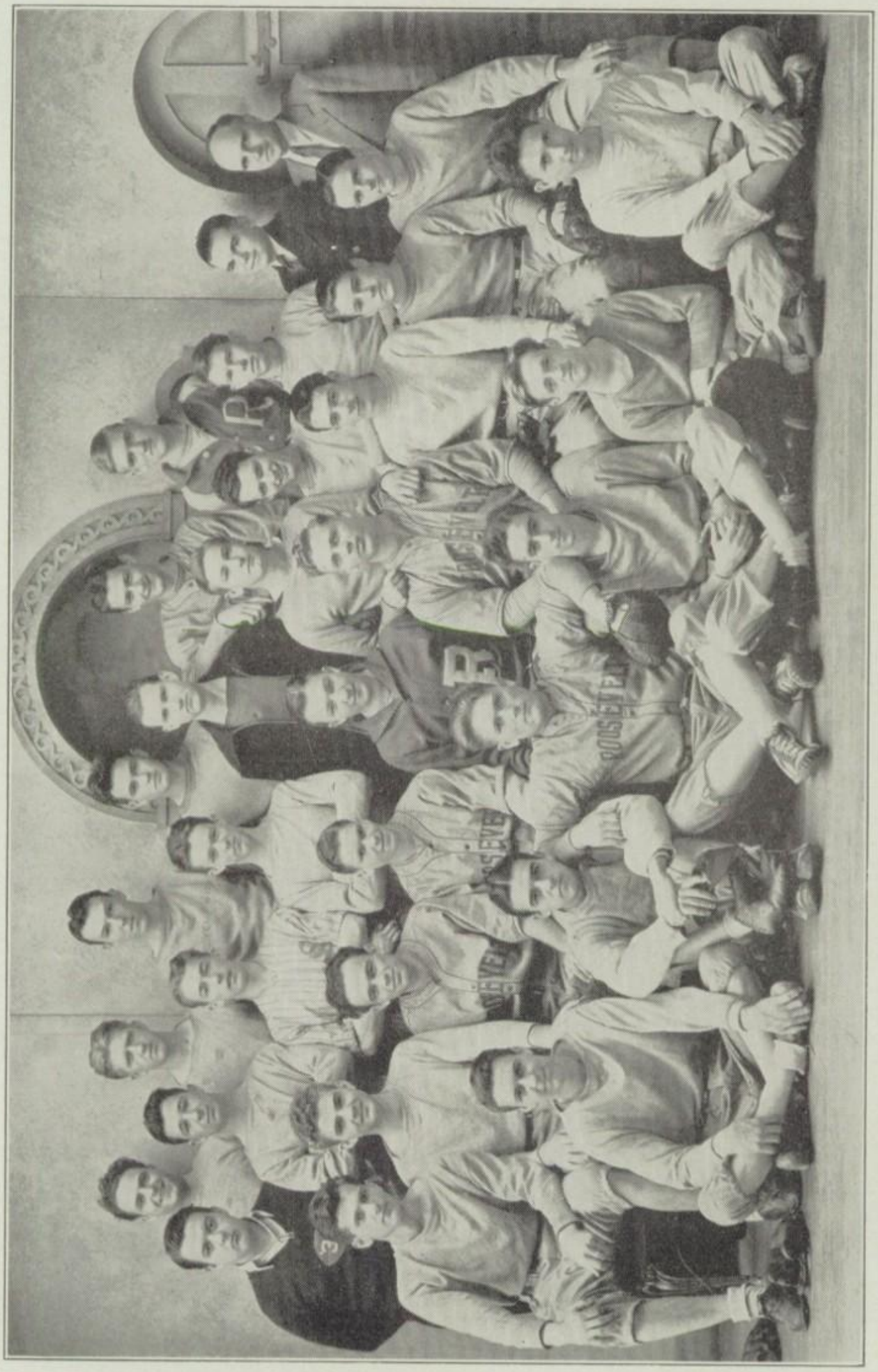
Roosevelt again regained possession of first place when they walloped Beaumont 16-2. The game featured the Rough Riders' nine-run rally in which they drove three Beaumont pitchers from the rubber, and Ollie Steiner's two-hit mound performance. Although not a Rough Rider went hitless, John Sturm and Ross Heusler, both making their initial appearances in the league, were the leading hitters. Al Kleier returned to the line-up for the first time since his injury and drove out two extra base wallops. Steiner's performance was not equalled throughout the season as he struck out eight, walked but two, and allowed but two fluke singles.

ROOSEVELT 9, McKINLEY 4

Roosevelt defeated the Gold Bugs from McKinley High 9-4 in the final game of the first round. Oliver Steiner received credit for his fourth victory in as many starts when he allowed the Gold Bugs but seven hits. Ed Hassen, McKinley's ace pitcher, who was supposed to cause the batters so much trouble, was found for twelve hits of which George Hausmann, John Sturm, Frank Puttman, Morris Rich, and Ray Lynn each received two.

CENTRAL 6, ROOSEVELT 5

Roosevelt dropped into a tie for first place when Central staged a last minute rally and nosed out the Cowboys by the score of 6-5. Steiner was booked for his first defeat of the season. Before Ollie found his stride, Central tallied four markers on five bingles, two of which were for extra bases. Ross Heusler hit one over the "Garden Wall" in the third and brought



BASEBALL SQUAD

the score to four all. Roosevelt merged ahead in the fifth when Sturm doubled, went to third on an infield out, and scored on Puttman's long fly to right field; but Central came back and tied the score at five all in the sixth and then won the game in the seventh on Serb's double and Tutinski's single which sent Serb across the counting station with the winning run. John Sturm, Frank Puttman, and Ross Heusler were again the heroes of the batsmen as they each received two hits in four trips to the plate.

CLEVELAND 2, ROOSEVELT 1

Roosevelt bowed to Cleveland 2 to 1 in a mound duel between Ollie Steiner, Roosevelt's veteran southpaw, and Ed Stelmach, Cleveland's star right hander. Although the Rough Riders collected six hits off Stelmach's offering, they were unable to send more than one tally across the plate. Steiner allowed Cleveland only four hits but two of them were bunched in the fourth and their only tallies were pushed across the counting station. The loss was the second in succession for the Rough Riders and its dropped them into a tie for second place. The batting honors of the day went to Al Kleier and Ray Lynn as they each got two hits out of three trips to the plate. Nick Rosenhoffer scored Roosevelt's lone run in the fourth inning.

ROOSEVELT 5, McKINLEY 3

Roosevelt boys again hit their winning stride and started the second drive for the championship by defeating McKinley 5 to 3. Steiner received credit for the fifth victory of the season as the Rough Riders pounded Rutledge's offerings for eight bingles. Hausmann and Sturm were the leading sluggers, getting two hits apiece, although Frank Puttman and Larry O'Donnell had perfect days at bat, getting one hit in the same number of official trips to the plate. The seniors attended this game in a body, as it was their term social, and witnessed an excellent performance of baseball.

ROOSEVELT 9, SOLDAN 6

Roosevelt turned the tables when they met Soldan for the first time since the Rough Riders lost a 5 to 3 game to the West Enders in first round play. The Rough Riders succeeded in winning with a 9-6 score. Steiner was credited with the victory which was definitely assured when Al Kleier smacked out three doubles and a single which sent four runners across the plate. Soldan's one big threat to win their second game of the season came in the sixth inning when four hits, one a home run, totaled three runs for the losers.

ROOSEVELT 17, BEAUMONT 2

Ollie Steiner, pitching his last game for Roosevelt, allowed the North Siders but two hits and the Rough Riders merged ahead in the baseball race and assured themselves of finishing no lower than in a tie for first place when

the Crimson and White routed Beaumont 17 to 2. The Rough Riders culminated their scoring in the fifth and sixth with a 13-run barrage that sent two Beaumont hurlers to the showers. John Sturm, Frank Puttman, and Joe Melise got a home run apiece and turned out to be the leading batters as their combined efforts sent ten runs across the home station.

Central assured Roosevelt of the championship when they defeated Beaumont, the contending rival, 5 to 3 in a game which was postponed because of rain and wet grounds. We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate Coach Bradburn and his Red and Black diamondeers on their excellent sportsmanship for putting all they had into the game and defeating the Beaumont nine, instead of loafing on the job and causing additional games to decide the title winner.

Most hearty congratulations are due to Coach Carlson and his Rough Riders, who closed their very successful season by bringing the Harvard Cup to its final resting place in our trophy case here at Roosevelt. The champions won nine games and lost but three in their successful drive.

This game closed a successful High School baseball career for Ollie Steiner, who pitched seventeen games for the school and won fourteen in the course of three years; Captain Iezzi, the finest of any high school catcher produced and twice City All-Star; Morris Rich, who plugged the hole between second and third for two years; Ray Lynn, a very capable infielder; John Sturm, who was the league's leading batter with an average of .519; and Russell Hibbert, who was manager of three championship teams and took care of the equipment very efficiently.

FINAL LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Percentage
Roosevelt	7	3	.700
McKinley	6	4	.600
Beaumont	6	4	.600
Central	5	5	.500
Cleveland	5	5	.500
Soldan	1	9	.100

RUSSELL HIBBERT

FOOTBALL NOTES

This football season Coach Carlson has been handicapped by a light, inexperienced team. Moreover, Frank Puttman, the best of the few lettermen that were back this year, was lost to the squad early in the season through an injury and sickness. The team, however, developed the old Rooseveltian fighting spirit which displayed itself in the closely-contested league games.

In the pre-season games the Crimson-White lost to East St. Louis, 18-16, and was downed by Poplar Bluff, 21 to 6. Later a strong McBride team defeated the hard-fighting Rough Riders, 12 to 0. Toward the close of the football year Kirkwood gained the upper hand over Roosevelt, 13 to 0, on a muddy field.

ROOSEVELT 6—SOLDAN 7

Soldan barely managed to down Roosevelt, 7 to 6, in their first league game. The Rooseveltians were a little nervous the first quarter during which Soldan pushed over a touchdown and picked the extra point. The Rough Riders then stiffened their defense and also got their offense under way. In the third quarter the Crimson-White pounded the ball down to the five-yard marker from which Jovaag, the quarterback, plunged over the goal line for six points. The blocking of Weingart's kick for the extra point was the deciding play of the game. Roosevelt fought desperately to score again but failed. Although the Rough Riders outplayed and outrushed the Soldanites during the last three quarters, the final score read Roosevelt 6—Soldan 7.

ROOSEVELT 0—CLEVELAND 7

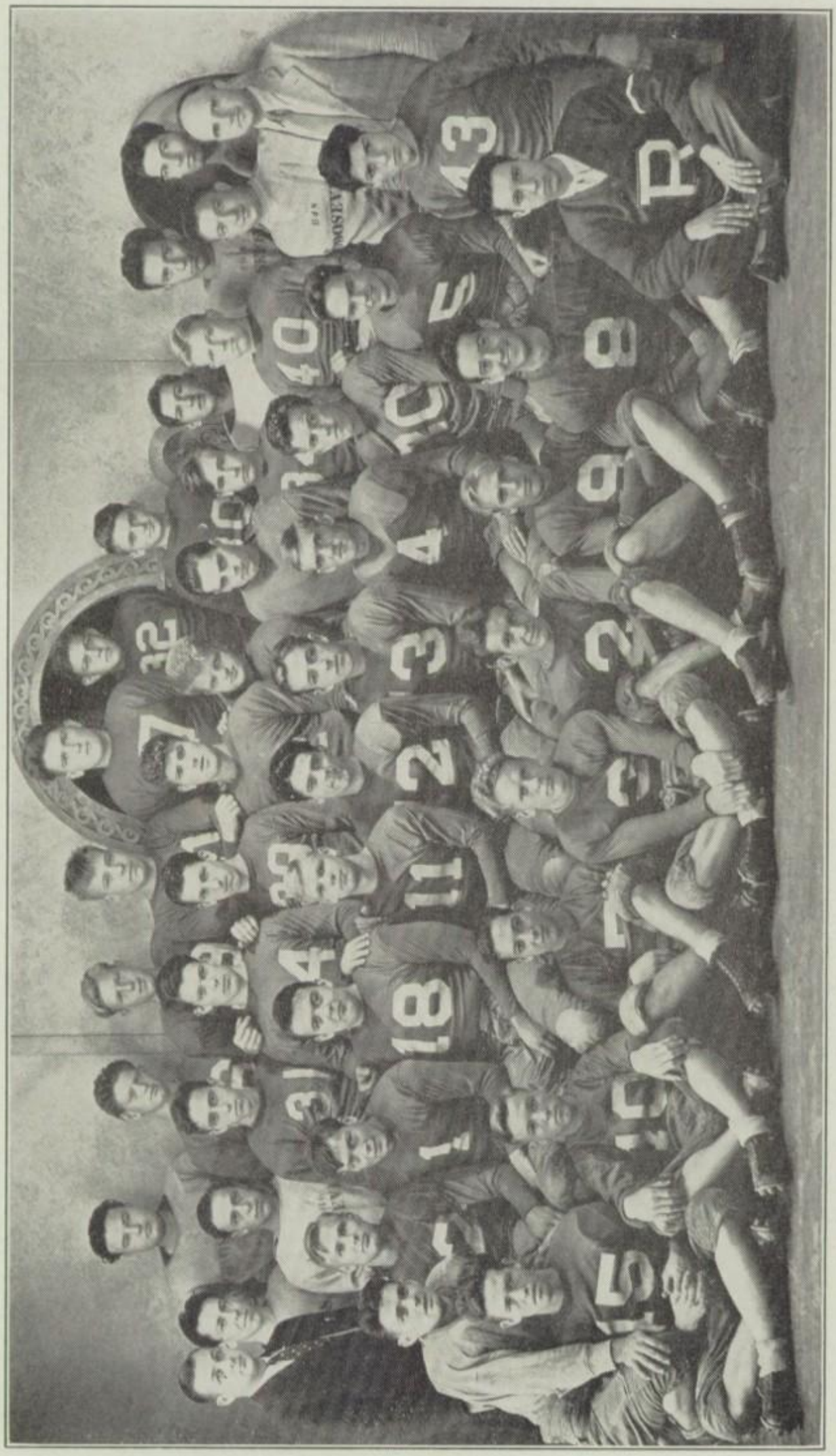
The battle of the South Side ended disastrously for the Crimson. The game throughout was hard fought on both sides and it was only luck in the last quarter that gave Cleveland a chance to score. Roosevelt fumbled on its own 20-yard line; Cleveland recovered, and in a number of plays, succeeded in scoring. The extra point was good. This was the only tally of the game, for the determined Rooseveltians, even though weakened by the loss of Puttman, a brilliant tackle, fought back the superior Cleveland team at every thrust. The game ended: Roosevelt 0—Cleveland 7.

ROOSEVELT 0—BEAUMONT 0

The Rough Riders played aggressive football during this contest. The Crimson outplayed Beaumont decisively during every quarter of the game as was shown by Roosevelt's fourteen first downs to their opponent's one. Unfortunately for the Cowboys, the battle ended in a scoreless tie.

ROOSEVELT 6—CENTRAL 6

Again the Rough Riders far outplayed their opponents throughout the game, gaining twice as many first downs and twice as much yardage from



FOOTBALL SQUAD

scrimmage. In the first quarter, Byron Watts, Roosevelt right guard, blocked a punt, scooped up the ball, and dashed fifteen yards to cross the goal line standing up. The try for extra point was just wide of the uprights. Central scored more or less by chance. Central quick-kicked; the ball, bouncing erratically, accidentally touched the Crimson safety man and bounded over the goal line where a Central end fell on it for a score. The Cowboy line smothered the opponents' kick for extra point. The rest of the game was deadlocked; the score remained: Roosevelt 6—Central 6.

ROOSEVELT 6—McKINLEY 0

A determined Roosevelt team brought in a victory in their last game. Through three quarters both teams set up a tight defense. In the final quarter one of the Crimson passes connected: Jovaag to H. Schoenberg who raced twenty yards, but was tackled just over the goal line. This touchdown decided the game which ended two minutes later. Score: Roosevelt 6—McKinley 0.

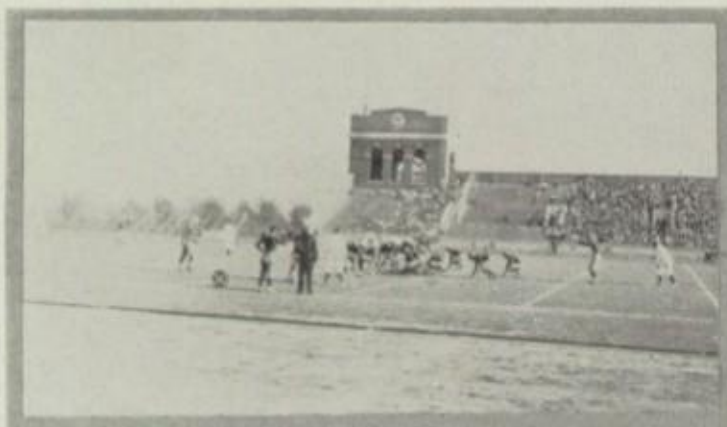
Roosevelt line-up:

Weingart	Left end
Jacobs or McCue	Left tackle
Philpott	Left guard
Wildfong	Center
Watts	Right guard
Gilstrap	Right tackle
O'Gorman or Ketchum	Right end
Jovaag	Quarterback
Szuch	Left halfback
Hancock	Right halfback
H. Schoenberg	Full back

Players who substituted during the season and deserve mention are: backfield, Jones, Moser, Harle; linemen, Bender, Mueller, Schroeder, Toon, O. Schoenberg, Bogash, Huseman, Chrisman.

Considering the inexperienced material, which the coach had difficulty in rounding into good form, and the closeness of the score in every game, it can be truthfully said that the tie for third place which Roosevelt gained represents a splendid showing on their part. In all, Roosevelt scored eighteen points against their opponents' twenty in league competition. The team throughout the season upheld the fighting tradition of Roosevelt.

EMIL MUELLER



Crimson—White—Fight! Fight!!
Crimson—White—Fight! Fight!!
Fight!! Fight!!
Crimson—White.

FOOTBALL CHEERS

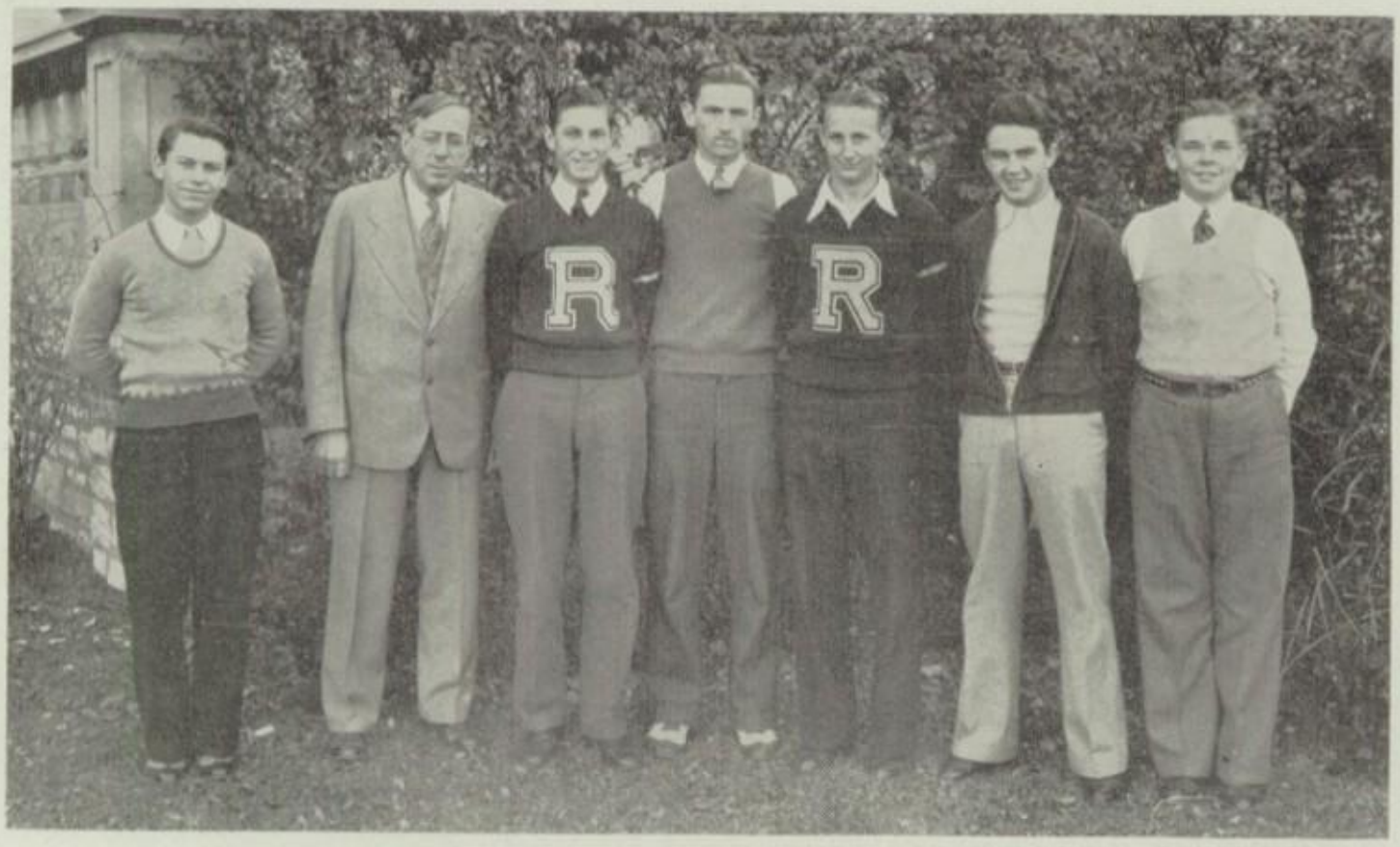
'Tis a wonderful sight
The Crimson and White
Are seated there in the stands.
The team runs out
With a whoop and a shout
And the crowd gives them a hand!

A whistle blows
How the team goes!
Inspired by music and song,
Our boys fight hard,
All on their guard,
But much depends on the throng!

Cheers are shouted
Our victory's not doubted
And with the final gun
The team retires,
All praised and admired
For the game that they have won!

But to the players it's known
Although it's not shown
That not all was due to their playing.
Your lusty cheers
Drowned all their fears
When their skill they were displaying.

Tom S. Marks



GgolF TEAM

Purpose: I: To participate in yearly City High School Tournament.
II: To participate in contests with other high schools.

Moderator: Mr. Cleland

Time and Place of Meeting: Wednesday—Room 402.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1933

President: Jack Tyler
Treasurer: George Robertson

September, 1933, to January, 1934

President: Ray Koebbe
Secretary: Junior Tidrow

SWIMMING TEAM, 1932-1933

On the recognition of swimming as a major sport, Mr. Riley coached the swimmers in conjunction with the Swimming Club of which he is moderator, until Coach Gerber had finished the football season. When he was no longer hampered by the other sport, Coach Gerber undertook the task of organizing the first swimming team in the history of our school. Beginning with inexperienced material, he held workouts in the school pool to test the ability of the individuals. At the termination of the preliminary meets the following were selected for the teams:

Free Stroke—Francis Johnson, Tom Losse, Jack Ritchey, George Schulte, William Umbreit, and Jerome Wallis; Breast Stroke—Victor Lund and Art Reichardt; Back Stroke—Paul Benson and Victor Somoygi; Diving—Carl Meuhlbauer, Joe East, and Fred Munder.

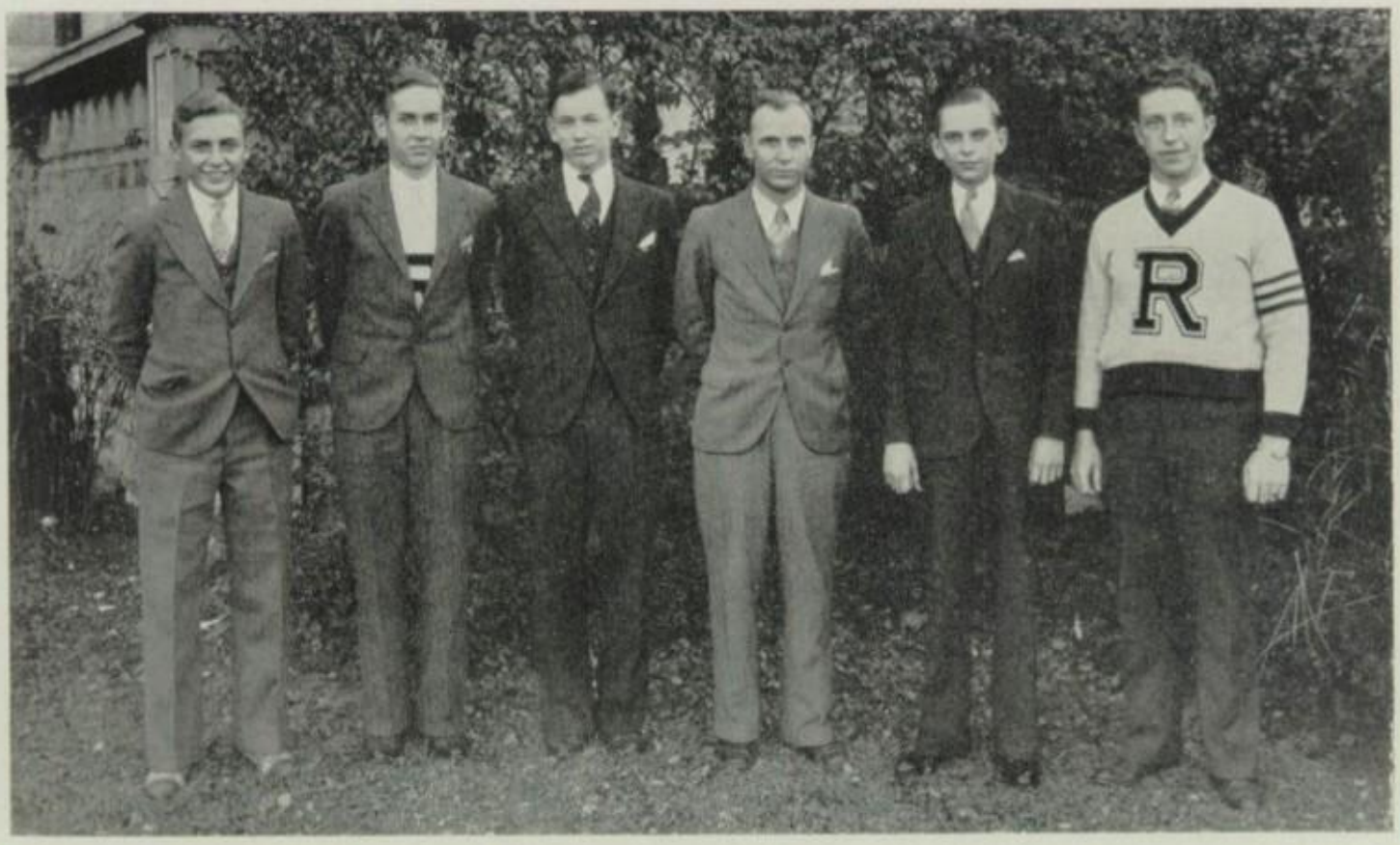
Handicapped by lack of experience, but endowed with a fighting spirit, the team met the North Side Y. M. C. A. for the first tournament match, which was lost by a score of 34-41. The next several meets with Soldan, Beaumont, and Cleveland ended with victories for the opponents. Disregarding what had gone before, a match with Washington University Freshman team and one with the Principia team were arranged for, but our team tasted of the bitter cup of defeat again. Luck then seemed to change, for the next three meets were taken from Central and McKinley. The St. Louis University Freshmen were victorious by a score of 43-32 over our aquatic squad, and Cleveland took the next meet, while Roosevelt wrested the final match from Central.

BWANA

At the Public High School League's First Annual Swimming Meet held March 24 and 25 at Wilson Pool, Washington University, Beaumont topped the list with 36 points; Soldan was a close second with 31½ points. Cleveland assumed third place by receiving 26 points, while Roosevelt gained fourth place with 7; Central, fifth with 5; and McKinley last, with one-half point. Paul Benson and Art Reichardt were the two who represented Roosevelt in the individual events of the finals.

Four meets won with six lost and fourth place in the Interscholastic meet was the showing for this year. With most of the men back next term under the direction of Coach Gerber, however, there should be an enviable showing of Roosevelt's swimming representatives.

The letter men of this year's team are: Paul Benson, captain, Tom Losse, Victor Lund, Carl Muehlbauer, Jack Ritchey, George Schulte, Victor Somoygi, William Umbreit, Ray Green, and Milton Moehl, Manager.



TENNIS—1933

ROOSEVELT PLACES THIRD

All the players on this year's team were inexperienced in tournament play except Captain Markwort. He had been captain last year and was again this year.

Three of the players, Herbert Markwort, Preston Charleville, and Carl Hartmann, will be back next year. They should make a very good team.

A summary of the matches is as follows:

Roosevelt 2—Beaumont 2

Markwort won, 8-6, 3-6, 6-3, in a hard fought battle with Schuette. Graul was downed by Lindemann, 6-2, 6-0. Lorenz after winning the first set lost to Koch, 6-2, 2-6, 4-6. In the doubles match Charleville and Hartmann won from Will and Busse, 3-6, 6-1, 6-4.

Roosevelt 1—Soldan 3

Roosevelt ran into trouble when Markwort lost to Blath, 3-6, 3-6. Graul bowed to Evans, 7-5, 2-6, 2-6. Lorenz won from David, 7-5, 4-6, 6-3. In the doubles Roosevelt lost to Ratz and Levin, 6-2, 6-3.

Roosevelt 4—Central 0

Roosevelt had very little trouble as Markwort won from Hebda, 6-3, 6-1. Graul was victorious, 6-1, 6-4. Lorenz was also winner, 6-2, 6-0. Charleville and Hartmann came through to win with the score of 6-2, 6-2.

Roosevelt 4—Cleveland 0

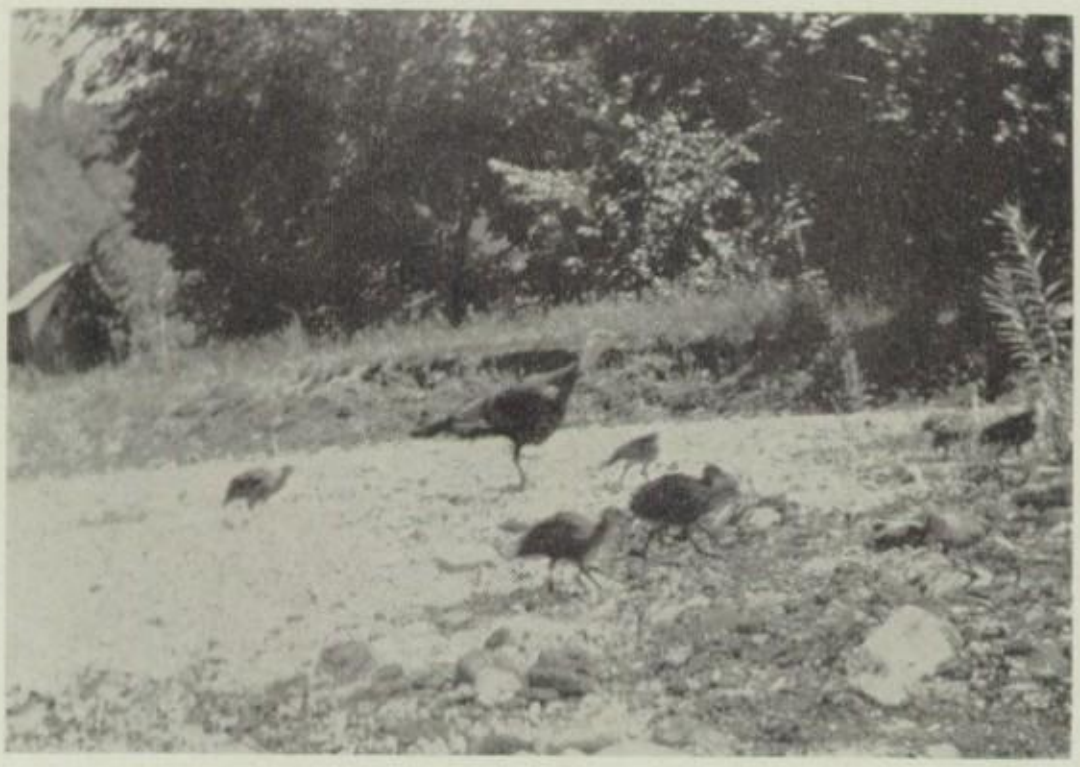
Roosevelt conquered Cleveland with little trouble. Markwort defeated Schaefer, 6-1, 6-1. Graul won, 6-0, 6-2. Lorenz won, 6-2, 6-2. Charleville and Hartmann were successful by the score of 6-0, 6-1.

Roosevelt 4—McKinley 0

Again Roosevelt won with ease as Markwort overcame Hayward, 6-1, 6-0. Graul also won. Lorenz did likewise, 6-0, 6-2. The doubles started slowly but finally won, 9-7, 6-0.

Beaumont split with Soldan in their encounter thus putting Roosevelt in third place by one match.

Individual ratings are as follows:	Won	Lost
Herbert Markwort, first man	4	1
Bob Graul, second man	3	2
Don Lorenz, third man	4	1
P. Charleville, C. Hartmann, doubles	4	1



TRACK

SENIOR AND JUNIOR DIVISION

The year 1933 proved to be another successful one for Coach Castleman and his boys. Throughout the season they displayed championship caliber, which finally culminated in their literally "running off" with the interscholastic championship for the sixth consecutive time.

THE STATE INDOOR MEET

Due to financial difficulties, Roosevelt was represented by only one man at the State Indoor Meet at Columbia this year. That one man was Dick Waters, who set a new state record of 21 feet, 7 inches in the broad jump, thereby winning first place. He also ran fourth in the 60-yard dash. Waters is a senior track man.

STATE OUTDOOR MEET

At the State Outdoor Meet, Waters took second place in the broad jump. Whittall captured first place in the 100-yard dash and fourth in the 220-yard dash. Wellhausen tied for third place in the pole vault and took third place in the high jump. Wellhausen is a junior track man.

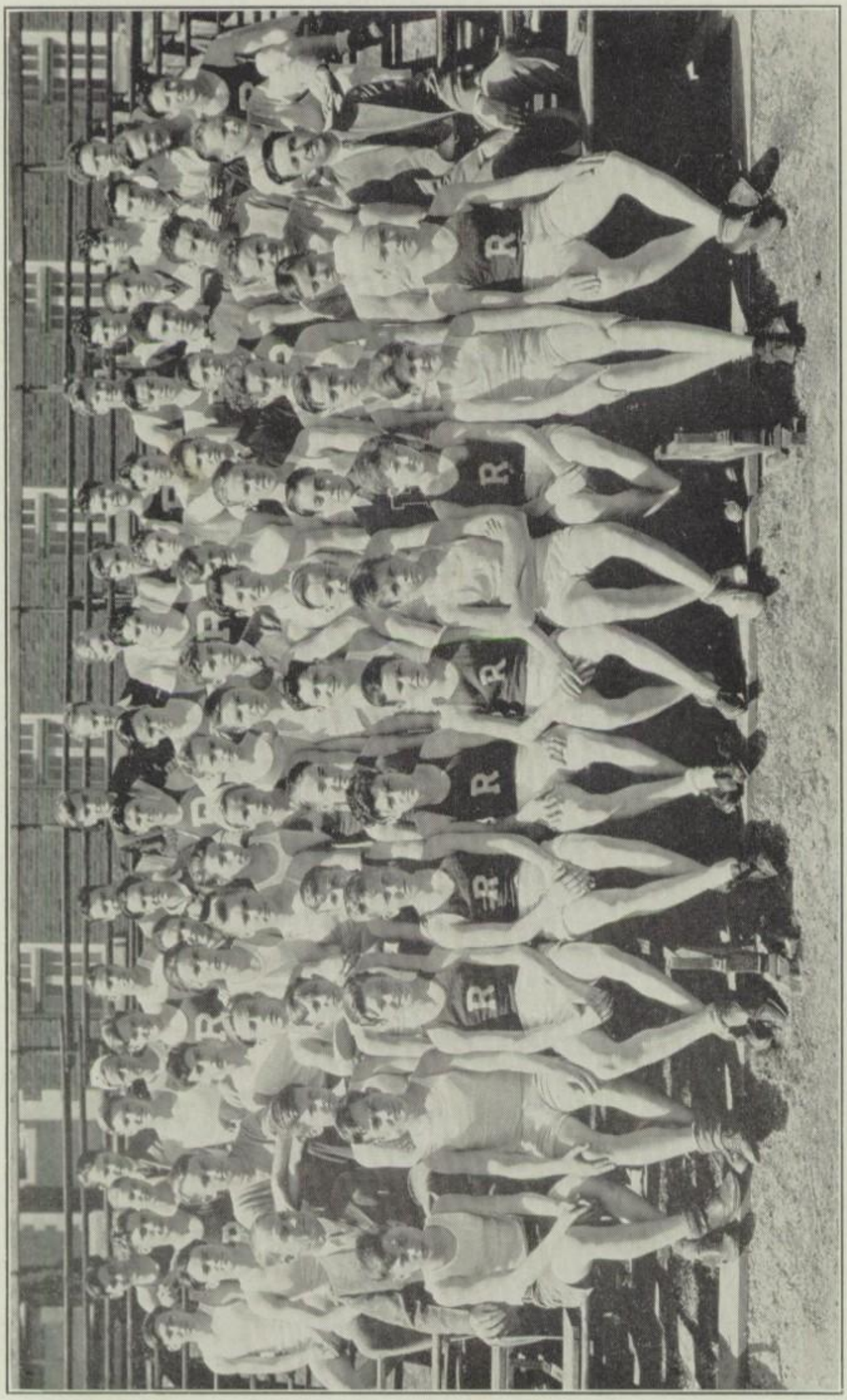
THE DISTRICT MEET

In the District Meet, Roosevelt's senior team defeated the strong teams of St. Louis and the county, among them being the University City state champions, with a score of 26½ points.

Hellmich placed second in the 120-yard high hurdles. Whittall captured first place in the 100-yard dash in the record-breaking time of 10.2 seconds. He also won the 220-yard dash, tying the record at 22.5. Resetaritz tied for fourth place in the running high jump. O'Connor won the shot put with a heave of 46 feet, 7½ inches. He also placed fourth in the javelin throw. Waters and Lee won second and fourth places respectively in the running broad jump. Roosevelt's 880-yard relay team wound up the performance by capturing second place in that event.

The junior team placed second in the District Meet, bowing before the strong University City team. The Rough Riders amassed a total of 39 points.

Hoffman, Roosevelt's diminutive sprinter, raced to victory in the 100-yard dash in the record time of 10.7 seconds. He also took first in the 50-yard dash. In the 220-yard dash, Seidel placed fourth; Hancock captured second place in the 440. The pole vault event was won by Wellhausen who established a new record of 10 feet, 10¼ inches. Wellhausen also placed first in the high jump and third in the javelin. The shot put was won by Lederer, who hurled the weight to a new record of 53 feet, 6¼ inches. Seidel captured the running broad jump with a leap of 20 feet, 1¾ inches.



TRACK SQUAD

INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

Roosevelt repeated her performance of the last five years by winning for the sixth consecutive time the annual Public High School Track Championship. The three cups offered for championships in the three divisions, and a fourth, offered for high point total, will rest permanently in Roosevelt's Trophy Case.

The seniors scored 44 points to win the championship in their division. Hellmich captured first place in both the 120-yard high hurdles and the 220-yard low hurdles, while Hall was taking fourth in the same events. Whittall captured first in the 100 and 220-yard dashes. Lee took third in the 100-yard dash and Waters, third in the 220. Waters also placed second in the broad jump. Third place in the broad jump went to Lindley. Jacobi placed third in the mile run. In the pole vault event, Wellhausen took first and Stout tied for third. Resetaritz took fourth in the high jump and O'Conners captured third in the shot put. The 880-yard relay team, composed of Short, Schwartz, Hoover, and Johnson, placed third.

The Juniors gathered 30 points. In the 120-yard low hurdles, Schoenbeck took second. Hoffman took first in the 50 and 100-yard dashes, while Hancock and Beeman captured first and second places respectively in the 440. McDougall and Pershbacker took third and fourth places in the 880-yard run. Abramovich tied for first in the high jump, and Seidel took fourth in the broad jump. The 880-yard relay team, composed of Seidel, Hancock, Silverman, and Hoffman, took fourth place in that event.

MIDGET DIVISION

The Midgets again won in their division. They started off by trouncing McKinley 40⅓ to 18⅔. Captain Buchholz, who was high point man, took firsts in the 50 and 75-yard dashes and ran on the winning relay team for a total of 11¼ points. At Beaumont the Rough Riders chalked up another victory by beating the Beaumont tracksters 30½ to 19½. The Rooseveltians took firsts in the 50 and 75-yard dashes, the shot put, the high jump, and also won the 440-yard relay. The Rough Riders showed no signs of weakening for they journeyed to Central and won by a score of 34½ to 19½. Carl Prives was high point man, taking firsts in the shot put and broad jump and running on the winning relay team for a total of 11¼ points. The midgets then gained an overwhelming victory over Soldan 48½ to 10½. The Rooseveltians took first, second, and third in the shot put and 75-yard dash, second and third in the hurdles, and first and second in the 50-yard dash and broad jump. Buchholz again held high point honors with 11¼ points. Mr. Kuntz's boys ended their dual meets by overwhelming Cleveland 50 to 21. Jim Keightley was high point man securing 12¼ points.

In the preliminaries the midgets qualified nine men out of a possible eighteen. Schoenbeck qualified in the 75-yard and Porter in the 50-yard

FIELD DAY VIEWS

dashes. In the field events Prives and Keightley qualified in the shot put, Porter and Prives in the broad jump, and Collins, Griesbeck, and Larson in the high jump.

In the interscholastic meet the midgets placed eight men out of the qualifying nine. The point winners were Buchholz taking first in the 75-yard dash; Schoenbeck taking fourth in the hurdles; Prives and Porter, first and second in the broad jump; Collins first, and Griesbeck a tie for fourth in the high jump; and Prives and Keightley second and third respectively in the shot put. The team brought the total to 24½ points by taking second in the relay composed of Meredith, Prives, Porter, and Buchholz, finished 6½ points ahead of Central. May the next year be as successful and Mr. Kuntz's team keep up the fine record set by previous teams.

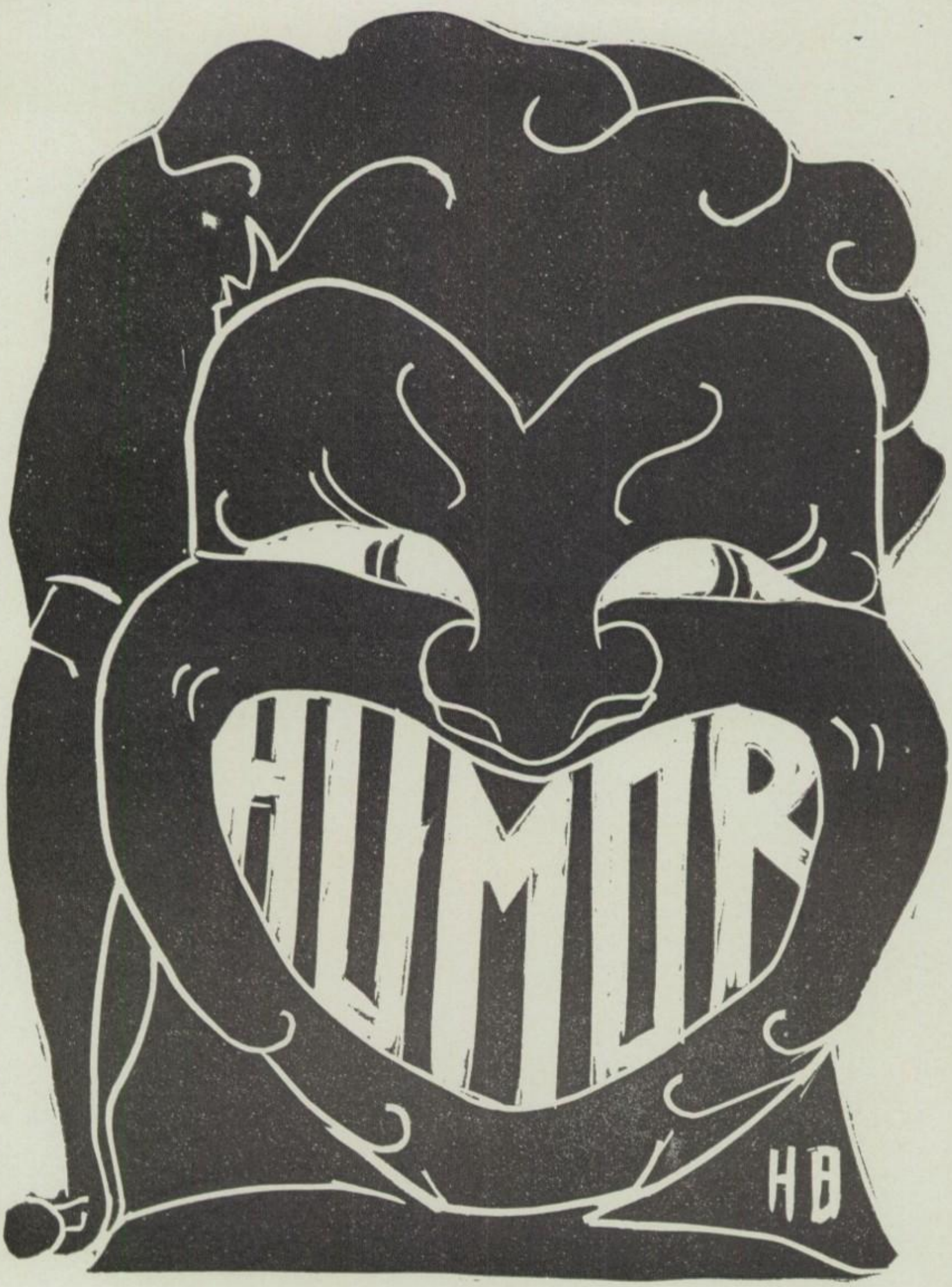
So ended the 1933 track season. Previous to the Interscholastic Meet, the track queen was elected. This year, the honor was conferred upon Lena Durbin, a girl nominated by the senior track men. Miss Durbin made an enviable queen, and, without doubt, was the extra incentive that drove our boys to victory.

Loud was the applause at the Public School Stadium. It was a thrilling afternoon and Roosevelt came away victor.

Coach Castleman deserves a vote of thanks—a thousand votes. Six consecutive championships—that is his record. It is his gift to the school. May this veteran coach have many more years—and for Roosevelt.

RICHARD RUICK, Senior Division
BOND FLOWER, Midget Division

POINT WINNERS IN TRACK MEET


HUMOR
HB

SUMMER AND WINTER VERSIONS OF AN OLD FAVORITE

My bonnie looked into the gas tank
The height of its contents to see,
She lit a small match to assist her
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.

My bonnie was fond of ice skating,
Her weight was two hundred and three.
She flopped and the ice cracked beneath her,
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.

* * *

He perched, uncertain, on the edge
And I let out a scream—
The poor fly lost his balance
And fell into the cream.

* * *

A fish looked up and saw a worm,
He thought that he would kill it;
He chewed it well, but sad his fate,
He ended in the skillet!

* * *

The tiger stalked the jungle wild—
His face was toward his home!
A cocoanut fell from the tree—
Too bad! It struck his dome!

* * *

Out of the pouch of mama
Jumped baby kangaroo;
He had a lot of fun until
Men took him to the zoo.

* * *

The rabbit ate some cabbages;
A gun paused in the air;
The gun went off, now rabbit's meat—
Is on the bill of fare.

* * *

The chickens stood together in
A tiny little group,
Discussing who might be the next
To go into the soup.

A bumble bee was buzzing 'round
Trying to find some nectar,
Instead he found somebody's nose
And did she yell—by Hector!

* * *

The pig was very greedy,
Eating all that he could cram,
But he forgot to look ahead
And now he's just a ham.

* * *

CHINESE TOOTHACHE

Chinese Patient (over telephone): "Doctor, wha' time you fixee teeth fo' me?"

Doctor: "Two-thirty; all right?"

Chinese: "Yes, tooth hurty me all right, but wha' time you fixee?"

* * *

E PLURIBUS UNUM

Tommy: "That problem you helped me with last night was all wrong, Daddy."

Father: "All wrong, was it? Well, I'm sorry."

Tommy: "Well, you needn't exactly worry about it, because none of the other daddies got it right either."

* * *

THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS

"What is the secret of success?" asked the sphinx.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Push," said the button.

"Always keep cool," said the ice.

"Never lose your head," said the barrel.

"Be up-to-date," said the calendar.

"Make light of everything," said the fire.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.

9
10
R
R.H.S.
POP-
NUTS-
Rough Riders
"I Don't Know a thing
About football, but I
Adore yelling!"
Bill
McHale

TESTS WE SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE

1. What was George Washington's first name?

2. When did the War of 1812 take place?

3. Columbus Square resembles what geometric figure?

4. Where was The Hague Conference held?

5. "Walden" is the name of what book?

6. At the age of 9, how old was Shakespeare?

7. Did Lincoln's parents have any children?

8. The wooden part of a pencil is made of what material?

9. What part of speech is a noun?

10. Football is the name of what popular game?

PAGE JACK SMITH

The haughty Englishman was endeavoring to impress the importance of his family upon his guide in the Highlands.

"My ancestors," he exclaimed with a theatrical gesture, "have had the right to bear arms for the last three hundred years!"

"Hoot mon," cried the Scot, "my ancestors have had the right to bare legs for the last 2,000 years."

"Getting out a yearbook is no picnic. If we print jokes, folks say we are silly. If we don't, they say we are too serious. If we publish original stuff, they say we lack variety. If we clip from other papers, they say we are too lazy to write. If we wear old clothes, we're stingy. If we wear new ones, they're not paid for. Like as not, some one will say we swiped this article from another yearbook. We did."

HEARD IN A LITERATURE CLASS

Miss Lancaster: "What is Olympus?"

Pupil: "A hospital."

Miss Lancaster: "A hospital?"

Pupil: "Yes, because every time one of the gods gets hurt, he is taken to Olympus."

SOME DEFINITIONS GIVEN BY PUPILS IN AN ENGLISH CLASS

"Terrestrial means terrified."

"A vestige is a vessel for holding things."

"Bacchanalian revels means 'noisy tendencies'."

"Ferret means an attic."

"The Bastille is a wine shop which Defarge owned in France."

Hang up the Newjay's gym suit
Be sure and don't forget;
The dear, little dimpled darling
Has ne'er had a make-up yet.

BE VICIOUS RIGHT AWAY!

Teacher: "Give me a sentence using the word 'vicious'."

Student: "Best vicious for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Teacher: "Don't you know the King's English?"

Student: "Sure I do. And so is the Queen."

BWANA

HOMEWORK

BOYS WILL GROW UP

Freshman: "Mama, may I go out tonight?"

Sophomore: "Going out tonight, mother. Home at ten."

Junior: "Going out tonight, Dad."

Senior: "G'night Dad. I'll bring in the milk."

* * *

"I understand your wife came from a fine old family."

"'Came' is hardly the word—she brought it with her."

* * *

"Are the fish biting?"

"I don't know," replied the weary angler. "If they are, they're biting each other."

* * *

Uncle (to his little niece): "I'll give you a nickel for a kiss."

Niece: "No, thank you. I can make more money taking castor oil."

ROLLING THE OLD HOOP

"Is old Angus a typical Scotsman?"

"Is he? He's saved all his toys for his second childhood!"

* * *

Lot's wife, who looked back and turned into a pillar of salt, has nothing on my wife. She looked back and turned into a telegraph pole.

* * *

Teacher: "Why are you so late to class, Sally?"

Sally: "I fell downstairs."

Teacher: "Well, that shouldn't have taken you this long."

* * *

The following advertisements appeared in various papers some years ago:

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted: a boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."

"Wanted, an airy bedroom for a gentleman 22 feet long and 11 feet wide."

NONSENSE

Steno: "Howja spell sense?"

Boss: "Dollars and cents, or horse sense?"

Steno: "Well, like in 'I ain't seen him sense'."

* * *

TEAM-PLAY'S THE THING

Learn to work with others! Remember the banana—every time it leaves the bunch, it gets skinned.

* * *

CURTAINS FOR THE CLERK!

Customer: "What colors have you in window blinds?"

Clerk: "Window blinds are all shades, ma'am."

* * *

ELECTRIC LOVE

If she wants a date—Meter.

If she comes to call—Receiver.

If she wants an escort—Conductor.

If you think she's a picking your pockets—Detector.

If she's slow of comprehensions—Accelerator.

If she goes up in the air—Condenser.

If she's hungry—Feeder.

If she's a poor cook—Discharger.

If she eats too much—Rectifier.

If her hands are cold—Heater.

If she spumes and sputters—Insulator.

If she wants a holiday—Transmitter.

If she is narrow in her views—Amplifier.

* * *

Chemistry Question: "Why is Hydrogen Peroxide (H_2O_2) good for wounds?"

Extra Bright Lad: "Because it contains Hydrogen and Oxygen, and when they are mixed they explode, killing all the germs in the wounds."

The employer called his secretary.

"Here, John; look at this letter. I can't make out whether it's from my tailor or my lawyer. They're both named Smith."

This is what John read: "I have begun your suit. Ready to be tried on Thursday. Smith."

* * *

Teacher: A biped is anything that goes on two feet. John, can you name one?

John: A pair of stockings.

* * *

A REAL PHENOMENON

A Negro pastor gave an exceptionally long sermon one day in which he repeatedly used the word phenomenon.

After the service, an old darky inquired of him the meaning of this word.

"Wal, Uncle Ben," the pastor replied, "y'all have seed a cow out in th' field, ain't you?"

Uncle Ben had.

"An' you've seed a tree growin' out in th' field?"

Uncle Ben had.

"And y'all have heard the birds a-singing?"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, ef you see a cow settin' in a tree, singin' like a bird—*that's* a phenomenon."

* * *

"The shrieking, unmanageable child does not necessarily suffer from nerves," declares a doctor. "Its parents and the neighbors do that.

* * *

"Jim will be in the hospital for a long time."

"Why, have you seen the doctor?"

"No, the nurse."

BWANA

HEARD IN CLASS

What are acoustics?

Acoustics are powder, lipstick, rouge, etc.

Where was The Hague Conference held?

At Geneva, I think.

Why did Columbus discover America?

To see the New World.

What are colloids?

Front collar buttons.

* * *

She insisted on taking countless frocks with her, and they arrived at the station loaded with luggage.

"I wish," said her husband thoughtfully, "that we'd brought the piano."

"You needn't try to be sarcastic," came the frigid reply. "It's not a bit funny."

"I'm not trying to be funny," he explained sadly. "I left the tickets on it."

* * *

Mother: What did you learn in school today, Mary?

Mary: I learned to spell *can't*.

Mother: Spell it for me.

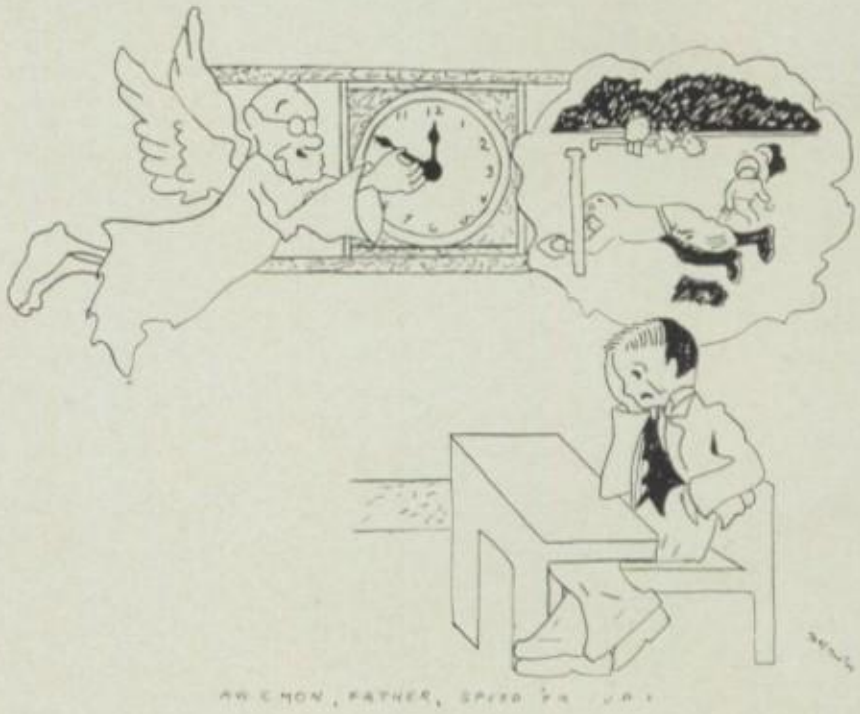
Mary: C-a-n and possibly t.

* * *

Little Sister (to girl doing Latin and using the vocabulary at the back of the book): No wonder you get good grades. You look up the answers in the back of the book.

* * *

Asked to name five animals found only in the Arctic regions, the answer came, "Three polar bears, and two seals."



FEATS YET TO BE ACCOMPLISHED

1. To go from the campus to the locker room, dress, and go to room 328 in the five minutes between periods.

2. To go all the way home from school without having to wait more than five minutes for a street car or bus.

3. To have a yellow bus come along right on time when it's teeming rain.

4. To have the class period omitted, on account of an Aud., in which you were to have a test.

5. To have the teacher forget about the homework which you forgot to do.

6. To have silence in the room when the teacher isn't present.

7. To be the first one in line in the lunch room.

8. To have our stands at the football games filled with Rooseveltians.

9. To have gym, outside on the day you forgot your gym suit.

* * *

Village Nitwit: "I saw something last night that I'll never get over."

Passerby (in awed tone): "What?"

Village Nitwit: "The moon. Haw, Haw!"

BWANA

During a history lesson the teacher asked: "What happened in 1483?"

"Luther was born," answered a student promptly.

"Correct! What happened in 1487?"

After a long pause: "Luther was four years old."

* * *

Leo: "I will steal beneath your window tonight and sing you a song."

Cleo: "And I will drop you a flower."

Leo: "Ah, in a moment of mad love?"

Cleo: "No, in a flower pot."

* * *

"Dad, if I saved you a dollar, would you give me half of it?"

"Yes, Son, I would."

"Well, pay me. You told me if I passed mathematics you'd give me a dollar, and I flunked it."

* * *

The old gentleman was lost in a London fog, so thick that he could scarcely see his hand before his face. He became seriously alarmed when he found himself in a slimy alley. Then he heard footsteps approaching through the obscurity, and sighed with relief.

"Where am I going?" he cried anxiously.

A voice replied weirdly from the darkness: "Into the river—I've just come out!"

* * *

HEY! HEY!

Professor: "Adolph, what would you suggest to bring back prosperity?"

Adolph: "The horse, sir. Bring back the horse and the country will be stabilized."

A lawyer was cross-examining an old foreigner about the position of the doors, windows, and so forth, in a house in which a certain transaction occurred.

"And now, my good man," said the lawyer, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs run in the house?"

The foreigner looked dazed and unsettled for a moment.

"How do the stairs run?" he queried.

"Yes, how do the stairs run?"

"Well," continued the witness, after a moment's thought, "ven I am oop-stairs dey run down, and ven I am downstairs dey run oop."

* * *

"What sort of toothbrush do you want?"

"Lemme have a big one—there're thirty fellows in our fraternity."

* * *

Student: Give me a derby."

Clerk: "What size?"

Student: "I don't care."

Clerk: "What color?"

Student: "I don't care."

Clerk: "Well, why——"

Student: "Oh, it's for my trombone."

* * *

Housewife (suspiciously): "I see you've put all the biggest strawberries on top of the box."

Grocer: "Oh, yes, Madam. That's part of our personal service to our customers. We do that to save you the trouble of hunting through the box for them."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

You can tell a college man, in college and after graduation, by the way he signs his name. For instance:

Freshman: Bill Smith.
Sophomore: William Smith.
Junior: W. Algernon Smith.
Senior: William A. Smith.
Graduate: W. A. Smith.
Jobhunter: Smith.

IT GOT ACTION

"I was much moved by a speech I heard yesterday."

"What was it?"

"I was parked opposite a hydrant and a cop told me to get the blazes out of there."

SAFETY FIRST

Cop: "What do you mean, driving fifty miles an hour?"

Pretty Motorist: "My brakes don't work, and I was hurrying home before I had an accident."

Teacher: "Now that you have read the story of Robinson Crusoe, Willie, tell me what kind of man you think he was?"

Willie: "An acrobat."

Teacher: "What makes you think so, Willie?"

Willie: "Because it said that after his day's work he sat down on his chest."

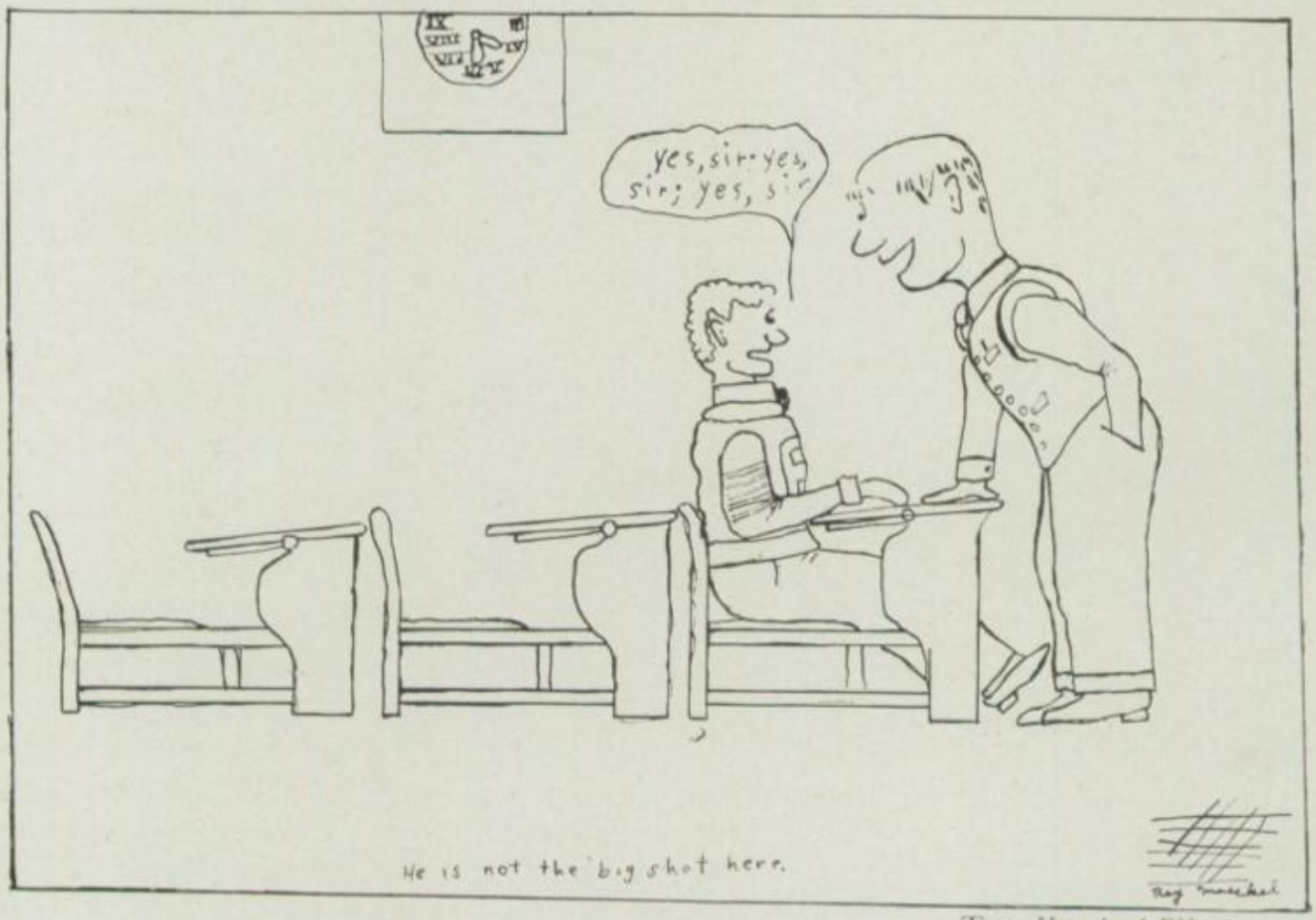
The seal, instead of working,
In the water was afloat—
He paid the price of laziness,
When he became a coat.

Doctor (inquiring after boy who swallowed a half dollar): "How is the boy today?"

Anxious Mother: "No change yet."

Guide: "There, my dear madam, is a skyscraper."

Old Lady: "Oh, my! I'd love to see it work."



RIGHT AND LEFT

My aunt is such a grouchy old lady that I always enjoy it when someone puts one over on her. Last summer I was traveling with her in the West, and as we were about to board a train for home, she sailed up to the porter, asking imperiously:

"Which way to the Chicago platform?"

"Turn to the left, and you'll be right," he answered courteously.

"Don't be impertinent, young man," she snapped at him.

"Well, then," he grinned at her, "turn to the right and you'll be left."

* * *

A young man had an impediment in his speech about which he was not in the least sensitive. Meeting a friend one day he asked:

"C-c-an you g-g-give m-m-me f-f-fifteen m-m-minutes?"

"Certainly," his friend replied. "What is it?"

"I w-w-want to have f-f-five m-m-minutes c-c-conversation with you."

* * *

James: Did you ever hear that my brother got locked up in a dynamite factory?

Larry: No, I didn't. What's it all about?

James: He lit a match and landed in Rhode Island.

Larry: Did you recover his body?

James: Why, he wasn't killed. He was saved by Providence.

* * *

Mrs. Smith: "Mandy, why did you go over to Mrs. Jones's when you hadn't finished the cake?"

Mandy: "Well, Miss, you told me to mix the flour with the rest of the ingrejiunts and then beat it."

Professor: "I'm about to perform a very interesting chemical experiment. Should I do anything wrong, the whole class, including myself, might be blown to the roof. Kindly step nearer so that you can follow me better."

* * *

"She's frightfully temperamental; isn't she?"

"Yes, 95% temper and 5% mental."

* * *

"Instructor: "What was Columbus' motto?"

Sophomore: "More miles to the galleon."

* * *

Guide: "It was in this room that George Washington received his first commission."

Visitor: "How much was it?"

* * *

After a brief two weeks' acquaintance he invited her to go to the ball game with him.

"There's Jarvis! He's a good one. He's a pitcher for your life. And there's Johnson, over there. He's going to be our best man in a few weeks."

"Oh, Walter! He'll do, all right," she lisped hurriedly, "but it is so sudden, dear."

* * *

An English gentleman had sent a private note to the marquis, on a personal matter, by hand, and on the return of the man questioned him as to his reception.

"Ah, sir," said the man, "there's no use writing him any letter; he can't see to read them. He's blind."

"Blind!"

"Yes, sir. He asked me twice where my hat was, and I had it on my head all the time."

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY!

Smart: "Times aren't so bad. I paid only $14.25 for this suit, and don't you think it's a perfect fit?"

Tart: "Fit! Boy! It's a perfect convulsion."

* * *

Conductor (helping lady on car): You should take yeast, mother, to help yer rise better.

Stout Lady: Take it yerself, lad, and then you'll be better bred.

* * *

"Do you know how to tell a professor from a student?"

"Oh, all right, have it your own way and tell it."

"Ask him what 'it' is, and if he says it's a pronoun, he's a professor."

Fond Mother: I hope my little darling has been as good as gold all day?

Nurse: No, ma'am, he went off the gold standard about teatime.

* * *

BE A COPY CAT

Lodger: "Madam, this morning when I bathed, I found only a nail brush in the bathroom. I can't wash my back with a nail brush."

Landlady: "Well, you've a tongue in your head haven't you?"

Lodger: "Yes, but I'm no swan."

* * *

She: Oh, John, the baby has learned to walk!

He: Fine! Now he can walk the floor by himself at night.

BWANA

A colored man, sentenced to the penitentiary was visited by a sympathetic friend.

"Ben," said the friend, "am y'all sentenced fo' life?"

"No," said Ben, "jes from now on."

* * *

SITTING AT BRIDGET'S FEET

"And you have had the same servant for two years?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Crosslots. "She says she doesn't believe in changing after she has gone to the trouble of teaching a family her ways."

* * *

UP WITH A BOUND

"I've got a new idea. Fortune in it."

"What now?"

"It's an alarm clock that emits the delicious odors of frying bacon and fragrant coffee."

* * *

"Young man," said the judge, who had a reputation for ironic wit, "you are making a great deal of noise."

"I have lost my overcoat, your worship," said the agitated young man.

"Well, well," retorted the judge, "people often lose whole suits here without half as much disturbance."

* * *

Coach: "Did you take a shower?"

Weingart: "No, sir, is there one missing?"

* * *

Homer and his three sisters had been sent on a visit to a relative in the country.

"Well," said his father when they got back, "was your uncle glad to see you?"

"Glad," replied Homer. "Why, dad, he wanted to know why we didn't bring you, mother, the maid, the cat, the canary, and the goldfish."

"What is it that you can put in a barrel and the more you put in it, the lighter it gets?"

"Don't know."

"Holes."

* * *

Flannagan: "And is there any money in goats?"

Flaherty: "There is in that one."

Flannagan: "How so?"

Flaherty: "He swallowed my pocketbook, the greedy beast."

* * *

"What's that?"

"I sez, is a feller wot calls on his girl in a thunder-shower a rainbow?"

* * *

"How do you like cleaning chimneys?"

"Oh, it soots me."

* * *

Blenck: "And this, I suppose, is one of those horrible portraits you call 'Modern Art'."

Art Dealer: "Pardon me, sir, that is a mirror you're looking at."

* * *

NO MONKEY WRENCH

An automobile tourist was traveling through the great Northwest, when he met with a slight accident to his machine. In some way he had mislaid his monkey wrench, so he stopped at a nearby farmhouse where the following conversation took place between him and the Swede farmer:

"Have you a monkey wrench here?"

"Naw; my brother he got a cattle ranch over here; my cousin he got a sheep ranch further down this road, but too cold here for monkey ranch."

BWANA

AS OTHERS SAW HIM

The collegian pointed to the Chinese characters on his laundry ticket.

"Is that my name?" he asked curiously.

"No. Scliption," answered the laundry man. "Means lil puny fella, pimples, closs-eyed, big teet'."

* * *

EVERYBODY KNOWS THIS

Many a nobody who isn't known by anybody becomes a somebody and is known by everybody, and everybody tells him he knew him when he was a nobody and he knew he would be somebody some day.

* * *

Willie: Pa, what's a garden plot?

Pa: The bugs and worms planning to eat your stuff up.

OH, THE BUSINESS CYCLE

"Say, mister! Your roof's leaking. Why don't you mend it?"

"Can't now, it's raining."

"Why didn't you fix it when it wasn't raining?"

"Didn't leak then."

* * *

GNUTORIOUS!

The African explorer had seen many gnus during the day. In the evening his native cook served him a delicious steak.

"This is one of the finest steaks I've ever eaten," he exclaimed to his guide. "Is it gnu?"

"No," said the guide. But it's just as good as gnu."

GREAT POEMS REVISED

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
But things detected seem to be,
The smithy's a baseball fan.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.
But I guess (yawn) you're not caring
For this little rhyme of mine.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is not real at all,
For the soul is dead that slumbers
In the midst of a study hall.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is just an empty dream,
Just try eating green cucumbers
And things are not just what they seem.

* * *

HE HAD AN INSPIRATION

Senior: "Yes, I came face to face with a lion once. To crown it all, I was alone and weaponless, and——"

Freshman (nervously): "What did you do?"

Senior: "What could I do? I tried looking straight into his eyeballs, but he began to crawl up on me. Then I thought of plunging my arm down his throat, grabbing his tail, and pulling him inside out, but I decided it would be too dangerous. Yet he kept creeping up, and I had to think fast."

Freshman: "How did you get away?"

Senior: "I just left him and passed on to the other cages."

* * *

Teacher: It gives me great pleasure to mark you 85 on your exam.

Pupil: Why not make it 100 and give yourself a real thrill?

A boy in a certain school would persist in saying "have went." One day the teacher kept him in, saying, "While I am out of the room you may write 'have gone' fifty times."

When the teacher returned she found he had dutifully performed the task, but on the other side of the paper was a message from the absent one: "I have went."

* * *

The family were gathered in the library enjoying a magnificent thunder storm when the mother thought of Dorothy alone in the nursery. Fearing lest the little daughter should be awakened and feel afraid, she slipped away to quiet her. Pausing at the door, however, in a vivid flash of lightning that illuminated the whole room, she saw the little girl sitting up in bed clapping her hands in excitement and shouting, "Bang it again, God! Bang it again!"

* * *

HEREDITARY

"Late again, O'Malley!" roared the foreman. "How do you account for this persistent tardiness?"

"'Tis inherited, sir," answered O'Malley. "Me father was the late Michael O'Malley."

* * *

An oboe is an ill wind that nobody blows good.

* * *

Vic Lund: A thief entered a store last night and took everything but a piece of soap.

Jack Pearcy: The dirty crook!

* * *

A Scotch inventor is working on a mouse trap that will kill the mouse before it has a chance to eat the cheese.

BWANA

A financial expert is a man who can write financial advice in such ambiguous terms that no matter what happens he can say: "I told you so."

* * *

A reader for a New York publishing house gives the following quotation from a story submitted by an Indian authoress, as being about the choicest bit he has come across in many years.

"Reginald was bewitched. Never had the baroness seemed to him so beautiful as at this moment, when, in her dumb grief, she hid her face."

* * *

The train came to a sudden grinding stop, causing the passengers to jump.

"What has happened, conductor?" cried a nervous old lady.

"Nothing much. We ran over a cow."

"Why, was it on the track?"

"No," replied the disgusted conductor, "we chased it into a barn."

* * *

The city man shoved the cash across the table, picked up the receipt, and waved it slowly in the air. His deal had gone through: he owned the mill.

"Now, my friend," he said to the miller, "since you're going to leave here, I'd like to have you give me a few pointers on how to make the mill pay."

The miller smiled a small smile.

"Stranger," he said, "this here mill was left me by my grandma, and the patch where I got my timber belonged to my first wife. So I didn't have to invest nothing. My two boys cut the logs for their keep, and Pearl—she's my niece—toted 'em down here free of charge. Me and my third wife ran the mill, so that part didn't cost no overhead. I worked this mill that way for two years and lost $9,000. Good luck to ye!"

A teacher who believed in keeping her youngsters in touch with rather recent history was beginning on the great revolution in Russia.

"Now, who can tell me what the ruler of Russia used to be called?" she asked.

"The Czar," bellowed the class.

"Right." And what was his wife called?"

"The Czarina," two or three ventured.

"Right! Now I wonder if you know what the Czar's children were called?" There was a pause; then one voice piped up: "Czardines."

* * *

"Are you a doctor?" she asked the young man at the soda fountain.

"No, ma'am," he replied, "I'm a fizzician."

* * *

"Fare, please, fare," said the conductor.

The man who had just boarded the car seemed lost in thought. He gave no heed.

"Fare, please."

Still the passenger responded not.

"My dear sir," said the conductor, "by the ejaculatory term, 'Fare,' I imply no reference to the state of the weather, the beautiful complexion of the admirable blonde you observe in the contiguous seat, nor even to the quality of the service supplied by this street railway corporation. I merely alluded in a manner perhaps lacking in delicacy but not in conciseness to the monetary obligation set up by your presence in the vehicle and suggest that you liquidate this obligation at your earliest convenience, or I shall be compelled to insist that you remove your presence."

At this point the passenger came out of his trance.

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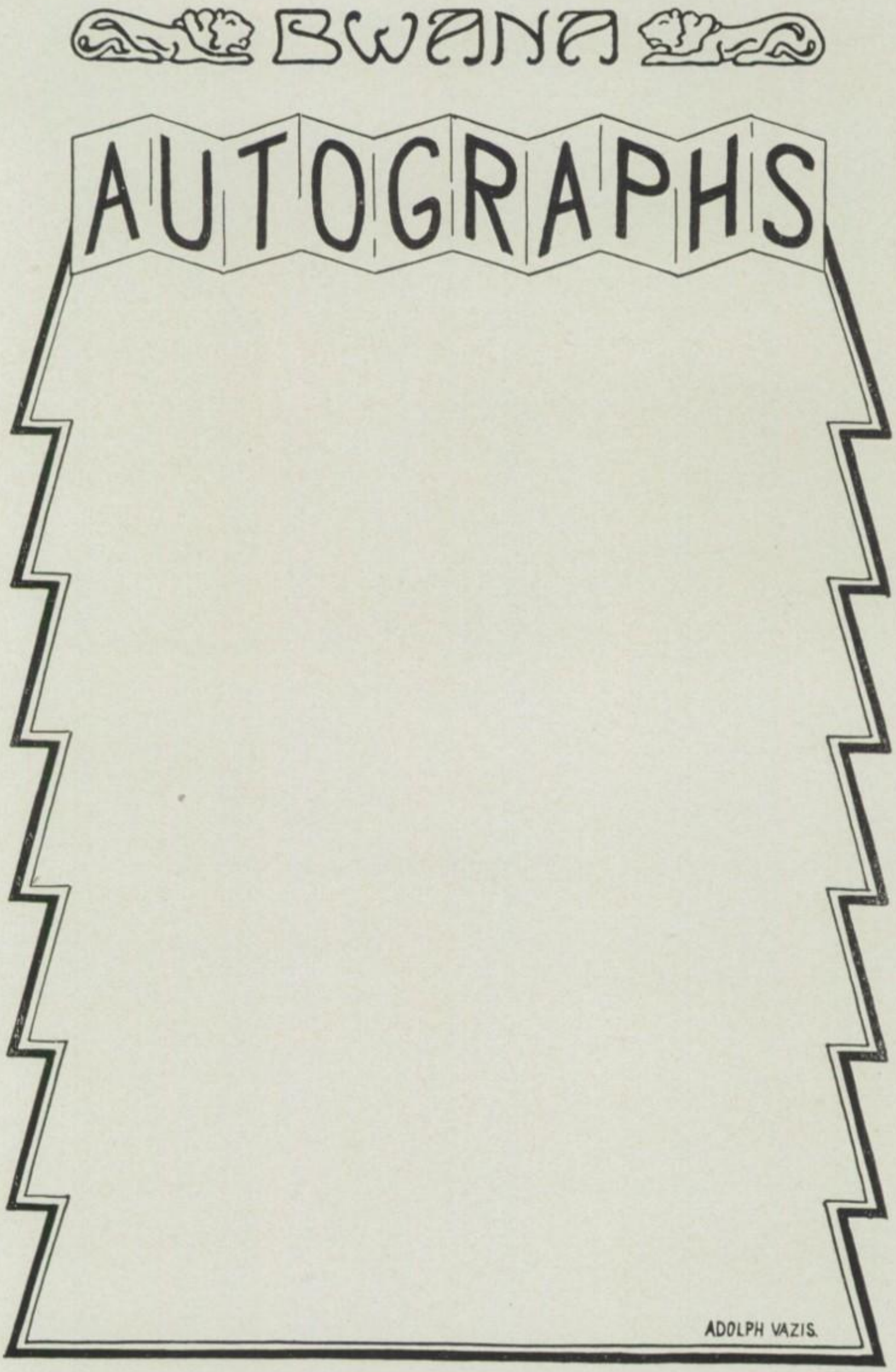
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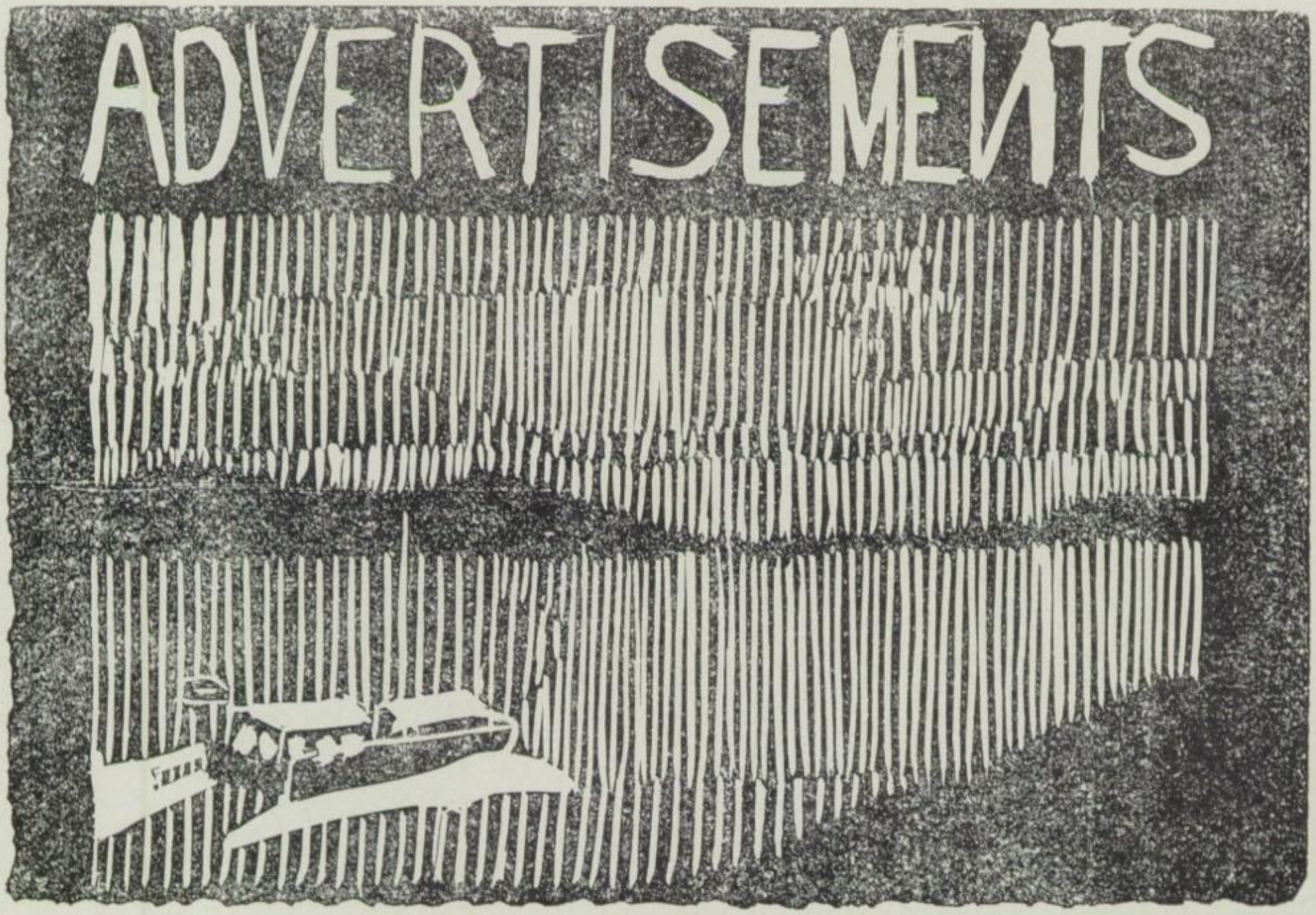
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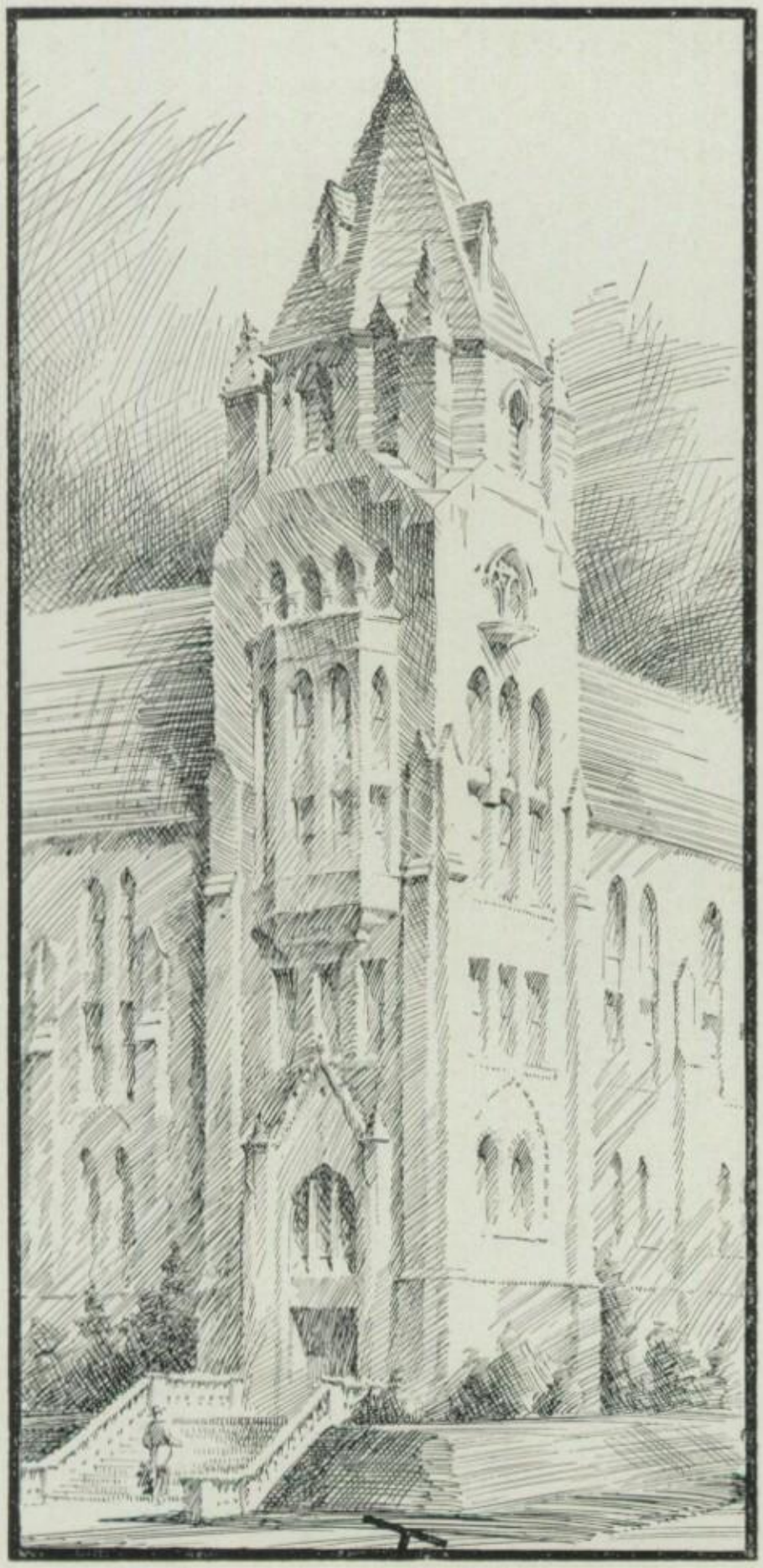

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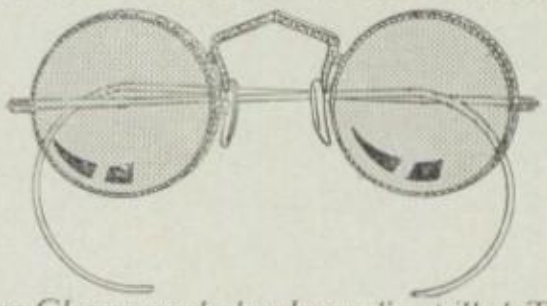

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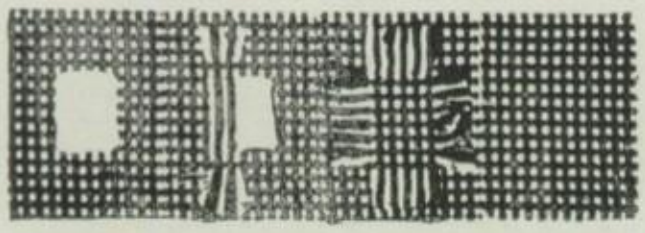

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* * *

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* * *

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